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The Second Series

The Second Series

CHILDREN'S BOOK OF PATRIOTIC STORIES

The Spirit of '61

What Every Child Should Know LIBRARY

PATRIOTIC STORIES

EVERY CHILD SHOULD KNOW

Edited by
ASA DON DICKINSON
and HELEN WINSLOW DICKINSON

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PREFACE

Here is a book of Patriotic Stories for children, to stand beside the similar collections of Christmas Stories and Thanksgiving Stories, which have already been welcomed by many parents, librarians, and teachers. Those seeking material appropriate to Washington's Birthday and the Fourth of July will find here a goodly store, ready to their hands. The brief descriptive note at the head of each story will help the reader to choose one well suited to his audience. And the Table of Contents, as in the previous collections, indicates which tales will best please older, and which younger children.

The Editors hope that a book of stirring tales like these—not history, but stories such as children love, that yet ring true in spirit—will serve to help, though ever so little, the Cause of Liberty and will aid in keeping aglow in the hearts of our young people the ardent spark which inspired our forefathers—the Spirit of '76.

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Napoleon was great, I know,
And Julius Caesar, and all the rest,
But they didn't belong to us, and so
I like George Washington the best.

—ANONYMOUS.

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CHILDREN'S BOOK OF PATRIOTIC STORIES

CHILDREN'S BOOK OF PATRIOTIC STORIES

JABEZ ROCKWELL'S POWDER-HORN*

By Ralph D. Paine

A story of the "Powder-horn rebellion" at Valley Forge, and of how gallant young Jabez Rockwell rallied a retreating regiment at the battle of Monmouth.

"POOH, you are not tall enough to carry a musket! Go with the drums, and tootle on that fife you blew at the Battle of Saratoga. Away with you, little Jabez, crying for a powder-horn, when grown men like me have not a pouch amongst them for a single charge of powder!"

A tall, gaunt Vermonter, whose uniform was a woolen bedcover draped to his knees, laughed loudly from the doorway of his log hut as he flung these taunts at the stripling soldier.

A little way down the snowy street of these rude cabins a group of ragged comrades was crowding at the heels of a man who hugged a leather apron to his chest with both arms. Jabez Rockwell was in hot haste

*From the *Youth's Companion*, November, 1, 1906.

to join the chase; nevertheless he halted to cry back at his critic:

"It's a lie! I put my fife in my pocket at Saratoga, and I fought with a musket as long and ugly as yourself. And a redcoat shot me through the arm. If the camp butcher has powder-horns to give away, I deserve one more than those raw militia recruits, so wait until you are a veteran of the Connecticut line before you laugh at us old soldiers."

The youngster stooped to tighten the clumsy wrappings of rags which served him for shoes, and hurried on after the little shouting mob which had followed the butcher down to the steep hillside of Valley Forge, where he stood at bay with his back to the cliff.

"There are thirty of you desperate villains," puffed the fat fugitive, "and I have only ten horns, which have been saved from the choicest of all the cattle I've killed these two months gone. I would I had my maul and skinning-knife here to defend myself. Take me to headquarters, if there is no other way to end this riot. I want no pay for the horns. They are my gift to the troops, but, Heaven help me! who is to decide how to divide them amongst so many!"

"Stand him on his bald head, and loose the horns from the apron. As they fall, he who finds keeps!" roared one of the boisterous party.

"Toss them all in the air and let us fight for them," was another suggestion.

The hapless butcher glared round him with growing

dismay. At this rate half the American army would soon be clamoring round him, drawn by the chance to add to their poor equipment.

By this time Jabez Rockwell had wriggled under the arms of the shouting soldiers, twisting like an uncommonly active eel, until he was close to the red-faced butcher. With ready wit the youngster piped up a plan for breaking the deadlock:

"There are thirty of us, you say, that put you to rout, Master Ritter. Let us divide the ten horns by lot. Then you can return to your cow-pens with a whole skin and a clear conscience."

"There is more sense in that little carcass of yours than in all those big, hulking troopers that could spit you on a bayonet like a sparrow!" rumbled Master Ritter. "How shall the lots be drawn?"

"Away with your lottery!" cried a burly rifleman, whose long hunting-shirt whipped in the bitter wind. "The road up the valley is well beaten down. The old forge is half a mile away. Do you mark a line, old beef-killing Jack, and we will run for our lives. The first ten to touch the stone wall of the smithy will take the ten prizes."

Some yelled approval, others fiercely opposed, and the wrangling was louder than before. Master Ritter, who had plucked up heart, began to steal warily from the hillside, hoping to escape in the confusion. A dozen hands clutched his collar and leather apron, and jerked him headlong back into the argument.

Young Jabez scrambled to the top of the nearest boulder, and ruffled with importance like a turkey-cock as he waved his arms to command attention.

"The guard will be turned out and we shall end this fray by cooling our heels in the prison huts on the hill," he declaimed. "If we run a foot-race, who is to say which of us first reaches the forge? Again—and I say I never served with such thick-witted troops, when I fought under General Arnold at Saratoga—those with shoes to their feet have the advantage over those that are bound up in bits of cloth and clumsy patches of hide. Draw lots, I say, before the picket is down upon us!"

The good-natured crowd cheered the boy orator, and hauled him from his perch with such hearty thumps that he feared they would break him in two.

Suddenly the noise was hushed as if the wranglers had been stricken dumb. Fur-capped heads turned to face down the winding valley, and without need of an order the company spread itself along the roadside in a rude, uneven line. Every man stood at attention, his head up, his shoulders thrown back, hands at his sides. Thus they stood while they watched a little group of horsemen trot toward them.

In front rode a commanding figure in buff and blue. The tall, lithe frame sat the saddle with the graceful ease of the hard-riding Virginia fox-hunter. The stern, smooth-shaven face, reddened and roughened by exposure to all weathers, lighted with an amiable curiosity

at sight of this motley and expectant party, the central figure of which was the butcher, Master Ritter, who had dropped to his knees as if praying for his life.

General Washington turned to a sprightly looking, red-haired youth who rode at his side, as if calling his attention to this singular tableau. The Marquis de Lafayette shrugged his shoulders after the French manner, and said, laughingly:

"It ees vat you t'ink? Vill they make ready to kill 'im? Vat they do?"

Just behind them pounded General Mühlenberg, the clergyman who had doffed his gown for the uniform of a brigadier, stalwart, swarthy, laughter in his piercing eyes as he commented:

"To the rescue! The victim is a worthy member of my old Pennsylvania flock. This doth savor of a soldier's court-martial for honest Jacob Ritter."

The cavalcade halted, and the soldiers saluted, tongue-tied and embarrassed, scuffling, and prodding one another's ribs in an attempt to urge a spokesman forward, while General Washington gazed down at them as if demanding an explanation.

The butcher was about to make a stammering attempt when the string of his apron parted, and the ten cow-horns were scattered in the snow. He dived in pursuit of them, and his speech was never made.

Because Jabez Rockwell was too light and slender to make much resistance, he was first to be pushed into the foreground, and found himself nearest the commander-

in-chief. He made the best of a bad matter, and his frank young face flushed hotly as he doffed his battered cap and bowed low.

"May it please the general, we were in a good-natured dispute touching the matter of those ten cow-horns which the butcher brought amongst us to his peril. There are more muskets than pouches in our street, and we are debating a fair way to divide them. It is —it is exceedingly bold, sir, but dare we ask you to suggest a way out of the trouble which preys sorely on the butcher's mind and body?"

A fleeting frown troubled the noble face of the chief, and his mouth twitched, not with anger but in pain, for the incident brought home to him anew that his soldiers, these brave, cheerful, half-clothed, freezing followers, were without even the simplest tools of warfare.

The cloud cleared and he smiled, such a proud, affectionate smile as a father shows to sons of his who have deemed no sacrifice too great for duty's sake. His eyes softened as he looked down at the straight stripling at his bridle-rein, and replied:

"You have asked my advice as a third party, and it is meet that I share in the distribution. Follow me to the nearest hut."

His officers wheeled and rode after him, while the bewildered soldiers trailed behind, two and two, down the narrow road, greatly wondering whether reward or punishment was to be their lot.

As for Jabez Rockwell, he strode proudly in the van

as guide to the log cabin, and felt his heart flutter as he jumped to the head of the charger, while the general dismounted with the agility of a boy.

Turning to the soldiers, who hung abashed in the road, Washington called:

"Come in, as many of you as can find room!"

The company filled the hut, and made room for those behind by climbing into the tiers of bunks filled with boughs to soften the rough-hewn planks.

In one corner a wood-fire smoldered in a rough stone fireplace, whose smoke made even the general cough and sneeze. He stood behind a bench of barked logs, and took from his pocket a folded document. Then he picked up from the hearth a bit of charcoal, and announced:

"I will write down a number between fifteen hundred and two thousand, and the ten that guess nearest this number shall be declared the winners of the ten horns."

He carefully tore the document into strips, and then into small squares, which were passed among the delighted audience. There was a busy whispering and scratching of heads. Over in one corner, jammed against the wall until he gasped for breath, Jabez Rockwell said to himself:

"I must guess shrewdly. Methinks he will choose a number halfway between fifteen hundred and two thousand. I will write down seventeen hundred and fifty. But, stay! Seventeen seventy-six may come first into his mind, the glorious year when the inde-

pendence of the colonies was declared. But he will surely take it that we, too, are thinking of that number, wherefore I will pass it by."

As if reading his thoughts, a comrade curled up in a bunk at Rockwell's elbow muttered:

"Seventeen seventy-six, I haven't a doubt of it!"

Alas for the cunning surmise of Jabez, the chief did write down Independence year, "1776," and when this verdict was read aloud, the boy felt deep disappointment. This was turned to joy, however, when his guess of "1750" was found to be among the ten nearest the fateful choice, and one of the powder-horns fell to him.

The soldiers pressed back to make way for General Washington as he went out of the hut, stooping low that his head might escape the roof-beams. Before the party mounted, the boyish Lafayette swung his hat round his head and shouted:

"A huzza for ze wise general!"

The soldiers cheered lustily, and General Mühlenberg followed with:

"Now a cheer for the Declaration of Independence and for the soldier who wrote down 'Seventeen seventy-six.'"

General Washington bowed in his saddle, and the shouting followed his clattering train up the valley on his daily tour of inspection. He left behind him a new-fledged hero in the person of Jabez Rockwell, whose bold tactics had won him a powder-horn and

given his comrades the rarest hour of the dreary winter at Valley Forge.

In his leisure time he scraped and polished the horn, fitted it with a wooden stopper and cord, and with greatest care and labor scratched upon its gleaming surface these words:

Jabez Rockwell, Ridgeway, Conn.—His Horn.
Made in Camp at Valley Forge

Thin and pale, but with unbroken spirit, this sixteen-year-old veteran drilled and marched and braved picket duty in zero weather, often without a scrap of meat to brace his ration for a week on end; but he survived with no worse damage than sundry frostbites. In early spring he was assigned to duty as a sentinel of the company which guarded the path that led up the hill to the headquarters of the commander-in-chief. Here he learned much to make the condition of his comrades seem more hopeless and forlorn than ever.

Hard-riding scouting parties came into camp with reports of forays as far as the suburbs of Philadelphia, twenty miles away. Spies disguised as farmers returned with stories of visits into the heart of the capital city held by the enemy. This gossip and information, which the young sentinel picked up bit by bit, he pieced together to make a picture of an invincible, veteran British army, waiting to fall upon the huddled mob of "rebels" at Valley Forge, and sweep them away like chaff. He heard it over and over again, that the

Hessians, with their tall and gleaming brass hats and fierce moustaches, "were dreadful to look upon," that the British Grenadiers, who tramped the Philadelphia streets in legions, "were like moving ranks of stone wall."

Then Jabez would look out across the valley, and perhaps see an American regiment at drill, without uniforms, ranks half-filled, looking like an array of scarecrows. His heart would sink, despite his memories of Saratoga; and in such dark hours he could not believe it possible even for General Washington to win a battle in the coming summer campaign.

It was on a bright day of June that Capt. Allan McLane, the leader of scouts, galloped past the huts of the sentinels, and shouted as he rode:

"The British have marched out of Philadelphia! I have just cut my way through their skirmishers over in New Jersey!"

A little later orderlies were buzzing out of the old stone house at headquarters like bees from a hive, with orders for the troops to be ready to march. As Jabez Rockwell hurried to rejoin his regiment, men were shouting the glad news along the green valley, with songs and cheers and laughter. They fell in as a fighting army, and left behind them the tragic story of their winter at Valley Forge, as the trailing columns swept beyond the Schuylkill into the wide and smiling farm lands of Pennsylvania.

Summer heat now blistered the dusty faces that had been for so long blue and pinched with hunger and

cold. A week of glad marching and full rations carried Washington's awakened army into New Jersey, by which time the troops knew their chief was leading them to block the British retreat from Philadelphia.

Jabez Rockwell, marching with the Connecticut Brigade, had forgotten his fears of the brass-capped Hessians and the stone-wall Grenadiers. One night they camped near Monmouth village, and scouts brought in the tidings that the British were within sight. In the long summer twilight Jabez climbed a little knoll hard by, and caught a glimpse of the white tents of the Queen's Rangers, hardly beyond musket-shot. Before daybreak a rattle of firing woke him and he scrambled out, to find that the pickets were already exchanging shots.

He picked up his old musket, and chewing a hunk of dry bread for breakfast, joined his company drawn up in a pasture. Knapsacks were piled near Freehold Meeting-house, and the troops marched ahead, not knowing where they were sent.

Across the wooded fields Jabez saw the lines of red splotches which gleamed in the early sunlight and he knew these were British troops. The rattling musket-fire became a grinding roar, and the deeper note of artillery boomed into the tumult. A battle had begun, yet the Connecticut Brigade was stewing in the heat hour after hour, impatient, troubled, wondering why they had no part to play. As the forenoon dragged along the men became sullen and weary.

When at last an order came it was not to advance, but to retreat. Falling back, they found themselves near their camping-place. Valley Forge had not quenched the faith of Jabez Rockwell in General Washington's power to conquer any odds, but now he felt such dismay as brought hot tears to his eyes. On both sides of his regiment American troops were streaming to the rear, their columns broken and straggling. It seemed as if the whole army was fleeing from the veterans of Clinton and Cornwallis.

Jabez flung himself into a cornfield, and hid his face in his arms. Round him his comrades were muttering their anger and despair. He fumbled for his canteen, and his fingers closed round his powder-horn. "General Washington did not give you to me to run away with," he whispered; and then his parched lips moved in a little prayer:

"Dear Lord, help us to beat the British this day, and give me a chance to empty my powder-horn before night. Thou hast been with General Washington and me ever since last year. Please don't desert us now."

Nor was he surprised when, as if in direct answer to his petition, he rose to see the chief riding through the troop lines, but such a chief as he had never before known. The kindly face was aflame with anger, and streaked with dust and sweat. The powerful horse he rode was lathered, and its heaving flanks were scarred from hard-driven spurs.

As the commander passed the regiment, his staff in a

whirlwind at his heels, Jabez heard him shout in a great voice vibrant with rage and grief:

"I cannot believe the army is retreating. I ordered a general advance. Who dared to give such an order! Advance those lines——"

"It was General Lee's order to retreat," Jabez heard an officer stammer in reply.

Washington vanished in a moment, with a storm of cheers in his wake. Jabez was content to wait for orders now. He believed the Battle of Monmouth as good as won.

His recollection of the next few hours was jumbled and hazy. He knew that the regiment went forward, and then the white smoke of musket-fire closed down before him. Now and then the summer breeze made rifts in this stifling cloud, and he saw it streaked with spouting fire. He aimed his old musket at that other foggy line beyond the rail fence, whose top was lined with men in coats of red and green and black.

Suddenly his officers began running to and fro, and a shout ran down the thin line:

"Stand steady, Connecticut! Save your fire! Aim low! Here comes a charge!"

A tidal wave of red and brass broke through the gaps in the rail fence, and the sunlight rippled along a wavering line of British bayonets. They crept nearer, nearer, until Jabez could see the grim ferocity, the bared teeth, the staring eyes of the dreaded Grenadiers.

At the command to fire he pulled trigger, and the kick

of his musket made him grunt with pain. Pulling the stopper from his powder-horn with his teeth, Jabez poured in a charge, and was ramming the bullet home when he felt his right leg double under him and burn as if red-hot iron had seared it.

Then the charging tide of Grenadiers swept over him. He felt their hobnailed heels bite into his back; then his head felt queer, and he closed his eyes. When he found himself trying to rise, he saw, as through a mist, his regiment falling back, driven from their ground by the first shock of the charge. He groaned in agony of spirit. What would General Washington say?

Jabez was now behind the headlong British column, which heeded him not. He was in a little part of the field cleared of fighting, for the moment, except for the wounded, who dotted the trampled grass. The smoke had drifted away, for the swaying lines in front of him were locked in the frightful embrace of cold steel.

The boy staggered to his feet, with his musket as a crutch, and his wound was forgotten. He was given strength to his need by the spirit of a great purpose.

Alone he stood and reeled, while he beckoned, passionately, imploringly, his arm outstretched toward his broken regiment. The lull in the firing made a moment of strange quiet, broken only by groans, and the hard, gasping curses of men locked in the death-grip. Therefore, the shrill young voice carried far, as he shouted:

"Come back, Connecticut! I'm waiting for you!"

His captain heard the boy, and waved his sword with hoarse cries to his men. They caught sight of the lonely little figure in the background, and his cry went to their hearts, and a great wave of rage and shame swept the line like a prairie fire. Like a landslide the men of Connecticut swept forward to recapture the ground they had yielded. Back fell the British before a countercharge they could not withstand, back beyond the rail fence. Nor was there refuge even there, for, shattered and spent, they were smashed to fragments in a flank attack driven home in the nick of time by the American reserves.

From a low hill to the right of this action General Washington had paused to view the charge just when his line gave way. He sent an officer in hot haste for reserves, and waited for them where he was.

Thus it happened that his eye swept the littered field from which Jabez Rockwell rose, as one from the dead, to rally his comrades, alone, undaunted, pathetic beyond words. A little later two privates were carrying to the rear the wounded lad, who had been picked up alive and conscious. They halted to salute their commander-in-chief, and laid their burden down as the general drew rein and said:

"Take this man to my quarters, and see to it that he has every possible attention. I saw him save a regiment and retake a position."

The limp figure on the litter of boughs raised itself on an elbow, and said very feebly:

"I didn't want to see that powder-horn disgraced, sir."

With a smile of recognition General Washington responded:

"The powder-horn? I remember. *You* are the lad who led the powder-horn rebellion at Valley Forge. And I wrote down 'Seventeen seventy-six.' You have used it well, my boy. I will not forget."

When Jabez Rockwell was able to rejoin his company, he scratched upon the powder-horn this addition to the legend he had carved at Valley Forge:

First used at Monmouth, June 28, 1778.

A hundred years later the grandson of Jabez Rockwell hung the powder-horn in the old stone house at Valley Forge which had been General Washington's headquarters. And if you should chance to see it there you will find that the young soldier added one more line to the rough inscription:

Last used at Yorktown, 1781.

THE LITTLE LORD OF THE MANOR*

By E. S. Brooks

A picture of Evacuation Day in New York, in 1783, when the British troops hauled down their flag and sailed away from free America. A little lost lord, his distracted Tory grandfather, and some kind-hearted American children are the principal characters. And we are told how little Mistress Dolly Duane "won the distinguished honor of being kissed by both Commanders-in-Chief on the same eventful day."

IT WAS the 25th of November, 1783—a brilliant day, clear, crisp, and invigorating, with just enough of frosty air to flush the eager cheeks and nip the inquisitive noses of every boy and girl in the excited crowd that filled the Bowery lane from Harlem to the barriers, and pressed fast upon the heels of General Knox's advance detachment of Continental troops marching to the position assigned them, near the "tea-water pump." In the Duane mansion a fire was blazing brightly and Mistress Dolly's pet cat was purring comfortably in the cheerful light. But Mistress Dolly herself cared just now for neither cat nor comfort. She, too, was on the highway watching for the exciting events that were to make this Evacuation Day in New

*From "Chivalric Days," copyright, 1886, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

York one of the most memorable occasions in the history of the chief American city.

At some points the crowd was especially pushing and persistent, and Mistress Dolly Duane was decidedly uncomfortable. For little Dolly detested crowds, as, in fact, she detested everything that interfered with the comfort of a certain dainty little maiden of thirteen. And she was just on the point of expressing to her cousin, young Edward Livingston, her regret that they had not stayed to witness the procession from the tumbledown gateway of the Duane country-house, near the King's Bridge road, when, out from the crowd, came the sound of a child's voice, shrill and complaining.

"Keep off, you big, bad man!" it said; "keep off and let me pass! How dare you crowd me so, you wicked rebels?"

"Rebels, hey?" a harsh and mocking voice exclaimed. "Rebels! Heard ye that, mates? Well crowed, my little cockerel. Let's have a look at you," and a burly arm rudely parted the pushing crowd and dragged out of the press a slight, dark-haired little fellow of seven or eight, clad in velvet and ruffles.

"Put me down! Put me down, I say!" screamed the boy, his small face flushed with passion. "Put me down, I tell you, or I'll bid Angevine horsewhip you!"

"Hark to the little Tory," growled his captor. "A rare young bird, now, isn't he? Horsewhip *us*, d'ye say—us, free American citizens? And who may you be, my little beggar?"

"I am no beggar, you bad man," cried the child angrily. "I am the little lord of the manor."

"Lord of the manor! Ho, ho, ho!" laughed the big fellow. "Give us grace, your worship," he said, with mock humility. "Lord of the manor! Look at him, mates," and he held the struggling little lad toward the laughing crowd. "Why, there are no lords nor manors now in free America, my bantam."

"But I am, I tell you!" protested the boy. "That's what my grandfather calls me—oh, where is he? Take me to him, please: he calls me the little lord of the manor."

"Who's your grandfather?" demanded the man.

"Who? Why, don't you know?" the "little lord" asked incredulously. "Everybody knows my grandfather, I thought. He is Colonel Phillipse, Baron of Phillipsbourg, and lord of the manor; and he'll kill you if you hurt me," he added defiantly.

"Phillipse, the king of Yonckers! Phillipse, the fat old Tory of West Chester! A prize, a prize, mates!" shouted the bully. "What say you? Shall we hold this young bantling hostage for the tainted Tory, his grandfather, and when once we get the old fellow serve him as we did the refugee at Wall-kill t' other day?"

"What did you do?" the crowd asked.

"Faith, we tarred and feathered him well, put a hog-yoke on his neck and a cow-bell, too, and then rode him on a rail till he cheered for the Congress."

"Treat my grandfather like that—my good grand-

father? You shall not! you dare not!" cried the small Phillipse, with a flood of angry tears, as he struggled and fought in his captor's clutch.

Dolly Duane's kindly heart was filled with pity at the rough usage of the "little lord."

"Oh, sir," she said, as she pushed through the crowd and laid her hand on the big bully's arm, "let the child go. 'T is unmannerly to treat him as you do, and you're very, very cruel."

The fellow turned roughly around and looked down into Dolly's disturbed and protesting face.

"What, another of 'em?" he said surlily. "Why, the place is full of little Tories."

"No, no; no Tory I!" said indignant Dolly. "My father is Mr. Duane, and he is no Tory."

"Mr. Duane, of the Congress?" "Give up the lad to the maid." "Why harm the child?" came mingled voices from the crowd.

"What care I for Duane!" said the bully contemptuously. "One man's as good as another now in free America—isn't he? Bah! you're all cowards; but I know when I've got a good thing. You don't bag a Phillipse every day, I'll warrant you."

"No; but we bag other game once in a while," said Dolly's cousin, young Edward Livingston, pushing his way to her side. "We bag turncoats, and thieves, and murthering runagates sometimes, even in 'free America'; and we know what to do with them when we do bag them. Friends," he cried, turning to the crowd,

'do you know this fellow? He's a greater prize than the little Phillipse. 'Tis Big Jake of the Saw-mill—a 'skinner' one day and a 'cow-boy' next, as it suits his fancy and as it brings him booty. I know him, and so does the water-guard. I am Livingston, of Clermont Manor. Let down the lad, man, or we'll turn you over to the town-major. He'd like rarely to have a chance at you."

The crowd uttered a cry of rage as it closed excitedly around the burly member of the lawless gang that had preyed upon the defenceless people of the lower Hudson during the years of war and raid. The bully paled at the sound, and loosed his hold upon the little Phillipse. Without waiting to see the issue, young Livingston dragged the "little lord" from the throng, while his companion, Master Clinton, hurried Dolly along, and they were soon free from the crowd that was dealing roughly enough with Big Jake of the Saw-mill.

"Now, Dolly, let us go back to the farm before we get into further trouble," said Cousin Ned, a pleasant young fellow of eighteen, who looked upon himself as the lawful protector of "the children."

"But what shall we do with our little lord of the manor, Cousin Ned?" asked Dolly.

"The safest plan is to take him with us," he replied.

"Oh, no, sir; no," pleaded the little boy. "We sail to-day with Sir Guy Carleton, and what will grandfather do without me?" And then he told them how, early that morning, he had slipped away from Angevine,

Colonel Phillipse's body-servant, passed through the barriers and strolled up the Bowery lane to see the "rebel soldiers"; how he had lost his way in the crowd, and was in sore distress and danger until Dolly interfered; and how he thanked them "over and over again" for protecting him. But "Oh, please, I must go back to my grandfather," he added.

Little Mistress Dolly had a mind of her own, and she warmly championed the cause of the "lost little lord," as she called him.

"Cousin Ned," she said, "of course he must go to his grandfather, and of course we must take him. Think how I should feel if they tried to keep me from my father!" and Dolly's sympathetic eyes filled at the dreadful thought.

"But how can we take him?" asked Cousin Ned. "How can we get past the barriers?"

A hundred years ago New York City proper extended northward only as far as the present post-office, and during the Revolution a line of earthworks was thrown across the island at that point to defend it against assault from the north. The British sentinels at these barriers were not to give up their posts to the Americans until one o'clock on this eventful Evacuation Day, and Cousin Ned, therefore, could not well see how they could pass the sentries.

But young Master Clinton, a bright, curly-haired boy of thirteen, said confidently: "Oh, that's easily done." And then, with a knowledge of the highways

and byways which many rambles through the dear old town had given him, he unfolded his plan. "See here," he said; "we'll turn down the Monument lane, just below us, cut across through General Mortier's woods to Mr. Nicholas Bayard's, and so on to the Ranelagh Gardens. From there we can easily get over to the Broad Way and the Murray Street barrier before General Knox gets to the Fresh Water, where he has been ordered to halt until one o'clock. When the guard at the barrier knows that we have the little Baron of Phillipsbourg with us, and has handled the two York sixpences you will give him, of course he'll let us pass. So, don't you see, we can fix this little boy all right, and, better yet, can see King George's men go out and our troops come in, and make just a splendid day of it."

Dolly, fully alive to these glorious possibilities, clapped her hands delightedly.

"What a brain the boy has!" said young Livingston. "Keep on, my son," he said patronizingly, "and you'll make a great man yet."

"So I mean to be," said De Witt Clinton cheerily, and then, heading the little group, he followed out the route he had proposed. Ere long the barriers were safely passed, Cousin Ned was two York sixpences out of pocket, and the young people stood within the British lines.

"And now, where may we find your grandfather, little one?" Cousin Ned inquired, as they halted on the Broad Way beneath one of the tall poplars that lined that old-time street.

The little Phillipse could not well reply. The noise and confusion that filled the city had well-nigh turned his head. For what with the departing English troops, the disconsolate loyalist refugees hurrying for transportation to distant English ports, and the zealous citizens who were making great preparations to welcome the incoming soldiers of the Congress, the streets of the little city were full of bustle and excitement. The boy said his grandfather might be at the fort; he might be at the King's Arms Tavern, near Stone Street; he might be—he *would* be—hunting for him.

So Master Clinton suggested: "Let's go down to Mr. Day's tavern here in Murray Street. He knows me, and, if he can, will find Colonel Phillipse for us." Down into Murray Street therefore they turned, and, near the road to Greenwich, saw the tavern—a long, low-roofed house, gable end to the street—around which an excited crowd surged and shouted.

"Why, look there," Master Clinton cried; "look there; and the king's men not yet gone!" and, following the direction of his finger, they saw with surprise the stars and stripes, the flag of the new republic, floating from the pole before the tavern.

"Huzza!" they shouted with the rest, but the "little lord" said, somewhat contemptuously, "Why, 'tis the rebel flag—or so my grandfather calls it."

"Rebel no longer, little one," said Cousin Ned, "as even your good grandfather must now admit. But surely," he added anxiously, "Mr. Day will get himself

in trouble by raising his flag before our troops come in."

An angry shout now rose from the throng around the flag-staff, and as the fringe of small boys scattered and ran in haste, young Livingston caught one of them by the arm. "What's the trouble, lad?" he asked.

"Let go!" said the boy, struggling to free himself. "You'd better scatter, too, or Cunningham will catch you. He's ordered down Day's flag and says he'll clear the crowd."

They all knew who Cunningham was—the cruel and vindictive British provost-marshal; the starver of American prisoners and the terror of American children. "Come away, quick," said Cousin Ned. But though they drew off at first, curiosity was too strong, and they were soon in the crowd again.

Cunningham, the marshal, stood at the foot of the flag-pole. "Come, you rebel cur," he said to Mr. Day. "I give you two minutes to haul down that rag—two minutes, d'ye hear, or into the Provost you go. Your beggarly troops are not in possession here yet, and I'll have no such striped rag as that flying in the faces of His Majesty's forces!"

"There it is, and there it shall stay," said Day, quietly but firmly.

Cunningham turned to his guard.

"Arrest that man," he ordered. "And as for this thing here, I'll haul it down myself," and seizing the halyards, he began to lower the flag. The crowd broke

out into fierce murmurs, uncertain what to do. But in the midst of the tumult the door of the tavern flew open, and forth sallied Mrs. Day, "fair, fat, and forty," armed with her trusty broom.

"Hands off that flag, you villain, and drop my husband!" she cried, and before the astonished Cunningham could realize the situation, the broom came down thwack! thwack! upon his powdered wig. Old men still lived, not thirty years ago, who were boys in that excited crowd, and remembered how the powder flew from the stiff white wig and how, amidst jeers and laughter, the defeated provost-marshal withdrew from the unequal contest, and fled before the resistless sweep of Mrs. Day's all-conquering broom. And the flag did *not* come down.

From the vantage-ground of a projecting "stoop" our young friends had indulged in irreverent laughter, and the marshal's quick ears caught the sound.

Fuming with rage and seeking some one to vent his anger on, he rushed up the "stoop" and bade his guard drag down the culprits.

"What pestilent young rebels have we here?" he growled. "Who are you?" He started as they gave their names. "Livingston? Clinton? Duane?" he repeated. "Well, well—a rare lot this of the rebel brood! And who is yon young bantling in velvet and ruffles?"

"You must not stop us, sir," said the boy, facing the angry marshal. "I am the little lord of the manor,

and my grandfather is Colonel Phillipse. Sir Guy Carleton is waiting for me."

"Well, well," exclaimed the surprised marshal; "here's a fine to-do! A Phillipse in this rebel lot! What does it mean? Have ye kidnapped the lad? Here may be some treachery. Bring them along!" and with as much importance as if he had captured a whole corps of Washington's dragoons, instead of a few harmless children, the young prisoners were hurried off, followed by an indignant crowd. Dolly was considerably frightened, and dark visions of the stocks, the whipping-post, and the ducking-stool by the Collect pond rose before her eyes. But Cousin Ned whispered: "Don't be afraid, Dolly—'twill all be right"; and Master Clinton even sought to argue with the marshal.

"There are no rebels now, sir," he said, "since your king has given up the fight. You yourselves are rebels, rather, if you restrain us of our freedom. I know your king's proclamation word for word. It says: 'We do hereby strictly charge and command all our officers, both at sea and land, and all other our subjects whatsoever, to forbear all acts of hostility, either by sea or land, against the United States of America, their vassals or subjects, under the penalty of incurring our highest displeasure.' Wherefore, Sir," concluded this wise young pleader, "if you keep us in unlawful custody, you do brave your king's displeasure."

"You impudent young rebel——" began Cunningham; but the "little lord" interrupted him with: "You

shall not take us to jail, sir, I will tell my grandfather, and he will make Sir Guy punish you." And upon this, the provost-marshal, whose wrath had somewhat cooled, began to fear that he might, perhaps, have exceeded his authority, and ere long, with a sour look and a surly word, he set the young people free.

Sir Guy Carleton, K. C. B., commander-in-chief of all His Majesty's forces in the colonies, stood at the foot of the flag-staff on the northern bastion of Fort George. Before him filed the departing troops of his king, evacuating the pleasant little city they had occupied for more than seven years. "There might be seen," says one of the old records, "the Hessian, with his towering, brass-fronted cap, moustache colored with the same blacking which colored his shoes, his hair plastered with tallow and flour, and reaching in whip-form to his waist. His uniform was a blue coat, yellow vest and breeches, and black gaiters. The Highlander, with his low checked bonnet, his tartan or plaid, short red coat, his kilt above his knees, and they exposed, his hose short and parti-colored. There were also the grenadiers of Anspach, with towering yellow caps; the gaudy Waldeckers, with their cocked hats edged with yellow scallops; the German yägers, and the various corps of English in glittering and gallant pomp." The white-capped waves of the beautiful bay sparkled in the sunlight, while the whale-boats, barges, gigs, and launches sped over the water, bearing troops and

refugees to the transports, or to the temporary camp on Staten Island. The last act of the evacuation was almost completed. But Sir Guy Carleton looked troubled. His eye wandered from the departing troops at Whitehall slip to the gate at Bowling Green, and then across the parade to the Governor's gardens and the town beyond.

"Well, sir, what word from Colonel Phillipse?" he inquired, as an aide hurried to his side.

"He bids you go without him, General," the aide reported. "The boy is not yet found, but the Colonel says he will risk seizure rather than leave the lad behind."

"It cannot well be helped," said the British commander. "I will myself dispatch a line to General Washington, requesting due courtesy and safe conduct for Colonel Phillipse and his missing heir. But see—whom have we here?" he asked, as across the parade came a rumbling coach, while behind it a covered cariole came tearing through the gateway. Ere the bastion on which the General stood was reached the cariole drew up with sudden stop. Angevine, the black body-servant, sprang to the horses' heads, and a very large man hatless, though richly dressed, descended hastily and flung open the door of the coach just as Mistress Dolly was preparing to descend, and as he helped her out he caught in his ample arms the little fellow who followed close at her heels.

"Good; the lost is found!" exclaimed Sir Guy, who had been an interested spectator of the pantomime.

"All is well, General," Colonel Phillipse cried joyfully, as the commander came down from the bastion and welcomed the newcomers. "My little lord of the manor is found; and, faith, his loss troubled me more than all the attainder and forfeiture the rebel Congress can crowd upon me."

"But how got he here?" Sir Guy asked.

"This fair little lady is both his rescuer and protector," replied the grandfather.

"And who may you be, little mistress?" asked the commander-in-chief.

Dolly made a neat little curtsy, for those were the days of good manners, and she was a proper little damsel. "I am Dolly Duane, your Excellency," she said, "daughter of Mr. James Duane of the Congress."

"Duane!" exclaimed the Colonel; "Well, well, little one, I did not think a Phillipse would ever acknowledge himself debtor to a Duane, but now do I gladly do it. Bear my compliments to your father, sweet Mistress Dolly, and tell him that his old enemy, Phillipse, of Phillipsbourg, will never forget the kindly aid of his gentle little daughter, who has this day restored a lost lad to a sorrowing grandfather. And let me thus show my gratitude for your love and service," and the very large man, stooping in all courtesy before the little girl, laid his hand in blessing on her head, and kissed her fair young face.

"A rare little maiden, truly," said gallant Sir Guy: "and though I have small cause to favor so hot an en-

emy of the king as is Mr. James Duane, I admire his dutiful little daughter; and thus would I, too, render her love and service," and the gleaming scarlet and gold-laced arms of the courtly old commander encircled fair Mistress Dolly, and a hearty kiss fell upon her blushing cheeks. But she was equal to the occasion. Raising herself on tiptoe, she dropped a dainty kiss upon the General's smiling face, and said, "Let this, sir, be America's good-bye kiss to your Excellency."

"A right royal salute," said Sir Guy. "Mr. De Lancy, bid the band-master give us the farewell march," and to the strains of appropriate music the commander-in-chief and his staff passed down to the boats and the little lord of Phillipse Manor waved Mistress Dolly a last farewell.

Then the Red Cross of St. George, England's royal flag, came fluttering down from its high staff on the north bastion, and the last of the rear-guard wheeled toward the slip. But Cunningham, the provost-marshal, still angered by the thought of his discomfiture at Day's tavern, declared roundly that no rebel flag should go up that staff in sight of King George's men. "Come lively now, you blue jackets," he shouted, turning to some of the sailors from the fleet. "Unreeve the halyards, quick; slush down the pole; knock off the stepping-cleats! Then let them run their rag up if they can." His orders were quickly obeyed. The halyards were speedily cut, the stepping-cleats knocked from the staff, and the tall pole covered with grease, so that

none might climb it. And with this final act of unsoldierly discourtesy, the memory of which has lived through a hundred busy years, the provost-marshal left the now liberated city.

Even Sir Guy's gallant kiss could not rid Dolly of her fear of Cunningham's frown; but as she scampered off she heard his final order, and, hot with indignation, told the news to Cousin Ned and Master Clinton, who were in waiting for her on the Bowling Green. The younger lad was for stirring up the people to instant action, but just then they heard the roll of drums, and, standing near the ruins of King George's statue, watched the advance-guard of the Continental troops as they filed in to take possession of the fort. Beneath the high gateway and straight toward the north bastion marched the detachment—a troop of horse, a regiment of infantry, and a company of artillery. The batteries, the parapets, and the ramparts were thronged with cheering people, and Colonel Jackson, halting before the flag-staff, ordered up the stars and stripes.

"The halyards are cut, Colonel," reported the color-sergeant; "the cleats are gone, and the pole is slushed."

"A mean trick, indeed," exclaimed the indignant Colonel. "Hallo there, lads, will you be outwitted by such a scurvy trick! Look where they wait in their boats to give us the laugh. Will you let tainted Tories and buttermilk Whigs thus shame us? A gold jacobus to him who will climb the staff and reeve the halyards for the stars and stripes."

Dolly's quick ear caught the ringing words. "Oh, Cousin Ned," she cried, "I saw Jacky Van Arsdale on the Bowling Green. Don't you remember how he climbed the greased pole at Clermont, in the May merrying?" and with that she sped across the parade and through the gateway, returning soon with a stout sailor-boy of fifteen. "Now tell the Colonel you'll try it, Jacky."

"Go it, Jack!" shouted Cousin Ned. "I'll make the gold jacobus two if you but reeve the halyards."

"I want no money for the job, Master Livingston," said the sailor-lad. "I'll do it if I can for Mistress Dolly's sake."

Jack was an expert climber, but if any of my boy readers think it a simple thing to "shin up" a greased pole, just let them try it once—and fail.

Jack Van Arsdale tried it manfully once, twice, thrice, and each time came slipping down covered with slush and shame. And all the watchers in the boat off-shore joined in a chorus of laughs and jeers. Jack shook his fist at them angrily. "I'll fix 'em yet," he said. "If ye'll but saw me up some cleats, and give me hammer and nails, I'll run that flag to the top in spite of all the Tories from 'Sopus to Sandy Hook!"

Ready hands and willing feet came to the assistance of the plucky lad. Some ran swiftly to Mr. Goelet's, "the iron-monger's" in Hanover Square, and brought quickly back "a hand-saw, hatchet, hammer, gimlets, and nails"; others drew a long board to the bastion, and

while one sawed the board into lengths, another split the strips into cleats, others bored the nail-holes, and soon young Jack had material enough.

Then, tying the halyards around his waist, and filling his jacket pockets with cleats and nails, he worked his way up the flag-pole, nailing and climbing as he went. And now he reaches the top, now the halyards are reeved, and as the beautiful flag goes fluttering up the staff a mighty cheer is heard, and a round of thirteen guns salutes the stars and stripes and the brave sailor-boy who did the gallant deed!

From the city streets came the roll and rumble of distant drums, and Dolly and her two companions, following the excited crowd, hastened across Hanover Square, and from an excellent outlook in the Fly Market watched the whole grand procession as it wound down Queen (now Pearl) Street, making its triumphal entry into the welcoming city. First came a corps of dragoons, then followed the advance-guard of light infantry and a corps of artillery, then more light infantry, a battalion of Massachusetts troops, and the rear-guard. As the veterans, with their soiled and faded uniforms, filed past, Dolly could not help contrasting them with the brilliant appearance of the British troops she had seen in the fort. "Their clothes *do* look worn and rusty," she said. "But then," she added, with beaming eyes, "they are *our* soldiers, and that is everything."

And now she hears "a great hozaing all down the Fly," as one record queerly puts it, and as the shouts

increase, she sees a throng of horsemen, where, escorted by Captain Delavan's "West Chester Light Horse," ride the heroes of that happy hour, General George Washington and Governor George Clinton. Dolly added her clear little treble to the loud huzzas as the famous commander-in-chief rode down the echoing street. Behind their excellencies came other officials, dignitaries, army officers, and files of citizens, on horseback and afoot, many of the latter returning to dismantled and ruined homes after nearly eight years of exile.

But Dolly did not wait to see the whole procession. She had spied her father in the line of mounted citizens, and flying across Queen Street, and around by Golden Hill (near Maiden Lane), where the first blood of the Revolution was spilled, she hurried down the Broad Way, so as to reach Mr. Cape's tavern before their excellencies arrived.

Soon she was in her father's arms relating her adventures, and as she received his chidings for mingling in such "unseemly crowds," and his praise for her championship and protection of the little Phillipse, a kindly hand was laid upon her fair young head, and a voice whose tones she could never forget said: "So may our children be angels of peace, Mr. Duane. Few have suffered more, or deserved better from their country, sir, than you; but the possession of so rare a little daughter is a fairer recompense than aught your country can bestow. Heaven has given me no chil-

dren, sir; but had I thus been blessed, I could have wished for no gentler or truer-hearted little daughter than this maid of yours." And with the stately courtesy that marked the time, General Washington bent down and kissed little Dolly as she sat on her father's knee. Touched by his kindly words, Dolly forgot all her awe of the great man. Flinging two winsome arms about his neck, she kissed him in return, and said softly: "If Mr. Duane were not my father, sir, I would rather it should be you than any one else."

In all her after-life, though she retained pleasant memories of Sir Guy Carleton, and thought him a grand and gallant gentleman, Dolly Duane held still more firmly to her reverence and affection for General Washington, whom she described as "looking more grand and noble than any human being she had ever seen."

Next to General Washington, I think she held the fireworks that were set off in the Bowling Green in honor of the Peace to have been the grandest thing she had ever seen. The rockets, and the wheels, and the tourbillions, and the batteries, and the stars were all so wonderful to her, that General Knox said Dolly's "ohs" and "ahs" were "as good as a play"; and staid Master Clinton and jolly Cousin Ned threatened to send to the Ferry stairs for an anchor to hold her down. Both these young gentlemen grew to be famous Americans in after years, and witnessed many anniversaries of this glorious Evacuation Day. But they never

enjoyed any of them quite as much as they did the exciting original, nor could they ever forget, amidst all the throng of memories, how sweet Mistress Dolly Duane championed and protected the lost "little lord of the manor," and won the distinguished honor of being kissed by both the commanders-in-chief on the same eventful day.

OLD ESTHER DUDLEY*

By Nathaniel Hawthorne

The Province House in Boston was the home of the Royal Governors of Massachusetts. This is the story of how the stately, spectre-haunted old Housekeeper, even after the departure of the last Royal Governor and the triumph of the Colonies, remained "faithful unto death" to her Sovereign Lord King George.

THE hour had come—the hour of defeat and humiliation—when Sir William Howe was to pass over the threshold of the Province House, and embark, with no such triumphal ceremonies as he once promised himself, on board the British fleet. He bade his servants and military attendants go before him, and lingered a moment in the loneliness of the mansion, to quell the fierce emotions that struggled in his bosom as with a death-throb. Preferable, then, would he have deemed his fate had a warrior's death left him a claim to the narrow territory of a grave within the soil which the king had given him to defend. With an ominous perception that, as his departing footsteps echoed adown the staircase, the sway of Britain was passing forever from New England, he smote his clinched hand on his brow, and cursed the destiny that

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had flung the shame of a dismembered empire upon him.

"Would to God," cried he, hardly repressing his tears of rage, "that the rebels were even now at the doorstep! A bloodstain upon the floor should then bear testimony that the last British ruler was faithful to his trust."

The tremulous voice of a woman replied to his exclamation.

"Heaven's cause and the King's are one," it said. "Go forth, Sir William Howe, and trust in Heaven to bring back a royal governor in triumph."

Subduing at once the passion to which he had yielded only in the faith that it was unwitnessed, Sir William Howe became conscious that an aged woman, leaning on a gold-headed staff, was standing betwixt him and the door. It was old Esther Dudley, who had dwelt almost immemorial years in this mansion, until her presence seemed as inseparable from it as the recollections of its history. She was the daughter of an ancient and once eminent family, which had fallen into poverty and decay, and left its last descendant no resource save the bounty of the king, nor any shelter except within the walls of the Province House. An office in the household, with merely nominal duties, had been assigned to her as a pretext for the payment of a small pension, the greater part of which she expended in adorning herself with an antique magnificence of attire. The claims of Esther Dudley's gentle blood were acknowledged by all the successive governors;

and they treated her with the punctilious courtesy which it was her foible to demand, not always with success, from a neglectful world. The only actual share which she assumed in the business of the mansion was to glide through its passages and public chambers, late at night, to see that the servants had dropped no fire from their flaring torches, nor left embers crackling and blazing on the hearths. Perhaps it was this invariable custom of walking her rounds in the hush of midnight that caused the superstition of the times to invest the old woman with attributes of awe and mystery; fabling that she had entered the portal of the Province House, none knew whence, in the train of the first royal governor, and that it was her fate to dwell there till the last should have departed. But Sir William Howe, if he ever heard this legend, had forgotten it.

"Mistress Dudley, why are you loitering here?" asked he, with some severity of tone. "It is my pleasure to be the last in this mansion of the king."

"Not so, if it please your Excellency," answered the time-stricken woman. "This roof has sheltered me long. I will not pass from it until they bear me to the tomb of my forefathers. What other shelter is there for old Esther Dudley save the Province House or the grave?"

"Now Heaven forgive me!" said Sir William Howe to himself. "I was about to leave this wretched old creature to starve or beg. Take this, good Mistress

Dudley," he added, putting a purse into her hands. "King George's head on these golden guineas is sterling yet, and will continue so, I warrant you, even should the rebels crown John Hancock their king. That purse will buy a better shelter than the Province House can now afford."

"While the burden of life remains upon me, I will have no other shelter than this roof," persisted Esther Dudley, striking her staff upon the floor with a gesture that expressed immovable resolve. "And when your Excellency returns in triumph, I will totter into the porch to welcome you."

"My poor old friend!" answered the British General; and all his manly and martial pride could no longer restrain a gush of bitter tears. "This is an evil hour for you and me. The province which the king intrusted to my charge is lost. I go hence in misfortune —perchance in disgrace—to return no more. And you, whose present being is incorporated with the past—who have seen governor after governor, in stately pageantry, ascend these steps—whose whole life has been an observance of majestic ceremonies, and a worship of the king—how will you endure the change? Come with us! Bid farewell to a land that has shaken off its allegiance, and live still under a royal government, at Halifax."

"Never, never!" said the pertinacious old dame. "Here will I abide; and King George shall still have one true subject in his disloyal province."

"Beshrew the old fool!" muttered Sir William Howe, growing impatient of her obstinacy, and ashamed of the emotion into which he had been betrayed. "She is the very moral of old-fashioned prejudice, and could exist nowhere but in this musty edifice. Well, then, Mistress Dudley, since you will needs tarry, I give the Province House in charge to you. Take this key, and keep it safe until myself, or some other royal governor, shall demand it of you."

Smiling bitterly at himself and her, he took the heavy key of the Province House, and, delivering it into the old lady's hands, drew his cloak around him for departure. As the General glanced back at Esther Dudley's antique figure, he deemed her well fitted for such a charge, as being so perfect a representative of the decayed past—of an age gone by, with its manners, opinions, faith, and feelings all fallen into oblivion or scorn—of what had once been a reality, but was now merely a vision of faded magnificence. Then Sir William Howe strode forth, smiting his clenched hands together in the fierce anguish of his spirit; and old Esther Dudley was left to keep watch in the lonely Province House, dwelling there with memory; and if Hope ever seemed to flit around her, still it was Memory in disguise.

The total change of affairs that ensued on the departure of the British troops did not drive the venerable lady from her stronghold. There was not, for many years afterward, a governor of Massachusetts;

and the magistrates, who had charge of such matters, saw no objection to Esther Dudley's residence in the Province House, especially as they must otherwise have paid a hireling for taking care of the premises, which with her was a labor of love. And so they left her, the undisturbed mistress of the old historic edifice. Many and strange were the fables which the gossips whispered about her, in all the chimney-corners of the town. Among the time-worn articles of furniture that had been left in the mansion there was a tall, antique mirror, which was well worthy of a tale by itself, and perhaps may hereafter be the theme of one. The gold of its heavily wrought frame was tarnished, and its surface so blurred that the old woman's figure, whenever she paused before it, looked indistinct and ghostlike. But it was the general belief that Esther could cause the governors of the overthrown dynasty, with the beautiful ladies who had once adorned their festivals, the Indian chiefs who had come up to the Province House to hold council or swear allegiance, the grim, provincial warriors, the severe clergymen—in short, all the pageantry of gone days—all the figures that ever swept across the broad plate of glass in former times—she could cause the whole to reappear, and people the inner world of the mirror with shadows of old life. Such legends as these, together with the singularity of her isolated existence, her age, and the infirmity that each added winter flung upon her, made Mistress Dudley the object both of fear and pity; and

it was partly the result of either sentiment that, amid all the angry license of the times, neither wrong nor insult ever fell upon her unprotected head. Indeed, there was so much haughtiness in her demeanor toward intruders, among whom she reckoned all persons acting under the new authorities, that it was really an affair of no small nerve to look her in the face. And to do the people justice, stern republicans as they had now become, they were well content that the old gentlewoman, in her hoop petticoat and faded embroidery, should still haunt the palace of ruined pride and overthrown power, the symbol of a departed system, embodying a history in her person. So Esther Dudley dwelt, year after year, in the Province House, still reverencing all that others had flung aside, still faithful to her king, who, so long as the venerable dame yet held her post, might be said to retain one true subject in New England, and one spot of the empire that had been wrested from him.

And did she dwell there in utter loneliness? Rumor said, not so. Whenever her chill and withered heart desired warmth, she was wont to summon a black slave of Governor Shirley's from the blurred mirror, and send him in search of guests who had long ago been familiar in those deserted chambers. Forth went the sable messenger, with the starlight or the moonshine gleaming through him, and did his errand in the burial-ground, knocking at the iron doors of tombs, or upon the marble slabs that covered them, and whispering

to those within, "My mistress, old Esther Dudley, bids you to the Province House at midnight." And punctually as the clock of the Old South told twelve came the shadows of the Olivers, the Hutchinsons, the Dudleys, all the grandees of a bygone generation, gliding beneath the portal into the well-known mansion, where Esther mingled with them as if she likewise were a shade. Without vouching for the truth of such traditions, it is certain that Mistress Dudley sometimes assembled a few of the stanch though crestfallen old Tories who had lingered in the rebel town during those days of wrath and tribulation. Out of a cobwebbed bottle, containing liquor that a royal governor might have smacked his lips over, they quaffed healths to the king, and babbled treason to the Republic, feeling as if the protecting shadow of the throne were still flung around them. But, draining the last drops of their liquor, they stole timorously homeward, and answered not again if the rude mob reviled them in the street.

Yet Esther Dudley's most frequent and favored guests were the children of the town. Toward them she was never stern. A kindly and loving nature, hindered elsewhere from its free course by a thousand rocky prejudices, lavished itself upon these little ones. By bribes of gingerbread of her own making, stamped with a royal crown, she tempted their sunny sportiveness beneath the gloomy portal of the Province House, and would often beguile them to spend a whole play-day there, sitting in a circle round the verge of her hoop

petticoat, greedily attentive to her stories of a dead world. And when these little boys and girls stole forth again from the dark, mysterious mansion, they went bewildered, full of old feelings that graver people had long ago forgotten, rubbing their eyes at the world around them as if they had gone astray into ancient times, and become children of the past. At home, when their parents asked where they had loitered such a weary while, and with whom they had been at play, the children would talk of all the departed worthies of the province, as far back as Governor Belcher, and the haughty dame of Sir William Phipps. It would seem as though they had been sitting on the knees of these famous personages, whom the grave had hidden for half a century, and had toyed with the embroidery of their rich waistcoats, or roguishly pulled the long curls of their flowing wigs. "But Governor Belcher has been dead this many a year," would the mother say to her little boy. "And did you really see him at the Province House?" "Oh, yes, dear mother! Yes!" the half-dreaming child would answer. "But when old Esther had done speaking about him he faded away out of his chair." Thus, without affrighting her little guests, she led them by the hand into the chambers of her own desolate heart, and made childhood's fancy discern the ghosts that haunted there.

Living so continually in her own circle of ideas, and never regulating her mind by a proper reference to

present things, Esther Dudley appears to have grown partially crazed. It was found that she had no right sense of the progress and true state of the Revolutionary War, but held a constant faith that the armies of Britain were victorious on every field, and destined to be ultimately triumphant. Whenever the town rejoiced for a battle won by Washington, or Gates, or Morgan, or Greene, the news, in passing through the door of the Province House, as through the ivory gate of dreams, became metamorphosed into a strange tale of the prowess of Howe, Clinton, or Cornwallis. Sooner or later, it was her invincible belief, the colonies would be prostrate at the footstool of the king. Sometimes she seemed to take for granted that such was already the case. On one occasion she startled the townspeople by a brilliant illumination of the Province House, with candles at every pane of glass, and a transparency of the king's initials and a crown of light in the great balcony window. The figure of the aged woman, in the most gorgeous of her mildewed velvets and brocades, was seen passing from casement to casement, until she paused before the balcony, and flourished a huge key above her head. Her wrinkled visage actually gleamed with triumph, as if the soul within her were a festal lamp.

"What means this blaze of light? What does old Esther's joy portend?" whispered a spectator. "It is frightful to see her gliding about the chambers, and rejoicing there without a soul to bear her company."

"It is as if she were making merry in a tomb," said another.

"Pshaw! It is no such mystery," observed an old man, after some brief exercise of memory. "Mistress Dudley is keeping jubilee for the King of England's birthday." Then the people laughed aloud, and would have thrown mud against the blazing transparency of the king's crown and initials, only that they pitied the poor old dame, who was so dismally triumphant amid the wreck and ruin of the system to which she appertained.

Oftentimes it was her custom to climb the weary staircase that wound upward to the cupola, and thence strain her dimmed eyesight seaward and countryward, watching for a British fleet, or for the march of a grand procession, with the king's banner floating over it. The passengers in the street below would discern her anxious visage, and send up a shout, "When the golden Indian on the Province House shall shoot his arrow, and when the cock on the Old South spire shall crow, then look for a royal governor again!"—for this had grown a byword through the town. And at last, after long, long years, old Esther Dudley knew, or perchance she only dreamed, that a royal governor was on the eve of returning to the Province House, to receive the heavy key which Sir William Howe had committed to her charge. Now it was the fact that intelligence bearing some faint analogy to Esther's version of it was current among the townspeople. She set the mansion

in the best order that her means allowed, and, arraying herself in silks and tarnished gold, stood long before the blurred mirror to admire her own magnificence. As she gazed, the gray and withered lady moved her ashen lips, murmuring half aloud, talking to shapes that she saw within the mirror, to shadows of her own fantasies, to the household friends of memory, and bidding them rejoice with her, and come forth to meet the governor. And, while absorbed in this communion, Mistress Dudley heard the tramp of many footsteps in the street, and, looking out at the window, beheld what she construed as the royal governor's arrival.

"O happy day! O blessed, blessed hour!" she exclaimed. "Let me but bid him welcome within the portal, and my task in the Province House, and on earth, is done!"

Then with tottering feet, which age and tremulous joy caused to tread amiss, she hurried down the grand staircase, her silks sweeping and rustling as she went, so that the sound was as if a train of spectral courtiers were thronging from the dim mirror. And Esther Dudley fancied that, as soon as the wide door should be flung open, all the pomp and splendor of bygone times would pace majestically into the Province House, and the gilded tapestry of the past would be brightened by the sunshine of the present. She turned the key, withdrew it from the lock, unclosed the door, and stepped across the threshold. Advancing up the courtyard appeared a person of most dignified mien.

with tokens, as Esther interpreted them, of gentle blood, high rank, and long-accustomed authority, even in his walk and every gesture. He was richly dressed, but wore a gouty shoe, which, however, did not lessen the stateliness of his gait. Around and behind him were people in plain civic dresses, and two or three war-worn veterans, evidently officers of rank, arrayed in a uniform of blue and buff. But Esther Dudley, firm in the belief that had fastened its roots about her heart, beheld only the principal personage, and never doubted that this was the long-looked-for governor, to whom she was to surrender up her charge. As he approached, she involuntarily sank down on her knees, and tremblingly held forth the heavy key.

"Receive my trust! take it quickly!" cried she; "for methinks Death is striving to snatch away my triumph. But he comes too late. Thank Heaven for this blessed hour! God save King George!"

"That, madam, is a strange prayer to be offered up at such a moment," replied the unknown guest of the Province House, and, courteously removing his hat, he offered his arm to raise the aged woman. "Yet, in reverence for your gray hairs and long-kept faith, Heaven forbid that any here should say you nay. Over the realms which still acknowledge his sceptre, God save King George!"

Esther Dudley started to her feet, and, hastily clutching back the key, gazed with fearful earnestness at the stranger; and dimly and doubtfully, as if suddenly

awakened from a dream, her bewildered eyes half recognized his face. Years ago she had known him among the gentry of the province. But the ban of the king had fallen upon him! How, then, came the doomed victim here? Proscribed, excluded from mercy, the monarch's most dreaded and hated foe, this New England merchant had stood triumphantly against a kingdom's strength; and his foot now trod upon humbled royalty as he ascended the steps of the Province House, the people's chosen governor of Massachusetts.

"Wretch, wretch that I am!" muttered the old woman, with such a heart-broken expression that the tears gushed from the stranger's eyes. "Have I bidden a traitor welcome? Come, Death! come quickly!"

"Alas, venerable lady!" said Governor Hancock, lending her his support with all the reverence that a courtier would have shown to a queen. "Your life has been prolonged until the world has changed around you. You have treasured up all that time has rendered worthless—the principles, feelings, manners, modes of being and acting, which another generation has flung aside—and you are a symbol of the past. And I, and these around me—we represent a new race of men—living no longer in the past, scarcely in the present—but projecting our lives forward into the future. Ceasing to model ourselves on ancestral superstitions, it is our faith and principle to press onward, onward! Yet," continued he, turning to his attend-

ants, "let us reverence, for the last time, the stately and gorgeous prejudices of the tottering Past!"

While the republican governor spoke he had continued to support the helpless form of Esther Dudley; her weight grew heavier against his arm; but at last, with a sudden effort to free herself, the ancient woman sank down beside one of the pillars of the portal. The key of the Province House fell from her grasp, and clanked against the stone.

"I have been faithful unto death," murmured she. "God save the king!"

"She hath done her office!" said Hancock solemnly. "We will follow her reverently to the tomb of her ancestors; and then, my fellow-citizens, onward, onward! We are no longer children of the Past!"

BETTY'S RIDE: A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION*

By Henry S. Canby

The story of a brave little Quaker girl's perilous ride. How she saved the lives of many hard-pressed patriots, and won praise from the lips of General Washington, himself.

THE sun was just rising and showering his first rays on the gambrel roof and solid stone walls of a house surrounded by a magnificent grove of walnuts, and overlooking one of the beautiful valleys so common in southeastern Pennsylvania. Close by the house, and shaded by the same great trees, stood a low building of the most severe type, whose time-stained bricks and timbers green with moss told its age without the aid of the half-obliterated inscription over the door, which read, "Built A. D. 1720." One familiar with the country would have pronounced it without hesitation a Quaker meeting-house, dating back almost to the time of William Penn.

When Ezra Dale had become the leader of the little band of Quakers which gathered here every First Day, he had built the house under the walnut trees, and had taken his wife Ann and his little daughter Betty to live there. That was in 1770, seven years

*From *Harper's Round Table*, June 25, 1895.

earlier, and before war had wrought sorrow and desolation throughout the country.

The sun rose higher, and just as his beams touched the broad stone step in front of the house, the door opened, and Ann Dale, a sweet-faced woman in the plain Quaker garb, came out, followed by Betty, a little blue-eyed Quakeress of twelve years, with a gleam of spirit in her face which ill became her plain dress.

"Betty," said her mother, as they walked out toward the great horse-block by the roadside, "thee must keep house to-day. Friend Robert has just sent thy father word that the redcoats have not crossed the Brandywine since Third Day last, and thy father and I will ride to Chester to-day, that there may be other than corn-cakes and bacon for the friends who come to us after monthly meeting. Mind thee keeps near the house and finishes thy sampler."

"Yes, mother," said Betty; "but will thee not come home early? I shall miss thee sadly."

Just then Ezra appeared, wearing his collarless Quaker coat, and leading a horse saddled with a great pillion, into which Ann laboriously climbed after her husband, and with a final warning and "farewell" to Betty, clasped him tightly around the waist lest she should be jolted off as they jogged down the rough and winding lane into the broad Chester highway.

Friend Ann had many reasons for fearing to leave Betty alone for a whole day, and she looked back

anxiously at her waving "farewell" with her little bonnet.

It was a troublous time.

The Revolution was at its height, and the British, who had a short time before disembarked their army near Elkton, Maryland, were now encamped near White Clay Creek, while Washington occupied the country bordering on the Brandywine. His force, however, was small compared to the extent of the country to be guarded, and bands of the British sometimes crossed the Brandywine and foraged in the fertile counties of Delaware and Chester. As Betty's father, although a Quaker and a non-combatant, was known to be a patriot, he had to suffer the fortunes of war with his neighbors.

Thus it was with many forebodings that Betty's mother watched the slight figure under the spreading branches of a great chestnut, which seemed to rustle its innumerable leaves as if to promise protection to the little maid. However, the sun shone brightly, the swallows chirped as they circled overhead, and nothing seemed farther off than battle and bloodshed.

Betty skipped merrily into the house, and snatching up some broken corn-cake left from the morning meal, ran lightly out to the paddock where Daisy was kept, her own horse, which she had helped to raise from a colt.

"Come thee here, Daisy," she said, as she seated herself on the top rail of the mossy snake fence. "Come

thee here, and thee shall have some of thy mistress's corn-cake. Ah! I thought thee would like it. Now go and eat all thee can of this good grass, for if the wicked redcoats come again, thee will not have another chance, I can tell thee."

Daisy whinnied and trotted off, while Betty, feeding the few chickens (sadly reduced in numbers by numerous raids), returned to the house, and getting her sampler, sat down under a walnut tree to sew on the stint which her mother had given her.

All was quiet save the chattering of the squirrels overhead and the drowsy hum of the bees, when from around the curve in the road she heard a shot; then another nearer, and then a voice shouting commands, and the thud of hoofbeats farther down the valley. She jumped up with a startled cry: "The redcoats! The redcoats! Oh, what shall I do!"

Just then the foremost of a scattered band of soldiers, their buff and blue uniforms and ill-assorted arms showing them to be Americans, appeared in full flight around the curve in the road, and springing over the fence, dashed across the pasture straight for the meeting-house. Through the broad gateway they poured, and forcing open the door of the meeting-house, rushed within and began to barricade the windows.

Their leader paused while his men passed in, and seeing Betty, came quickly toward her.

"What do you here, child?" he said hurriedly. "Go quickly, before the British reach us, and tell your father

that, Quaker or no Quaker, he shall ride to Washington, on the Brandywine, and tell him that we, but one hundred men, are besieged by three hundred British cavalry in Chichester meeting-house, with but little powder left. Tell him to make all haste to us."

Turning, he hastened into the meeting-house, now converted into a fort, and as the doors closed behind him Betty saw a black muzzle protruding from every window.

With trembling fingers the little maid picked up her sampler, and as the thud of horses' hoofs grew louder and louder, she ran fearfully into the house, locked and bolted the massive door, and then flying up the broad stairs, she seated herself in a little window overlooking the meeting-house yard. She had gone into the house none too soon. Up the road, with their red coats gleaming and their harness jangling, was sweeping a detachment of British cavalry, never stopping until they reached the meeting-house—and then it was too late.

A sheet of flame shot out from the wall before them, and half a dozen troopers fell lifeless to the ground, and half a dozen riderless horses galloped wildly down the road. The leader shouted a sharp command, and the whole troop retreated in confusion.

Betty drew back shuddering, and when she brought herself to look again the troopers had dismounted, had surrounded the meeting-house, and were pouring volley after volley at its doors and windows. Then for the first time Betty thought of the officer's message, and

remembered that the safety of the Americans depended upon her alone, for her father was away, no neighbor within reach, and without powder she knew they could not resist long.

Could she save them? All her stern Quaker blood rose at the thought, and stealing softly to the paddock behind the barn, she saddled Daisy and led her through the bars into the wood road, which opened into the highway just around the bend. Could she but pass the pickets without discovery there would be little danger of pursuit; then there would be only the long ride of eight miles ahead of her.

Just before the narrow wood road joined the broader highway Betty mounted Daisy by means of a convenient stump, and starting off at a gallop, had just turned the corner when a voice shouted "Halt" and a shot whistled past her head. Betty screamed with terror, and bending over, brought down her riding whip with all her strength upon Daisy, then, turning for a moment, saw three troopers hurriedly mounting.

Her heart sank within her, but, beginning to feel the excitement of the chase, she leaned over and patting Daisy on the neck, encouraged her to do her best. Onward they sped. Betty, her curly hair streaming in the wind, the color now mounting to, now retreating from, her cheeks, led by five hundred yards.

But Daisy had not been used for weeks, and already felt the unusual strain. Now they thundered over Naaman's Creek, now over Concord, with the nearest

pursuer only four hundred yards behind; and now they raced beside the clear waters of Beaver Brook, and as Betty dashed through its shallow ford, the thud of horses' hoofs seemed just over her shoulder.

Betty, at first sure of success, now knew that unless in some way she could throw her pursuers off her track she was surely lost. Just then she saw ahead of her a fork in the road, the lower branch leading to the Brandywine, the upper to the Birmingham Meeting-house. Could she but get the troopers on the upper road while she took the lower, she would be safe; and, as if in answer to her wish. there flashed across her mind the remembrance of the old cross-road which, long disused, and with its entrance hidden by drooping boughs, led from a point in the upper road just out of sight of the fork down across the lower, and through the valley of the Brandywine. Could she gain this road unseen she still might reach Washington.

Urging Daisy forward, she broke just in time through the dense growth which hid the entrance, and sat trembling, hidden behind a dense growth of tangled vines, while she heard the troopers thunder by. Then, riding through the rustling woods, she came at last into the open, and saw spread out beneath her the beautiful valley of the Brandywine dotted with the white tents of the Continental army.

Starting off at a gallop, she dashed around a bend in the road into the midst of a group of officers riding slowly up from the valley.

"Stop, little maiden, before you run us down," said one, who seemed to be in command. "Where are you going in such hot haste?"

"Oh, sir," said Betty, reining in Daisy, "can thee tell me where I can find General Washington?"

"Yes, little Quakeress," said the officer, who had first spoken to her, "I am he. What do you wish?"

Betty, too exhausted to be surprised, poured forth her story in a few broken sentences, and (hearing as if in a dream the hasty commands for the rescue of the soldiers in Chichester Meeting-house) fell forward in her saddle, and, for the first time in her life, fainted, worn out by her noble ride.

A few days later, when recovering from the shock of her long and eventful ride, Betty, waking from a deep sleep, found her mother kneeling beside her little bed, while her father talked with General Washington himself beside the fireplace; and it was the proudest and happiest moment of her life when Washington, coming forward and taking her by the hand, said, "You are the bravest little maid in America, and an honor to your country."

Still the peaceful meeting-house and the gambrel-roofed home stand unchanged, save that their time-beaten timbers and crumbling bricks have taken on a more sombre tinge, and under the broad walnut tree another little Betty sits and sews.

If you ask it, she will take down the great key from its nail, and swinging back the new doors of the meet-

ing-house, will show you the old worm-eaten ones inside, which, pierced through and through with bullet-holes, once served as a rampart against the enemy. And she will tell you, in the quaint Friends' language, how her great-great-grandmother carried, more than a hundred years ago, the news of the danger of her countrymen to Washington, on the Brandywine, and at the risk of her own life, saved theirs.

THE FIRST BLOW FOR AMERICAN LIBERTY*

(A STORY OF THE BUNKER HILL POWDER)

By Emma W. Demerity

The little New Hampshire boys play a part in the patriotic capture of a quantity of King George's powder, and this very same powder was afterwards used to fight the redcoats at the Battle of Bunker Hill.

TONY sat on a bench in the corner of the great stone fireplace watching the big logs as they sang and crackled and the flames leaped upward filling the room with a cheerful glow. Now and then he turned his head and glanced at a tall woman, who was bustling about, getting supper ready.

"Aunt Mercy?"

No answer.

"Aunt Mercy," he said, a little louder.

But his aunt did not reply. She probably did not hear the boy so occupied was she with her thoughts. Her usually pleasant face wore an anxious look and several times Tony fancied from the movements of her lips that she was speaking to herself.

"Oh, dear!" he thought. "I wonder what it is that has made Aunt Mercy so sober for the last day or two!

*From Wide Awake, July, 1880.

She doesn't answer me when I speak. She hardly notices Larry and me, and it's just the same with Uncle Eben. They whisper together, and some of the neighbors have been here, and they have all been shut up in a room together, and they all look so solemn! I only hope that dreadful war isn't going to come that they talk about."

"Tony," said his aunt, as she took two shining pewter platters from the dresser and placed them on the table, "have you or Larry come across my spectacles anywhere?"

"No, ma'am."

"Well, perhaps I left them at meeting last Sunday. Never mind. I want you to go up garret and bring me that big bunch of herbs hanging by the east window."

Tony glanced toward the kitchen window and was relieved to find it was still quite light. He was always shy of the old, open garret even in the daytime. He never liked to play there as well as his brother Larry and the other boys. The long rows of cloaks and coats and gowns swinging from their pegs in the dimly lighted space under the rafters had a look that made him feel as if they might spring out at him as he passed.

And there were certain other things there which helped to increase Tony's dread of the garret. There were an old chest in the corner containing the uniform of Tony's great uncle who had served as captain in the early French and Indian wars, and a rusty sword and tomahawk hanging from a nail in the huge beam

overhead. The sword had two or three suggestive notches in the long blade, and on the wooden handle of the tomahawk which had once belonged to a ferocious Indian chief were several suspicious-looking brown stains. Larry liked to handle these relics, but the mere sight of them always sent shivers creeping down Tony's back.

"Make haste, Tony, and bring the herbs before it grows any darker," continued his aunt. "I never like to go up garret with a light; it's dangerous business. I am worried and nervous, and I want a bowl of hot herb tea."

Tony stopped, his thumb on the latch. "What is it that worries you so?" he asked in his sweet, sympathetic voice.

"A thousand things, child, you wouldn't understand if I told you—the dread of what's coming—the loss of property and friends—life itself perhaps. But we'll hope for the best. The king may yet repent and try to do what is right by us. But we don't know—we don't know."

It was the December of 1774, five months before Lexington, the first battle of the American Revolution. Throughout the colonies there was a growing feeling of uneasiness and indignation. The colonists were too much attached to the mother country to wish for war. Morning and night they prayed that God would show them some peaceful way out of the trouble. But the king had taken away so many of their rights and laid

taxes so heavy and unjust upon them that it began to look as if the only thing to do was to fight him. The people of New Hampshire, where Larry and Tony lived, were especially excited and alarmed, for they were so near Boston that they sympathized heartily with that much-wronged city which seemed to have been singled out as a mark for special spite.

Tony passed through the cold hall and upstairs, and opening the garret door stumbled hastily to the top step. As he reached the landing his heart gave a sudden thump. He fancied he heard a noise. He stood listening, but there was not a sound. "I guess it was the branches of the big elm scraping against the roof," he thought. Mustering his courage he darted by the row of clothes and was just reaching up for the herbs when a figure suddenly stepped from behind the chimney.

"Oh!" gasped the frightened boy, stumbling back over the big chest and bumping his head with a clatter against the dreaded sword and tomahawk. Larry's arm raised him to his feet and Larry's bright face bent over him.

"Why, Tony! how little it takes to scare you! I was up here and heard some one coming and thought it one of the men and that I'd have some fun with him. See!" and Larry took down the rusty tomahawk and gave a whoop that made the rafters ring, and flourished the old relic in a way that caused Tony's curly hair to stand on end. "This isn't such a terrible thing, after all—it can't hurt you."

He got the herbs for his young brother and as he did so, happened to look out of the window. "Whew!" he whistled softly, "there are two men going into the meeting-house. And how queerly they act, looking all around as if they were afraid some one would see them."

"Oh, Larry! can't you run up and see if Aunt Mercy's spectacles are in the pew? She thinks she left them there last Sunday."

"All right! you take the herbs downstairs and I will."

On his return to the kitchen Tony found that his aunt had left the room, and he sat down in the chimney corner to wait for supper. In a few moments the door opened, and Larry stood before him, his eyes flashing, his cheeks flushed.

"Did you get the spectacles, Larry?"

"Spectacles! I haven't even thought of them. Listen, Tony! I have a secret—a *great* secret. After I left you I hurried up to the meeting-house and as I stepped inside the entry I thought I heard a queer noise, as if some one were digging. So I opened the door softly and peeped in—and there—*as sure as you are alive, I saw two men digging a great, deep hole under the pulpit.* They were talking so low I couldn't hear more than half they said. But I made out that uncle and Captain Sullivan and some others are going to meet there to-night and go off in boats on some wonderful expedition. And, Tony, I am going to find out

what it is. We'll go to our room as usual after supper, but instead of going to bed, we'll creep downstairs and go up to the meeting-house and hide inside, and wait there."

"But will it be right to listen, Larry?" asked Tony gravely. "You know Aunt Mercy says 'Eavesdroppers hear no good of themselves.'"

"But this isn't eavesdropping, Tony. Listening is a mean trick. But this is different. Uncle is going into danger of some sort and I *ought* to learn what it is. I can't believe *that* is wrong."

Tony finally consented, thinking he would rather watch with Larry in the church than stay in his room at home alone in the dark.

When Aunt Mercy returned, she filled the big iron pot with water, hung it on the crane and swung it over the blazing logs. "We are going to have pudding and milk for supper," she said, "and we won't wait for your uncle; he's away, and may not be back until late into the night."

At these words Larry glanced significantly at Tony and gave a wise little nod.

With the going down of the sun the cold rapidly increased. The night was clear and frosty. In front of the little wooden meeting-house on Durham Hill stood the two brothers shivering with cold and excitement. "Whew!" exclaimed Larry, pulling his cap down over his ears, "it's a sharp night, Tony.

Come farther this way; the meeting-house will keep off the wind."

"Shall we have to wait long, Larry?" asked Tony.

Larry glanced at the moon just rising above the treetops. "I think it's past the time now. Oh, I wonder what it is they are going to do."

"P'raps they are going to cross the ocean and take the king prisoner. I don't think he treats us very well nowadays," said Tony plaintively.

Larry laughed. "I guess they won't go quite as far as that. Oh, Tony! if I were a man, they would take me. It's so provoking to be only a boy. I'm just big enough to want to be of some use, but not old enough to be trusted." He drew Tony back in the shelter of the church and waited with his eyes fixed on the flowing Piscataqua which swept around the base of the hill on which they stood, and at the next turn widened into the broad expanse known as "The Great Bay."

It was upon the banks of this river that some of the bloodiest scenes of the early Indian wars had been enacted. Again and again had its shores resounded with warwhoops as the red men under cover of night rowed their canoes up to the infant settlements of New Hampshire and spared neither man, woman, nor child in the slaughter which followed. Across the river, in full view of the meeting-house, was a log fort known as the "Old Block House" which had served on many occasions as a refuge for the early settlers and enabled them to keep their savage foes at bay.

"It's cold—and—lonesome out here," said Tony with a shiver, glancing involuntarily at the "Block House."

"You don't mean to say you're afraid of the Block House, Tony! Why, you are always glad of a chance to play there, afternoons."

"Yes—but that was in the daytime. Out here in the dark I don't like to think of the people who have been killed there."

"Tony! If we come to blows with England you won't make a very good soldier. Now I'd like no better fun than to be in the Block House with a lot of screeching Indians outside. But we mustn't talk so loud—and remember—if we hear the least noise we are to scamper into the meeting-house and hide."

The moon climbed higher and higher in the heavens, and soon there came to the ears of the watchers by the church the plash of oars. Larry bent forward, and his keen eyes detected a small black speck on the surface of the river. At the same time the sound of rapid footsteps was heard, and the two boys hastily entered the church and stumbling through the dark entry felt their way along the aisle and crouched down in one of the pews.

Meantime, a man closely wrapped in a military cloak had taken their place in front of the church and stood looking out on the water. He, too, saw the dark object. Raising his fingers to his lips he gave a shrill whistle, which was promptly answered from the river, and in a

short time eleven men, armed with muskets, came creeping stealthily up the hill, single file.

"We are late, Captain Sullivan," called out a gay voice, "but His Majesty has several devoted subjects hereabouts, and we did not dare venture within range of their prying eyes until after dark."

"Peace, Scammel, or that merry voice of yours will be starting some of these same good folks from their firesides," returned Sullivan. "My trusty men!" there was a triumphant ring in his voice as he greeted them each by name—"Captain Winborn Adams, Eleazer Bennett, Ebenezer Thompson, John Demeritt, Alpheus Chesley, Jonathan Chesley, John Spenser, Micah Davis, Isaac Small, Benjamin Small, Alexander Scammel—thank God! not one of you is missing. And now, is everything ready yonder?" He pointed to the church.

"See for yourself, Captain," answered one of the men; and opening the door he paused to light a lantern which stood in the little entry. The eleven men followed him, their heavy boots clattering on the bare floor—down the aisle, to the pulpit. Here he stopped, and held the lantern high above his head. By the dim light they saw the deep pit, the loosened boards, and the pile of earth standing ready for filling in again.

"'Tis well planned," said the Captain, nodding approvingly. "It is the last place the British will think of searching for their lost powder. When Paul Revere came riding in hot haste into Portsmouth town last

night, bearing despatches from the Massachusetts Committee of Safety saying the king had ordered the seizure of all the powder and arms in the provinces, and that two of Gage's regiments were on their way to garrison Portsmouth and Fort William and Mary here in Piscataqua harbor, I made up my mind that what was done must be done quickly. For if England forces us to fight—and it looks that way now—'twere well to have something to fight with."

"In good sooth, Captain Sullivan," returned Scammel, "we should have to fight with the butt-end of our muskets, for powder and bullets are as scarce as roses at Christmas."

Sullivan continued: "I made up my mind that if I could get a few trusty men to join me I would make a dash for the fort on my own responsibility, for the possession of that powder means *everything* to us. But I do not want one of you to stir a foot unless you have counted the cost. This is a deliberate assault on a royal fortress, and it exposes every one of us to the penalty for high treason. If any man shrinks, let him turn back now before it is too late."

"We have counted the cost," answered John Demeritt, "and we are ready."

"Follow me, then," cried Sullivan, "and may God speed the right!"

At that instant Tony, who was doubled up under the seat like a jackknife, had a cramp in his leg, and in trying to move his foot hit a wooden stool—and over

it went with a loud crash, causing the utmost confusion. The men began searching the church while Larry's uncle rushed around shouting savagely: "A spy! A spy! Seize him! Take him, dead or alive!"

"It's only us—Larry and me," piped Tony, frightened almost out of his wits by his uncle's fury. "We wanted to find out what was going on. And won't you please take Larry with you? He is so brave and wants to fight so much."

"Go home, boys, and to bed, both of you!" ordered Larry's uncle. "I'll settle with you for this to-morrow. Do not look so disturbed, Captain Sullivan—I'll answer for their secrecy."

"Oh, uncle! Oh, Captain Sullivan!" begged Larry in an eager, excited tone, "do let me go. I know I can help in some way. I want to be of some use, and I'm not afraid any more than you are."

Sullivan was touched by the boy's earnestness. "We cannot take you, my boy. It would not be prudent—but you can help if you really wish it—there *is* a way." He turned and whispered with some of the men. "We may need a pair of oxen to cart the powder. We ought not to bury it all in one place."

"If the lad will have the oxen and some straw ready for us in yonder barn, I'll cart the powder wherever you say," said John Demeritt. "I'll bury it in my own cellar if you can think of no better place."

Sullivan noted the disappointment in Larry's answer. "We are trusting much to you, my boy," he

said gravely; "and remember, Larry, if you want to be a soldier you must first learn to *obey*. Now go take your little brother home, and then have the team ready for us by the time yonder bright star reaches that line of woods by the Block House."

When the boys left, the men quickened their pace almost to a run in order to keep up with the Captain as he strode down-hill to the "gondola."

"Gondola" was the name given by the colonists to the broad, flat-bottomed scows used on the Piscataqua in the transportation of stone and other heavy material.

The members of the little party quietly took the places assigned them, and the scow swung off into the middle of the river and moved slowly down-stream. The only sounds to be heard were the moaning of the wind through the bare forests and the measured dip of oars. The trip was made for the most part in silence, the men bending eagerly over the oars too much engrossed with their thoughts to indulge in idle chat. As the scow approached Portsmouth and the lights of the town glimmered in the distance, Sullivan ordered the men to row slowly.

"If discovered now," said he, "all is lost."

In a few moments they rounded a little headland and found awaiting them in the cove beyond two gondolas and a small boat containing in all some eighteen men. These were under the leadership of Captain Pickering.

"Let us be off!" exclaimed Sullivan impatiently.

"We must cross Portsmouth harbor before the moon shows her face again."

They pulled out into the middle of the stream in the momentary darkness, and by the time the clouds had drifted away from the moon the little fleet was within a rod of the island on which stood Fort William and Mary. All was dark and still within, and the only sound outside was the wash of the waves on the narrow beach. After a whispered consultation the men disembarked at a signal from Sullivan. Wading through the icy water they arranged themselves in line at the rear of the fort, while Pickering with three others crept cautiously in the shadow of the wall and disappeared behind one of the bastions. In a moment more a sentinel's challenge rang out sharp and clear: "Who goes there? Stand, and give the countersign!"

Pickering seized the soldier's gun and grasped him by the throat. "Not a word more or you are a dead man," he whispered.

The men then made their way to the commandant's room. He looked up as Sullivan and Pickering entered, but his smile of recognition changed to a blank stare as the former said with much agitation: "Captain Cochran, you are our prisoner. Your little garrison has surrendered. You had better follow its example!"

Cochran glanced at the resolute faces of his captors, then tendered his sword. He was left in charge of two of the men while the rest of the party proceeded to break open the magazine. In the course of an hour and

a half the powder was safe in the gondolas and the little band left the fort and began the hard task of rowing up-stream. Absolute silence was maintained, and when they finally landed at the foot of meeting-house hill and found Larry with the oxen awaiting them, they took off their heavy, nailed shoes lest a spark from them should set fire to the powder.

By dawn Larry was back in his room telling the wonderful story to Tony. One half of the king's powder was buried deep beneath the pulpit of the meeting-house, and John Demeritt, with the other half snugly hidden under a load of straw, was on the road to Madbury driving along his oxen as unconcernedly as if nothing had happened.

The next day Governor Wentworth issued a proclamation, declaring all those who took part in the capture of Fort William and Mary guilty of high treason. Four months later the news from Lexington and Concord spread from the White Hills of New Hampshire to the pine forests of the Carolinas arousing the people to a renewed determination to defend with their lives—their rights and liberties.

Major Sullivan, accompanied by his faithful little band, started at once for the scene of action. Indeed the New Hampshire troops were among the earliest at the front, for Bancroft tells us "the ferries on the Merrimack were crowded with the men of New Hampshire," and that "they finally paraded on Cambridge Common having *run* rather than walked the entire distance."

Captain John Demeritt, after reserving a portion of the powder for the use of his own company, brought out the remainder from his cellar and once more concealing it beneath a load of straw carted it with his ox team all the way to the headquarters of the American Army at Cambridge. He arrived in time to have it sent out to the troops at Bunker Hill, and a local historian tells us that it was stated on the best authority, that had not the powder arrived at so opportune a moment the fate of the day would have been far different. It was with this powder that the New Hampshire troops with two regiments from Connecticut guarded the flank at Bunker Hill, twice driving back the British. And it was with the same powder that they held the enemy at bay until Prescott's little band had left the redoubt and then they retreated in good order through a galling re.

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL*

By Washington Irving

"Don't fire till you see the whites of their eyes" were the orders of "Old Put" to the Yankee farmers who first taught the enemy that they could and would stand and fight British regulars.

THE sound of drum and trumpet, the clatter of hoofs, the rattling of gun-carriages, and all the other military din and bustle in the streets of Boston, soon apprised the Americans on their rudely fortified height of an impending attack. They were ill-fitted to withstand it, being jaded by the night's labor and want of sleep; hungry and thirsty, having brought but scanty supplies, and oppressed by the heat of the weather. Prescott sent repeated messages to General Ward, asking reinforcements and provisions. Putnam seconded the request in person, urging the exigencies of the case. Ward hesitated. He feared to weaken his main body at Cambridge, as his military stores were deposited there, and it might have to sustain the principal attack. At length, having taken advice of the council of safety, he issued orders for Colonels Stark and Read, then at Medford, to march to the relief of Prescott with their New Hampshire regiments. The

*From the "Life of George Washington."

orders reached Medford about eleven o'clock. Ammunition was distributed in all haste; two flints, a gill of powder, and fifteen balls to each man. The balls had to be suited to the different calibres of the guns; the powder to be carried in powder-horns, or loose in the pocket, for there were no cartridges prepared. It was the rude turn-out of yeoman soldiery destitute of regular accoutrements.

In the meanwhile, the Americans on Breed's Hill were sustaining the fire from the ships, and from the battery on Copp's Hill, which opened upon them about ten o'clock. They returned an occasional shot from one corner of the redoubt, without much harm to the enemy, and continued strengthening their position until about eleven o'clock, when they ceased to work, piled their intrenching tools in the rear, and looked out anxiously and impatiently for the anticipated reinforcements and supplies.

About this time General Putnam, who had been to headquarters, arrived at the redoubt on horseback. Some words passed between him and Prescott with regard to the intrenching tools, which have been variously reported. The most probable version is, that he urged to have them taken from their present place, where they might fall into the hands of the enemy, and carried to Bunker's Hill, to be employed in throwing up a redoubt, which was part of the original plan, and which would be very important should the troops be obliged to retreat from Breed's Hill. To this Prescott demurred

that those employed to convey them, and who were already jaded with toil, might not return to his redoubt. A large part of the tools were ultimately carried to Bunker's Hill, and a breastwork commenced by order of General Putnam. The importance of such a work was afterward made apparent.

About noon the Americans descried twenty-eight barges crossing from Boston in parallel lines. They contained a large detachment of grenadiers, rangers, and light infantry, admirably equipped, and commanded by Major-general Howe. They made a splendid and formidable appearance with their scarlet uniforms, and the sun flashing upon muskets and bayonets, and brass field-pieces. A heavy fire from the ships and batteries covered their advance, but no attempt was made to oppose them, and they landed about one o'clock at Moulton's Point, a little to the north of Breed's Hill.

Here General Howe made a pause. On reconnoitering the works from this point, the Americans appeared to be much more strongly posted than he had imagined. He descried troops also hastening to their assistance. These were the New Hampshire troops, led on by Stark. Howe immediately sent over to General Gage for more forces, and a supply of cannon-balls; those brought by him being found, through some egregious oversight, too large for the ordnance. While awaiting their arrival, refreshments were served out to the troops, with "grog" by the bucketful; and tantalizing

it was, to the hungry and thirsty provincials, to look down from their ramparts of earth, and see their invaders seated in groups upon the grass eating and drinking, and preparing themselves by a hearty meal for the coming encounter. Their only consolation was to take advantage of the delay, while the enemy were carousing, to strengthen their position. The breastwork on the left of the redoubt extended to what was called the Slough, but beyond this, the ridge of the hill, and the slope toward Mystic River, were undefended, leaving a pass by which the enemy might turn the left flank of the position and seize upon Bunker's Hill. Putnam ordered his chosen officer, Captain Knowlton, to cover this pass with the Connecticut troops under his command. A novel kind of rampart, savoring of rural device, was suggested by the rustic general. About six hundred feet in the rear of the redoubt, and about one hundred feet to the left of the breastwork, was a post-and-rail fence, set in a low footwall of stone, and extending down to Mystic River. The posts and rails of another fence were hastily pulled up and set a few feet in behind this, and the intermediate space was filled up with new-mown hay from the adjacent meadows. This double fence, it will be found, proved an important protection to the redoubt, although there still remained an unprotected interval of about seven hundred feet.

While Knowlton and his men were putting up this fence, Putnam proceeded with other of his troops to throw up the work on Bunker's Hill, despatching his

son, Captain Putnam, on horseback, to hurry up the remainder of his men from Cambridge. By this time his compeer in French and Indian warfare, the veteran Stark, made his appearance with the New Hampshire troops, five hundred strong. He had grown cool and wary with age, and his march from Medford, a distance of five or six miles, had been in character. He led his men at a moderate pace, to bring them into action fresh and vigorous. In crossing the Neck, which was enfiladed by the enemy's ships and batteries, Captain Dearborn, who was by his side, suggested a quick step. The veteran shook his head: "One fresh man in action is worth ten tired ones," replied he, and marched steadily on.

Putnam detained some of Stark's men to aid in throwing up the work on Bunker's Hill, and directed him to reinforce Knowlton with the rest. Stark made a short speech to his men, now that they were likely to have warm work. He then pushed on, and did good service that day at the rustic bulwark.

About two o'clock Warren arrived on the heights, ready to engage in their perilous defence, although he had opposed the scheme of their occupation. He had recently been elected a major-general, but had not received his commission; like Pomeroy, he came to serve in the ranks with a musket on his shoulder. Putnam offered him the command at the fence; he declined it, and merely asked where he could be of most service as a volunteer. Putnam pointed to the redoubt, ob-

serving that there he would be under cover. "Don't think I seek a place of safety," replied Warren quickly; "where will the attack be the hottest?" Putnam still pointed to the redoubt. "That is the enemy's object; if that can be maintained, the day is ours."

Warren was cheered by the troops as he entered the redoubt. Colonel Prescott tendered him the command. He again declined. "I have come to serve only as a volunteer, and shall be happy to learn from a soldier of your experience." Such were the noble spirits assembled on these perilous heights.

The British now prepared for a general assault. An easy victory was anticipated; the main thought was, how to make it most effectual. The left wing, commanded by General Pigot, was to mount the hill and force the redoubt; while General Howe, with the right wing, was to push on between the fort and Mystic River, turn the left flank of the Americans, and cut off their retreat.

General Pigot, accordingly, advanced up the hill under cover of a fire from fieldpieces and howitzers planted on a small height near the landing-place on Moulton's Point. His troops commenced a discharge of musketry while yet at a long distance from the redoubts. The Americans within the works, obedient to strict command, retained their fire until the enemy were within thirty or forty paces, when they opened upon them with a tremendous volley. Being all marksmen, accustomed to take deliberate aim, the slaughter was

immense, and especially fatal to officers. The assailants fell back in some confusion; but rallied on by their officers, advanced within pistol shot. Another volley, more effective than the first, made them again recoil. To add to their confusion, they were galled by a flanking fire from the handful of provincials posted in Charlestown. Shocked at the carnage, and seeing the confusion of his troops, General Pigot was urged to give the word for a retreat.

In the meantime, General Howe, with the right wing, advanced along Mystic River toward the fence where Stark, Read, and Knowlton were stationed, thinking to carry this slight breastwork with ease, and so get in the rear of the fortress. His artillery proved of little avail, being stopped by a swampy piece of ground, while his columns suffered from two or three fieldpieces with which Putnam had fortified the fence. Howe's men kept up a fire of musketry as they advanced; but, not taking aim, their shots passed over the heads of the Americans. The latter had received the same orders with those in the redoubt, not to fire until the enemy should be within thirty paces. Some few transgressed the command. Putnam rode up and swore he would cut down the next man that fired contrary to orders. When the British arrived within the stated distance a sheeted fire opened upon them from rifles, muskets, and fowling-pieces, all leveled with deadly aim. The carnage, as in the other instance, was horrible. The British were thrown into confusion and fell back; some even retreated to the boats.

There was a general pause on the part of the British. The American officers availed themselves of it to prepare for another attack, which must soon be made. Prescott mingled among his men in the redoubt, who were all in high spirits at the severe check they had given "the regulars." He praised them for their steadfastness in maintaining their post, and their good conduct in reserving their fire until the word of command, and exhorted them to do the same in the next attack.

Putnam rode about Bunker's Hill and its skirts, to rally and bring on reinforcements which had beer checked or scattered in crossing Charlestown Neck by the raking fire from the ships and batteries. Before many could be brought to the scene of action the British had commenced their second attack. They again ascended the hill to storm the redoubt; their advance was covered as before by discharges of artillery. Charlestown, which had annoyed them on their first attack by a flanking fire, was in flames, by shells thrown from Copp's Hill, and by marines from the ships. Being built of wood, the place was soon wrapped in a general conflagration. The thunder of artillery from batteries and ships; the bursting of bomb-shells; the sharp discharges of musketry; the shouts and yells of the combatants; the crash of burning buildings, and the dense volumes of smoke, which obscured the summer sun, all formed a tremendous spectacle. "Sure I am," sa.d Burgoyne in one of his letters—"Sure I am nothing ever has or ever can be more dreadfully

terrible than what was to be seen or heard at this time. The most incessant discharge of guns that ever was heard by mortal ears."

The American troops, although unused to war, stood undismayed amidst a scene where it was bursting upon them with all its horrors. Reserving their fire, as before, until the enemy was close at hand, they again poured forth repeated volleys with the fatal aim of sharpshooters. The British stood the first shock, and continued to advance; but the incessant stream of fire staggered them. Their officers remonstrated, threatened, and even attempted to goad them on with their swords, but the havoc was too deadly; whole ranks were mowed down; many of the officers were either slain or wounded, and among them several of the staff of General Howe. The troops again gave way and retreated down the hill.

All this passed under the eye of thousands of spectators of both sexes and all ages, watching from afar every turn of a battle in which the lives of those most dear to them were at hazard. The British soldiery in Boston gazed with astonishment and almost incredulity at the resolute and protracted stand of raw militia whom they had been taught to despise, and at the havoc made among their own veteran troops. Every convoy of wounded brought over to the town increased their consternation; and General Clinton, who had watched the action from Copp's Hill, embarking in a boat, hurried over as a volunteer, taking with him reinforcements.

A third attack was now determined on, though some of Howe's officers remonstrated, declaring it would be downright butchery. A different plan was adopted. Instead of advancing in front of the redoubt, it was to be taken in flank on the left, where the open space between the breastwork and the fortified fence presented a weak point. It having been accidentally discovered that the ammunition of the Americans was nearly expended, preparations were made to carry the works at the point of the bayonet; and the soldiery threw off their knapsacks, and some even their coats, to be more light for action.

General Howe, with the main body, now made a feint of attacking the fortified fence; but, while a part of his force was thus engaged, the rest brought some of the fieldpieces to enfilade the breastwork on the left of the redoubt. A raking fire soon drove the Americans out of this exposed place into the enclosure. Much damage, too, was done in the latter by balls which entered the sally-port.

The troops were now led on to assail the works; those who flinched were, as before, goaded on by the swords of the officers. The Americans again reserved their fire until their assailants were close at hand, and then made a murderous volley, by which several officers were laid low, and General Howe himself was wounded in the foot. The British soldiery this time likewise reserved their fire and rushed on with fixed bayonet. Clinton and Pigot had reached the southern and eastern

sides of the redoubt, and it was now assailed on three sides at once. Prescott ordered those who had no bayonets to retire to the back part of the redoubt and fire on the enemy as they showed themselves above the parapet. The first who mounted exclaimed in triumph, "The day is ours!" He was instantly shot down, and so were several others who mounted at the same time. The Americans, however, had fired their last round, their ammunition was exhausted; and now succeeded a desperate and deadly struggle, hand to hand, with bayonets, stones, and the stocks of their muskets. At length, as the British continued to pour in, Prescott gave the order to retreat. His men had to cut their way through two divisions of the enemy who were getting in rear of the redoubt, and they received a destructive volley from those who had formed on the captured works. By that volley fell the patriot Warren, who had distinguished himself throughout the action. He was among the last to leave the redoubt, and had scarce done so when he was shot through the head with a musket-ball, and fell dead on the spot.

While the Americans were thus slowly dislodged from the redoubt, Stark, Read, and Knowlton maintained their ground at the fortified fence; which, indeed, had been nobly defended throughout the action. Pomeroy distinguished himself here by his sharpshooting until his musket was shattered by a ball. The resistance at this hastily constructed work was kept up after the troops in the redoubt had given way,

and until Colonel Prescott had left the hill; thus defeating General Howe's design of cutting off the retreat of the main body, which would have produced a scene of direful confusion and slaughter. Having effected their purpose, the brave associates at the fence abandoned their weak outpost, retiring slowly, and disputing the ground inch by inch, with a regularity remarkable in troops many of whom had never before been in action.

The main retreat was across Bunker's Hill, where Putnam had endeavored to throw up a breastwork. The veteran, sword in hand, rode to the rear of the retreating troops, regardless of the balls whistling about him. His only thought was to rally them at the unfinished works. "Halt! make a stand here!" cried he, "we can check them yet. In God's name form and give them one shot more."

Pomeroy, wielding his shattered musket as a truncheon, seconded him in his efforts to stay the torrent. It was impossible, however, to bring the troops to a stand. They continued on down the hill to the Neck, and across it to Cambridge, exposed to a raking fire from the ships and batteries, and only protected by a single piece of ordnance. The British were too exhausted to pursue them; they contented themselves with taking possession of Bunker's Hill, were reinforced from Boston, and threw up additional works during the night.

HER PUNISHMENT*

By Elizabeth Gibson

How a certain little girl prepared for General Washington the "best breakfast he had had in a month."

LONG, long ago, when my mother was a little girl, there lived in her neighborhood an old lady whom all the children called "Aunt Prissy."

She was a quaint, funny little old lady, with her bobbing white curls, and always wore a small black lace cap, a black silk gown, a soft white kerchief, and fringed silk apron.

The children loved to pay a visit to Aunt Prissy. After they were all carefully seated, each child with a small seed-cake, the eager little faces would turn toward her, and one of the children would say, "Now, Aunt Prissy, we won't drop crumbs on the floor, and we are sitting up straight, and we haven't got our knees crossed, so won't you please tell us about the time you saw General Washington with your own eyes?"

Aunt Prissy would count the stitches in her knitting, look up over her "specs," and begin, "Well, well, children, it does seem to me you ought to know *that*

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story by heart. But never mind; I s'pose you know which you like best.

"Now let me see. It must have been in '81, and I was nine years old, that our folks went to Salisbury to see General Washington.

"I had been in disgrace for a whole day, and for punishment it was decided that I must stay at home.

"My poor little heart almost broke, and I cried and made myself altogether disagreeable while the great lunch-baskets were being strapped behind the carriage, the huge bunches of roses to hurl at the general wrapped in wet cotton, and the family bundled into the carriages.

"After they had gone I wandered disconsolately about house and garden. As I was swinging on the gate and wondering what I would do next, I heard a great clatter of horses' feet up the road, and in a few minutes a party of men in uniform came in sight. I had seen enough soldiers to know that these were Continental officers, so I was not frightened, but waited until they came up.

"A tall man on a white horse, with a cocked hat and plain uniform, rode forward, and with the kindest smile in the world, asked, 'My little girl, can you give us a cup of coffee?'

"Now I was very proud of being able to make coffee and batter-cakes, so I said I would try. The gentlemen rode into the yard, their servants came forward to take the horses, and I showed the party into the house.

Mammy Dilsie had gone to the quarters on an errand, so I had things my own way.

"A fire was blazing in the huge kitchen fireplace. We didn't have cooking-stoves in those days, but did our baking in great round iron ovens, with lids to heap coals on, and our boiling in pots swung over the coals on cranes. I raked out a nice bed of coals, filled the big coffee-pot, and soon had it simmering, then put the pan for the batter-cakes on to heat, made them up, had them nicely browned in a trice, set out a cold ham, and then invited the gentlemen in to breakfast.

"They came, laughing and talking, said the coffee was the best they had ever tasted, the cakes delicious. I poured the coffee, and the gentlemen laughed and joked me, and one of them asked how I happened to be at home all alone.

"My eyes filled with tears and I could hardly speak, but managed to tell him that everybody had gone to Salisbury to see General Washington; and that I wanted to see him worst of all because in the picture of him in my red book one of his eyes was blue and the other brown, and I wanted to see if it was really true. The officers all laughed at this, but the leader raised his hand, and they did not say anything.

"'But why did you not go, little maid?' he asked.

"Then I hung my head, but at last blurted out, 'Because I tried to bury John's ten little biddies in the sand.'

"The men roared again at this; but the tall one said,

'Did you not know that it was very wrong to hurt the little chicks?'

"I began to cry then, but the kind officer took me on his knee and kissed me.

"'And now, my little maid,' he said, 'you may tell your mother that you did see General Washington and gave him the best breakfast he has had in a month. And you see, his eyes are neither brown nor blue, but gray.'

"And I looked into his kind face and saw that the red book was not even half right. Then Mammy Dilsie came in and courtesied to the floor when I told her who it was.

"The gentlemen patted me on the head, General Washington kissed me again, and they rode away."

FAMOUS WORDS AT GREAT MOMENTS

Patrick Henry

TEN years and more before the Declaration of Independence there was great excitement in the Colonies over the new Stamp Act. Patrick Henry, a young member of the General Assembly of Virginia, had the temerity to offer a resolution which declared that in the General Assembly lay the sole right and power to lay taxes upon the Colony. An excited debate followed this resolution, in the course of which Patrick Henry arose and addressed the assembly. His speech closed with the words which have made him famous: *Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third*—The hall rang with cries of *Treason! Treason!* The patriot orator paused for an impressive moment, and then continued calmly; —*may profit by their example. If this be treason make the most of it!*

(His resolution was carried.)

A decade passed before the actual outbreak of the War in New England inspired Patrick Henry to the oration which concluded thus: *It is in vain, Sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace*

—but there is no peace. The war has actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains or slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

BATTLE OF LEXINGTON

Very early on the morning of April 19, 1775, Paul Revere, by his famous ride, had warned the men of Lexington of the coming of the redcoats. About half-past four the patriots' drum beat to arms and the minute-men came hurrying from all directions, to receive the instructions of their stalwart Captain, John Parker. His orders were: *Stand your ground, don't fire unless fired upon, but if they mean to have a war, let it begin here.* Then came Major Pitcairn's insolent order, *Disperse, ye rebels, disperse!* Actually, the first trigger was pulled by a hot-headed young American. His gun, however, failed to go off. A British soldier then discharged his piece—and the War began.

BUNKER HILL

Dr. Joseph Warren, who was slain at Bunker Hill, when urged by Elbridge Gerry not to go into the fight, replied quietly, and we know sincerely: *Dulce et de-*

corum est pro patria mori (To die for one's country is both agreeable and fitting). He had that very day been appointed a Major-General by Congress, but had not yet received his Commission. When he presented himself before Colonel Prescott, the latter naturally tendered him the command. But Warren replied with the modesty which so often characterizes the bravest of men, *I come as a volunteer with my musket to serve under you.*

When the British General Gage heard of Warren's death he is said to have remarked, *It is well; that one man was equal to five hundred ordinary soldiers.* It was probably General Israel Putnam—"Old Put"—commanding at the rail fence at Bunker Hill, who gave the famous order, *Don't fire until you can see the whites of their eyes.* This was because the patriots' powder was so pitifully short. Colonel Prescott's injunction was, *Don't waste a grain; make every shot tell.*

Washington was journeying to New England to take command of the army when the Battle of Bunker Hill was fought. On hearing of it he inquired anxiously, *Did they stand the fire of the regulars? That they did,* was the response, and *held their own fire in reserve until the enemy was within eight rods. Then,* said Washington, *the liberties of the country are safe.*

The Bunker Hill Monument, it will be remembered, inspired one of Daniel Webster's greatest orations. This is its peroration: *When honored and decrepit*

age shall lean against the base of this monument, and troops of vigorous youths shall be gathered around it, and when the one shall speak to the other of its objects, the purposes of its construction, and the great and glorious events with which it was connected—then shall come from every youthful breast the ejaculation—Thank God !—I also—am an American !

NATHAN HALE

After Washington's retreat, following the battle of Long Island, he was most anxious to discover the intentions of the British in New York. Nathan Hale, a young Captain from Connecticut—he had formerly been a schoolmaster—volunteered to try and secure this information. He was detected, arrested, and summarily condemned by the British, however, and as he stood under the fatal noose awaiting the ignominious death of a spy, the brutal British officer, Cunningham, who was in charge of the execution shouted at him, *Give us your dying speech, you young rebel.* And Hale replied in a calm, clear voice, *I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.*

WILLIAM PITT

Young people sometimes forget that the patriots' cause had many friends among the wiser statesmen of England. William Pitt was brave enough to say: *We are told that the Americans are obstinate, that they are in almost open rebellion against us. I rejoice that America*

has resisted. I rejoice that they are not so dead to all feelings of liberty as to be willing to submit like slaves!

GEORGE WASHINGTON

The winter at Valley Forge was a time of bitter discouragement for Washington and his cause. Tradition has preserved a touching picture of the great man in his lonely hour of trial.

A Quaker farmer, Isaac Potts, one day returned home joyful and confident in the ultimate success of the Americans: *George Washington will succeed! George Washington will succeed!* he told his wife. *What makes thee think so, Isaac?* was her reply. *I have heard him pray, Hannah, alone out in the woods to-day. The General's horse was tied to a sapling in a thicket. He himself was on his knees, praying most fervently. The Lord will surely hear his prayer. He will, Hannah; thee may rest assured, he will.*

Washington's soldiers were often exasperated by the pettiness and tedious delays of Congress. On one occasion a group of them proposed to improve matters by making their leader King. His downright reply to the man who finally summoned sufficient courage to broach the matter to him is too little known: *I am at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address which seems to me big with the greatest mischief that can befall any country. . . . Let me conjure you, if you have any regard for*

your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate, as from yourself or any one else, a sentiment of the like nature !

ETHAN ALLEN

When Ethan Allen, the Green Mountain Boy, broke into Fort Ticonderoga at the head of a handful of followers and demanded its surrender, its bewildered and still sleepy Commandant began to stutter out a very natural inquiry as to the authority in whose name Allen acted. History has recorded Allen's grandiloquent reply: *In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress !* (But certain old Vermonters will have it that his actual words were, *Here, come out of that, you old rascal and give us the fort, quick, or we'll smoke you out like rats !*)

ANTHONY WAYNE

Mad Anthony Wayne was wounded in the head by a musket ball during his famous assault on Stony Point. He fell to the ground with blood streaming over his face, and for a moment supposed himself to be mortally wounded. His order to his aids was eminently characteristic, *Carry me into the fort and let me die at the head of the column.*

JOHN STARK

It was before the Battle of Bennington, fought and won in defiance of the orders of the too cautious Con-

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PATRICK HENRY DELIVERING HIS CELEBRATED SPEECH

gress, that bold John Stark uttered his famous invocation to his men: *There they are, boys*, he shouted, waving his sword toward the enemy; *we'll get 'em, or to-night Molly Stark'll be a widow.*

BENEDICT ARNOLD

A pitiful story is told of the death in London, twenty years after the War, of Benedict Arnold, the traitor. His last request was for the old epaulettes and sword-knot given him by Washington. *Let me die*, said he, *in the old American uniform, in which I fought my battles. God forgive me for ever having put on any other!*

GEORGE THE THIRD

It is well to remember, in these days, that George Washington was in reality an Englishman who fought a German king whom chance had seated on the throne of England. And it is well to recall also that George the Third, though obstinate and wrong-headed enough, gave in at last with a better grace than might have been expected. To John Adams, our first minister to England, he said: *Sir, I will be very free with you. I was the last to consent to the separation, but the separation having been made . . . I have always said and I say now, that I would be the first to meet the friendship of the United States as an independent power.*

THE LITTLE FIFER*

By Helen M. Winslow

John Holden was lost. His mother's faith that God would take care of her boy was rewarded, however, when it was discovered that John with his little fife was helping to drill the soldiers in Washington's army.

MORE than a hundred years ago there lived, in the town of Shirley, Mass., a bright, well-grown lad named John Holden. His father was a farmer, and the little fellow trudged about the farm, clad in home-spun and home-made clothing, feeding calves, driving cows, and doing whatever his hands found to do "with all his might."

One Saturday night John was early at the gate waiting for his father's homecoming; for Saturday was the day when John Holden went to the village, and returned laden with packages and news from Boston—which to them was the centre of the world. A present was an unheard-of thing in little John's life. What was his surprise, then, as his father rode up to the gate, to see him hand out a long black case, saying:

"Here, my boy, see what I've brought you for a birthday present."

* From *Wide Awake*, July, 1890.

And imagine his greater astonishment, on opening the case, to see a beautiful fife of dark wood with silver trimmings!

The boy could hardly belive his own eyes; and as he was passionately fond of music he lost no time in beginning to learn the use of his newly acquired instrument. He carried the fife with him everywhere and practised on it in every spare moment, and before many months he was able to greatly astonish the villagers and won many a compliment by his skillful playing.

Just before the Revolutionary War the whole country, as every boy and girl ought to know, was in a state of ferment and dread. War seemed inevitable, and the oppressive rule of the English was the theme of conversation everywhere.

Little John heard much of it, and longed to be a man that he might join the "rebellious colonists." And one day he received a compliment which set him thinking of matters in a way the older members of his family never mistrusted.

A visitor from Boston was at the farmhouse, and the talk, as usual, ran on the prospect of war in the colonies. During a pause in the conversation, Mr. Holden asked John to play something on the fife. When he had played a stirring march or two, the stranger exclaimed, "Upon my word! But the boy has the soul of music in him! He will be ready for the British bulls and lions when it is necessary."

John sat quite still for some time. But before he

went to bed he went to his father and said, "Father, if the British do come, shall I go to war with my fife?"

"To be sure," answered his father laughingly. "They could not get along without you."

Long after his father had forgotten this incident, John Holden took his dog Zip, and his darling fife, and went to a favorite hill on the place to practise. At night the dog came back alone and going straight up to the boy's chamber began to moan and cry, and would not leave John's bed.

The family were greatly alarmed, and instantly divined that something had happened to John.

Soon the whole town was in commotion; for the news that John Holden was lost flew like wildfire. Bands of men were organized and went searching the woods in every direction.

Indians had been traveling through the town recently. Had they carried off the boy or had they stolen the valuable fife and thrown the boy into the river? The woods were hunted through and through; the river was dragged; notices of the lost boy were sent in every direction; but weeks lengthened into months and no clew was obtained that threw the faintest glimmer of light on the strange disappearance.

Everybody believed him to be dead, or with the cruel Indians. Everybody but one. The boy's mother never lost faith in his being safe somewhere.

"My boy is in God's hands," she would say. "In his good time John will come home."

And nothing could move her from this belief while two anxious years slipped by.

In the meantime war had broken out, and Shirley had sent her full quota of men to fight for the country's independence. It was through one of these that a rumor reached Mr. Holden that a boy of twelve was in General Washington's army as fifer.

Jonas Holden was impressed with the certainty that the boy in Washington's army and his lost son were the same. He went home and told his wife the story, and she was certain of it. Accordingly Mr. Holden started for New York, where General Washington and his army were then stationed. There were no railroads or telegraphs then, remember; nothing but horses and stage-coaches. Mr. Holden chose the former, and the best he could do, by traveling on horseback, was to reach General Washington's headquarters in seven days.

When he finally drew rein at the outposts of the Continental Army, he made known his desire to see General Knox, who was with Washington at that time.

General Knox received the Massachusetts farmer with a cordiality that put him at his ease in a moment; and Mr. Holden found no difficulty in stating his errand.

"There is your boy, sir!" exclaimed the interested General, pointing to a young fellow in a soldier's suit gay with brass buttons, who was playing on a fife "He is drilling some raw recruits. That boy is Captain-general of us all, sir. I have never known him to

whimper or say 'I can't,' although he is the youngest of us."

The fifer was sent for in the Colonel's name. As he drew near, and lifting his cap, asked, "Did you send for me, sir?" his eye fell on his father sitting in a corner of the tent.

In a moment the boy was in his father's arms and sobbing like a baby. The father's tears were mingled with the long-lost son's and the redoubtable General was obliged to resort to his handkerchief as he withdrew, leaving father and son alone, with the remark:

"I will see our Commander-in-chief."

"When did you come?" said John, when he could speak. "And how did you find me?"

"Old Captain brought me," was the reply, "and he can take us both home."

"And how is mother?" pursued the boy. "Oh! I have been so sorry for dear mother. I tell you, father, not a night have I camped down to sleep but I have thought of mother; and every time I thought of her the tears came. I thought perhaps she might die and I should never see her again."

"Your mother is well," was the father's answer. "And she has never for one moment lost faith in your being well and happy, and finally restored to us."

"Yes, I shall return, father," said John. "But I want this war ended first."

After the boy had inquired for all the family, he said:

"But why didn't you bring Zip along, too?"

"Poor Zip!" was the reply. "He mourned himself to death before you had been gone a week. He never touched another mouthful of food, and would only lie on your bed and moan."

General Knox soon returned with orders from the Commander-in-chief to conduct Mr. Holden and John to his headquarters—a summons that must be obeyed at once.

General Washington received Mr. Holden very kindly and said smilingly:

"I hear a story that sounds like a romance in the midst of war. Tell me, my little fifer, how you came to leave your parents without their knowledge, and to join my army at such a tender age?"

John was somewhat abashed by this direct question from so dignified and august a personage; but the General added kindly:

"You have the name of being one of my bravest boys. Tell me how it happened. You never ran away, did you?"

"No, sir, never," answered John with spirit. "I was playing with my dog Zip, on Sorrel Hill, when a big wagon, full of men, came along. They stopped when they saw me, and one of them called out, 'Halloo, my little fifer! We are looking for you. Jump in.' I asked them if the British bulls and lions were here, and they said 'Yes, hurry up!' I jumped in, sir, and that was the way it happened."

Mr. Holden then remembered, for the first time, what he had said long ago, when John asked him if he would be needed when the British bulls and lions appeared.

John's story was met by a burst of laughter quite unusual with Washington. Then patting the boy's rosy cheeks, the General said, "After this you must give us some music, my lad."

And John, quite elated, rendered a stirring march.

"I don't see how we can part with this brave boy of yours," said General Washington to Mr. Holden when the boy had finished playing; "but parents have the first claim."

John was just then ordered to go and dismiss the men he had been drilling, and he departed with a martial salute to his superiors, and "I will be back in five minutes," to his father.

Mr. Holden, left alone, told the story of the mother's deep faith, and added, "John seems to be in his element here."

Then General Washington told the gratified parent an incident, showing the spirit of the lad.

"When I, with a number of my suite, approached the vicinity of Monmouth Court House," said he, "I was met by a little musician, who archly cried out, 'They are all coming this way, your Honor!'"

"'Who are coming this way?'" said I.

"'Why, our boys, your Honor! Our boys! and the British are right after them!'"

"'Impossible!' I cried; but spurring my horse, I found the boy's words only too true."

"He is a good boy," added General Knox, "and invaluable in training raw recruits. If they are home-

sick he talks kindly with them and cheers them wonderfully with his ardent patriotism."

The boy just then returned and General Knox added, "Well, what did your men say when you told them you were going home?"

John blushed and answered, "I could not tell them that, your Honor. Father, let me stay another year. Then I shall be thirteen and able to help you more on the farm. You know mother is well, and the war will soon be over."

What father in Revolutionary times could resist such an appeal?

Washington smiled, and Mr. Holden consented. And after a kind farewell from the Father of his Country, and a loving one from the young fifer, Jonas Holden rode away, saying to himself:

"My boy could not hold a more honored position. I leave him safe in the hands of General Washington —and of God."

When, after seven more days of horseback riding, Jonas Golden arrived at his own door in Shirley, he was met by his maiden sister with the words:

"Disappointed again! So it wasn't our John at all? I tell you, you'll never see that boy again."

But Mr. Holden held out his hand to the boy's mother.

"My dear," he said, "John is the happiest boy in the Continental Army."

It took a long time to tell the story of the journey;

of his reception at Washington's headquarters; of his finding the boy; of his growth, improvement, and popularity; of his close adherence to the principles of right and truth which they had taught him; and of the great Commander's praise of their son. But at last the father said:

"Have I done right in leaving him there?"

"Just right," said the mother.

John Holden returned to his parents when the war was over and lived to a good old age. And his name may be seen, for the searching, even now, on the books at Washington, as a pensioner of 1776.

ETHAN ALLEN AND THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS*

By Washington Irving

The story of the capture of Fort Ticonderoga by the Robin Hood of the New Hampshire Grants.

AS AFFAIRS were now drawing to a crisis, and war was considered inevitable, some bold spirits in Connecticut conceived a project for the outset. This was the surprisal of the old forts of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, already famous in the French war. Their situation on Lake Champlain gave them the command of the main route to Canada; so that the possession of them would be all-important in case of hostilities. They were feebly garrisoned and negligently guarded, and abundantly furnished with artillery and military stores so much needed by the patriot army.

This scheme was set on foot in the purlieus, as it were, of the provincial Legislature of Connecticut, then in session. It was not openly sanctioned by that body, but secretly favored, and money lent from the treasury to those engaged in it. A committee was appointed, also, to accompany them to the frontier, aid

* From the "Life of George Washington."

them in raising troops, and exercise over them a degree of superintendence and control.

Sixteen men were thus enlisted in Connecticut, a greater number in Massachusetts, but the greatest accession of force was from what was called the "New Hampshire Grants." This was a region having the Connecticut River on one side and Lake Champlain and the Hudson River on the other—being, in fact, the country forming the present State of Vermont. It had long been a disputed territory claimed by New York and New Hampshire. George II had decided in favor of New York; but the Governor of New Hampshire had made grants of between one and two hundred townships in it, whence it had acquired the name of the New Hampshire Grants. The settlers on those grants resisted the attempts of New York to eject them, and formed themselves into an association called "The Green Mountain Boys." Resolute, strong-handed fellows they were, with Ethan Allen at their head, a native of Connecticut, but brought up among the Green Mountains. He and his lieutenants, Seth Warner and Remember Baker, were outlawed by the Legislature of New York, and rewards offered for their apprehension. They and their associates armed themselves, set New York at defiance, and swore they would be the death of any one who should attempt their arrest.

Thus Ethan Allen was becoming a kind of Robin Hood among the mountains, when the present crisis changed

the relative position of things as if by magic. Boundary feuds were forgotten amid the great questions of colonial rights. Ethan Allen at once stepped forward, a patriot, and volunteered with his Green Mountain Boys to serve in the popular cause. He was well fitted for the enterprise in question, by his experience as a frontier champion, his robustness of mind and body, and his fearless spirit. He had a kind of rough eloquence, also, that was very effective with his followers. "His style," says one, who knew him personally, "was a singular compound of local barbarisms, Scriptural phrases, and oriental wildness; and though unclassic, and sometimes ungrammatical, was highly animated and forcible." Washington, in one of his letters, says there was "an original something in him which commanded admiration."

Thus reinforced, the party, now two hundred and seventy strong, pushed forward to Castleton, a place within a few miles of the head of Lake Champlain. Here a council of war was held on the 2d of May. Ethan Allen was placed at the head of the expedition, with James Easton and Seth Warner as second and third in command. Detachments were sent off to Skenesborough (now Whitehall), and another place on the lake, with orders to seize all the boats they could find and bring them to Shoreham, opposite Ticonderoga, whither Allen prepared to proceed with the main body.

At this juncture another adventurous spirit arrived at Castleton. This was Benedict Arnold, since so

sadly renowned. He, too, had conceived the project of surprising Ticonderoga and Crown Point; or, perhaps, had caught the idea from its first agitators in Connecticut—in the militia of which province he held a captain's commission. He had proposed the scheme to the Massachusetts committee of safety. It had met their approbation. They had given him a colonel's commission, authorized him to raise a force in western Massachusetts not exceeding four hundred men, and furnished him with money and means. Arnold had enlisted but a few officers and men when he heard of the expedition from Connecticut being on the march. He instantly hurried on with one attendant to overtake it, leaving his few recruits to follow as best they could; in this way he reached Castleton just after the council of war.

Producing the colonel's commission received from the Massachusetts committee of safety, he now aspired to the supreme command. His claims were disregarded by the Green Mountain Boys; they would follow no leader but Ethan Allen. As they formed the majority of the party, Arnold was fain to acquiesce, and serve as a volunteer, with the rank, but not the command, of colonel.

The party arrived at Shoreham, opposite Ticonderoga, on the night of the 9th of May. The detachment sent in quest of boats had failed to arrive. There were a few boats at hand, with which the transportation was commenced. It was slow work; the night wore

away; day was about to break, and but eighty-three men, with Allen and Arnold, had crossed. Should they wait for the residue, day would dawn, the garrison wake, and their enterprise might fail. Allen drew up his men, addressed them in his own emphatic style, and announced his intention to make a dash at the fort without waiting for more force. "It is a desperate attempt," said he, "and I ask no man to go against his will. I will take the lead, and be the first to advance. You that are willing to follow, poise your firelocks." Not a firelock but was poised.

They mounted the hill briskly but in silence, guided by a boy from the neighborhood. The day dawned as Allen arrived at a sallyport. A sentry pulled trigger on him, but his piece missed fire. He retreated through a covered way. Allen and his men followed. Another sentry thrust at Easton with his bayonet, but was struck down by Allen and begged for quarter. It was granted on condition of his leading the way instantly to the quarters of the commandant, Captain Delaplace, who was yet in bed. Being arrived there, Allen thundered at the door, and demanded a surrender of the fort. By this time his followers had formed into two lines on the parade ground, and given three hearty cheers. The commandant appeared at his door half dressed, "the frightened face of his pretty wife peering over his shoulder." He gazed at Allen in bewildered astonishment. "By whose authority do you act?" exclaimed he. "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental

Congress," replied Allen, with a flourish of his sword, and an oath which we do not care to subjoin.

There was no disputing the point. The garrison, like the commander, had been startled from sleep, and made prisoners as they rushed forth in their confusion. A surrender accordingly took place.

THE CAPTURE OF THE HENNEPIN GUN*

By Margaret Emma Ditto

The Fourth of July pranks of a young Ethan Allen and his friends —descendants of the Green Mountain Boys of Revolutionary days.

ON THE evening of the third of July, somewhat more than fifty years ago, a number of boys were gathered in secret council at a deserted house on Otter Creek. The boys had come one by one in the gathering gloom of the early darkness, creeping along from bush to copse or hugging the shady side of the stone fences. They had come silently—no lilt of merry whistle or song, no wanton hoot or random stone-fling, had betrayed their presence on the road.

"There are nine of us already," whispered a tall boy of fifteen as he shoved aside the hingeless door and peered out. "That is Seneca Goodyear coming across the meadow. He is strong if he does limp. Come in, Senk, and shut the door quick, hang your coat over the crack, and I'll stand against the lower part. Now, Martin, let out your lantern—just a narrow slit of light and throw it on the floor—not in our faces. Go on, Ethan, and tell them about it."

A heavy-shouldered boy with Saxon hair and eyes

*From *Wide Awake*, July, 1886.

straightened himself up from the cobwebby wall against which he had been leaning and settled himself stolidly on his feet. This boy's name was Ethan Allen and he was a descendant of the Revolutionary hero of the same name.

"There isn't much to tell," he began. "The Ogden County boys have stolen our cannon—old 'Ticonderoga' that belongs to Hennepin County, that we have fired off every Fourth of July, or our folks have, ever since there was a Fourth of July. It has been stolen and carried across the county line, and in less than four hours they will be banging it in our faces from the top of Horncliffe. And we've got to get that gun between this and midnight."

"How are we going to do it?" asked Seneca Goodyear.

"That is what we have got to find out," said Ethan.

"Why don't the men do something about it?" asked a conservative boy. "I should think it ought to be settled by law; the gun was given to the county by Eth's grandfather, and it is county property the same as everything else on the court-house grounds."

"Yes, it is county property," said Seneca Goodyear. "And that is where the point lies. I've heard father talk about it. It is some kind of claim they set up on account of the new boundary line that has sliced off miles and miles of our county, and now they have got the ground they want everything that ever stood on the ground—their proportion of county property they call it, and they have begun by helping themselves to that gun. But there's no right in their claim."

"Of course there's not!" said one indignantly.

"Ogden County is the meanest lot that live on top of the State of Vermont anyway!" said another.

"Well, the Ogden boys were smart enough to steal that gun," said Ethan Allen, "and if Hennepin boys are any smarter we'd better show our stuff by getting it away from them."

"I don't take it to be any question of smartness," answered the conservative boy. "It is quite as smart to keep out of a hornet's nest as it is to get into it, and then fight out stung half to death. The question is, what are our chances for doing it? I'm not going on a fool's errand. To begin with, who took the gun? Where did they take it to? Where is it now? And how do you know anything about it, anyway?"

"We have got all that straight enough, and here is the boy that will speak for himself. Come up here, Eph," said Allen.

Thus conjured, a boy arose from a dark corner and with a quick cat-like motion came to the front. He looked to be an artless little fellow of ten years, with his quiet eyes and his limp white locks hanging about his small face. But in truth he was fourteen years old, and the discipline of his life had made him shrewd and courageous. He showed very thin and imp-like as the ray of the lantern fell upon him. It seemed as if that sliver of light would go through him like a bayonet and come out on the other side.

There was a murmur of voices. "Oh, him!"

"Eph Stearns—much he knows about it."

"Dodge down, you little white top, nobody wants to hear you!"

But burly Ethan Allen shouldered up to the little fellow. "Go ahead, Eph," he said, "tell it to 'em just as you told it to me. Don't be scared."

"I wa'n't scared last night, and I ain't likely to be now," said Eph with a grin up at Ethan's broad face.

"That's so. Shake hands. After all there is nothing little about you, Eph—except yourself."

The little fellow looked bigger after this grip of good fellowship and he piped up and began his story.

"I was out last night," he said. "It was near midnight I reckon. Most all the lights was out in the village and everything was quiet. I was out—out looking for something——"

"He was out looking for his drunken old father," whispered one of the boys, nudging his neighbor. "That's Eph's regular beat nights. He is afraid the old man will get run over, or get sunstruck by moonlight."

"Hush up, you," said the boy addressed. "Eph isn't to blame."

"I had been down by the crossroads," Eph went on. "You know where that is."

"I think it's likely we do—there is where General Stark buried a traitor and staked him down with a crowbar," said one.

"For some time I didn't hear anything," Eph went on.

"Then I heard something coming along slow and still on the old turnpike. It didn't seem like a wagon at first, nothing about it rattled and squeaked natural like for a wagon. There must have been lots of axle grease onto them wheels and that harness was oiled up and strapped up, I tell you, and if them horses had a had smart-weed drafts onto their hoofs they couldn't have set 'em down more soft and quiet-like. When I saw that it was a wagon and that there wa'n't no signs of a driver to it—for whatever was driving of it was flat on the bottom—then it came over me that they was a-bringing home somebody dead in that wagon——"

"And the Remains was driving itself home, quiet and respectable-like, and conducting its own funeral —that's accommodating now—I like that, go on," interrupted Martin.

"Of course," Eph admitted, looking a little "sheepish." "Of course there wa'n't no sense in that—not by daylight. But that's what I thought of then, and I was hot and cold all to onct, I tell you, and I streaked after that wagon, for I meant to get home to mother ahead of it. I got up to the court-house and lay down flat in that clump of pines by the horse block, 'cause all the roads branch off from there and I could see which way it went next. There wa'n't no moon last night, and precious few stars.

"On come the wagon, slow and steady—just as if a chunk of the dark had got loose from the rest of the dark and was moving on by itself. It come close to the

horse block and I could see it wa'n't going down any of the roads. Then I heard a clattering sound, and I knew they were going over the round stones of the gutter, and the off horse struck out a spark with his hoof. When I saw 'em a-following me up so close I thought certain it was me they was after. But I had a good place for dodging—out by the meeting-house sheds, or down the court-house steps into the cellar, or round the wood pile—good places all of them, and I thought I would chance it. But there wa'n't no call for dodging. The wagon just rolled quietly on a few steps and then stood stockstill and six black shadows rose up one by one and got out on to the ground, and when I saw that, why I could have squealed right out a-laughing.

"I meant to see what they were after, so I dragged myself along like a worm in the shadow of that bad-smelling green stuff that edges the driveway, and I found out they were boys from over the line and they had come for our gun. Phil Basset was bossing around —same as he tried to when he came to the academy before Ethan settled him. He was wheezing away like the croup, talking in big whispers full of wind, telling everybody else to keep still, and where to put the crowbars and how to lift all together when he give the word, one, two, three! But just as he got to 'three,' there was a pin pointing toward the calf of his leg, and I braced myself against that pin and it naturally sent me off down the knoll, quiet-like and out of the way, and it left him hollering and kicking. Then everybody

dropped flat till they see whether any one in the village heard the noise. When they went to work again Phil said he'd been taken with cramp and couldn't lift. But they got the gun onto the wagon and started for home. Phil drove 'cause his leg was lame and they was his father's horses. The other five boys had gone on ahead.

"Well, when I saw that gun moving off, and I thought how that was ours for sure, and we'd got it from the English and how we'd got ourselves from the English —Fourth of July and all, so that they couldn't ever boss us again, and so that everybody was his own boss in this country—why something rose up in my throat and choked me. Then I thought about Eth, 'cause he'd had charge of the gun, and he'd been awful good and let me help clean her up, and how we'd dug the rust out of her and greased her and polished her, and he'd showed me the powder and things for to-morrow and said I might touch her off the first bang—then I nearly busted, only I saw that it wasn't any time for busting. I just got myself together pretty quick and jumped for the tailboard of that wagon. I hung on—I thought I'd stick to that gun, and if I died a sticking there, well then I'd die.

"The boys had told Phil to take the new road to Tadman's Ferry, 'cause the hills were so steep on the old one, and the fellows were to go cross-lots and meet him on the other side, and then they were going to set the gun up as high as they could get it on Horncliffe.

But Phil said he reckoned he knew what the horses could haul, and as soon as he was left to himself he struck off onto the old road. He was up high on the seat and I'd crawled in and was laying on the bottom, flatter than flat—froze on to the gun. We buzzed along lively at first. The down-hills were rather shaky work you guess, but the up-hills were worse, and they kept getting more so till we got to that awful steep pitch near the top of Smith's hill. You know where that is?"

"Oh, yes," said Martin. "There is where you have to lean backward to keep from bumping your forehead when you go up. I suppose you rose to the occasion, Eph—it must have stood you and the gun right up on end."

"I got out," Eph went on, "for the horses stood stockstill and couldn't go an inch farther and then the wagon began to slip back, and Phil put stones back of the wheels. Then he went at his horses again, whipping and coaxing them. But it was no use. The road is slaty along there and the horses had no grip for their feet. He had to give it up at last and he left everything standing and went for the boys to get them to boost. As soon as I knew I was alone I hid the crowbars in a hollow tree, and I cut the traces and let the horses loose, and I took the linchpin out of one of the wheels—it wasn't in very tight, and I took the ramrod of the gun, and I wrapped them traces around it and I dropped 'em into the brook at the foot

of the hill. Then I put for home, and I waked up Ethan Allen and went to bed myself."

"I reckon you were in bed all the time, and saw all this with your eyes shut in the dark," said a derisive voice.

"Sure you didn't dream it, Eph?" asked Seneca kindly.

"It is a good yarn, anyway," said Martin who had a taste for fancy sketches. "And it hangs together as well as most. I believe it is as true as any of us could make up unless we had facts or some little conveniences of that kind to go upon."

The little boy straightened up and leveled a look of indignant protest at the scoffers. Then, turning to Ethan Allen, he said, "You go on—you know about the rest of it."

"No chaffing about this not being true," said Ethan, "we haven't the time for it. Eph wakened me up at two o'clock this morning with a handful of gravel on my window, and I was over at Smith's hill before daylight, and I found the crowbars rammed up a hollow tree just as he told me, and the gun is there by the roadside, tipped over in a kind of gully, and there is some gravel on top of it, and a pile of dry brushwood, so that any one driving along the road would not notice it, and I fished the ramrod and old Basset's traces out of the brook. I reckon the Ogden boys are coming over for the gun to-night, and we want to get in ahead of them. I can go, for one. Who else?"

"Me, too," piped in little Eph.

"Oh, of course," said Ethan.

"Me, three—that makes six," said Martin.

"I will go," said Seneca Goodyear in his slow, heavy way, "and I reckon that father will let me have a team —our horses won't have to work to-morrow."

"Will your father make you tell what you are going to do with it?" asked the conservative boy.

"Well, no—not if I had rather not," said Seneca. "He'll trust me—and that is the tightest tether I want to be fastened with. Sometimes I wish he didn't. I wouldn't like to get home minus the traces and linchpin and crowbars as Phil Basset did."

"Well, if Seneca goes, that takes me," said Mark Hemingway, the tall doorkeeper. "My folks said I might stay all night with Seneca and I shall stick like a tick."

"I'll go, and I, and I," chorused the rest—conservative boy and all.

Then Seneca Goodyear moved that Ethan Allan be captain of the expedition. This was carried by acclaim.

"All right," said Ethan in terse acceptance of the appointment. "Now we've got to be quicker than lightning and darker than thunder. We don't want the Ogden boys to get there ahead of us, and have to fight them. No more we don't want our folks stopping us nor helping us out as if we were babies. We want the glory of this ourselves. Quick and quiet is the word.

All scatter and get ready and we'll meet at the cross-roads and start when the town clock strikes nine."

The company at the cross-roads organized as follows:

Ethan Allen, captain.

Eph Stearns, with the court-house mule, mounted scout.

Martin Fox, with a dark lantern, spy and light skirmisher.

Mark Hemingway, with an old triggerless flintlock of 1812, high private.

The rank and file consisted of two boys with pistols and no cartridges, and three boys with doughnuts and sweet apples, while the conservative boy with a pocket-compass, a lead pencil, some string, and a chunk of shoemaker's wax, put in a bid as topographer, correspondent, and surgeon. But Seneca Goodyear, with his stout team and wagon, well equipped with ropes, crowbars, skids, and other lifting apparatus, was the mainstay of the expedition.

Little Eph Stearns was, for the nonce, a glorified being. Hitherto the heroisms of his life had been of the obscure and pathetic kind. Angels had inspired them, and a cloud of witnesses beheld them, but here the chance had come for a heroism brilliant and jubilant. Ethan Allen told him to go ahead and the big boys would see him do it. No wonder that he wrought marvels. Besides lassoing the mule, he had got a bag of shavings larger than himself, and a stout clothes line; the last two were for some secret service of his own sug-

gestion, though approved by the captain. But the mule seemed to be a purely ornamental feature of the occasion. He had been half-shoved, half-carried to the place of rendezvous; here he seemed unwilling to go any farther. He was hitched ignominiously to the tail-board of the wagon, and being pulled in front, and poked in the rear by his doughty rider who walked behind for this purpose, he moved off in spite of himself.

Away into the darkness of that quiet summer night the expedition passed on. The sleepy lights twinkled in the distant farmhouses, the dewy winds came over the meadows and grain fields, and the stars looked down from their solemn depths. The boys were rather quiet, for boys. The secrecy of the affair, the chances for a fight which might prove dangerous, the honorable and important character of the undertaking all conspired to give a sombre coloring to the occasion. These were veritable Green Mountain Boys, too, with the legends of heroic ancestry all aglow in their young hearts and the strength of their own hills in their sturdy purpose.

After a half hour's ride the boys reached the place and found everything all quiet. The gun was in bad shape, dislodged from the carriage and pitched into the gully. Nobody knew how to go at it and the darkness of the night added confusion to the situation. Now the Secret Service blazoned itself splendidly forth. Eph emptied his shavings on the ground in two piles, one on each side of the gun; upon these he heaped the brushwood and in less than two minutes he had two grand

bonfires for the boys to work by. Then the little scout, with mule and clothes line, disappeared over the brow of the hill. A few rods below this point of vantage he stretched the clothes line across the road; it was about a foot from the ground and fastened on either side to the trunk of a tree. He then reported to his chief and received reinforcements: one boy and munitions of war —an empty bag, in which he gathered stones.

Meanwhile at the gun the skids had been well adjusted by the firelight, and the lifting went sturdily on. Upon the height of the hill Eph awaited the onslaught of the enemy. The deploying force made a brave line of battle: Eph on the right flank with a pile of stones, his aide on the left, and the mule in the centre. They had not long to wait. A heavy team was heard laboring up. Moving shadows soon were seen in advance of it.

"Now don't waste your stones," Eph orders his command. "Don't fire one of them till you see them Ogdens keel over the rope and hear them holler. Then pelt away like Jehu, and whoop like an Indian, and they'll think it's the regular army."

The enemy came on *en masse*, they tripped over the rope so beautifully that Eph Stearns, boy and man, has laughed at the thought of it ever since, they fell kicking and struggling and tangled up as to legs and arms. Rattle and whiz came the stones in showers upon them, and, to crown all, the mule cavorted right down into the thickest of the scrimmage as if he had been Job's war-horse smelling the battle afar.

It was full ten minutes before the Ogden boys got themselves together again, and during that ten minutes the last long pull and strong pull had been given to the cannon and the iron giant was rolling comfortably homeward in Seneca's wagon.

Then the boys hot, exultant, shouting, made a wild break for the enemy as they came pelting over the brow of the hill.

"Sneaks!" calls one, with a stone.

"Thieves!" yells another.

"At 'em—fight 'em!" shouts another, brandishing a big stick.

"Let's lay 'em out! thrash 'em!"

"Hold on! Halt!" cries Captain Ethan with the voice of a trumpet and he springs to the front of his little troop and faces them, his arms aloft with a kind of impassioned dominance of voice and mien that hustles back the pell-mell advance.

"Halt! Form in line!" he calls, and the wild crowd sway into a kind of half-circle about their captain.

"Three cheers for Hennepin County and the Gun!" orders the captain.

Shout, shout, shout. Oh, how they shouted! That wild hurrah rifted the clouds and shook the mountains. Then as the echoes died away, in the sharp interval of silence that followed, Captain Ethan faced around to the enemy:

"Now, gentlemen, what will you have?"

"Three cheers for Ogden County!" returned the leader.

"Ogden County—without the Gun, amen!" piped up Eph like a fife.

But the three cheers were lustily given. The old Vermont hills echoed and re-echoed again, and a vast deal of spleen spent itself in those six cheers.

"Now, all hands!" commanded Captain Ethan Allen in ringing tones. "Now, both sides and everybody, give three cheers for the Green Mountain Boys and the Fourth of July!"

Again, and doubly loud, roared out the great shouts. Again the mountains heard and the echoes reverberated around the sky. The stars listened, in their far heights, and knew that America was a stronger nation for the throb of patriotic feeling that pulsed through those hot young hearts and voiced itself in those fine huzzas.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE*

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Every American boy and girl ought to know by heart the story of how Paul Revere on his famous ride called the minute-men to arms on the eve of the Battle of Lexington.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light—
One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good-night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,

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Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The *Somerset*, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height

A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet through the gloom and the light
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
  When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
  Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
  As if they already stood aghast
  At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock
  When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
  Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
  Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
  Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British Regulars fired and fled—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the redcoats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

TONY'S BIRTHDAY AND GEORGE WASHINGTON'S*

By Agnes Repplier

Washington's Birthday—boys skating—and how one timid little boy called after the Father of his Country lived up to his illustrious name.

IT WAS the great misfortune of Tony Butler's life to have been born on the twenty-second of February.

There was no comfort in reflecting that there were doubtless plenty of other boys in the country who labored under the same disadvantage. The other boys might perhaps be better fitted for the honor, but for poor Tony the distinction was a crushing one.

In the first place, he had an older brother, and that older brother's name was George. Now it is generally conceded that one of a name is enough for any family; but when Tony was born on the twenty-second of February, how was poor Mrs. Butler to act?

Not to have called him after the Father of his Country would have been, in that good woman's opinion, a positive slight to the illustrious dead. As long as her boy was fortunate enough to have the same birthday

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as our great President, it became her plain duty to give him one other point of resemblance, and then trust to time to complete the likeness.

It was a pity that they had a George already, but that difficulty could be done away with by calling her second son Washington. Washington Butler sounded well, and seemed all that was desirable; only there was just a little too much of it for every-day use. Sometimes the boy was called Washie, and sometimes Wash, and sometimes Wah, and sometimes Tony, until, as he grew older, and able to talk, he evinced a decided preference for the last title, and would answer to no other.

But although this lessened his troubles it by no means ended them; for when a child has so many nicknames to choose from, everybody is apt to select a different one; and to confess the truth, he was not at all the right sort of a boy to be called George Washington.

There was nothing of the soldier, nothing of the patriot, nothing at all remarkable, about poor Tony in any way. He was a shy, homely little boy, who would have passed well enough as plain Sam, which, being his father's name, would also have been his had it not been for his unfortunate birthday. But as George Washington, even his doting mother was forced to realize he was not a complete success.

The first day he went to school the master sonorously read out his name as Antony Butler, whereat his brother giggled, and Tony, blushing fiery red, stammered out that he was not an Antony at all.

"Not Antony?" said the teacher, in natural surprise. "Why, then, are you called Tony?"

"Because my name is George Washington, and we had a George already," was the embarrassed answer.

After this the boys with one accord dubbed him Washing Tony, as if he were a Chinese laundryman, and Washing Tony he continued to be called.

Under these circumstances, perhaps he was excusable in wishing he had been born on some less illustrious day, and when the Twenty-second came duly around it required all the delights of a new pair of skates and a fur cap to reconcile him entirely to his fate.

It being a general holiday, all the boys proposed spending it on the ice, and Tony could skate a great deal better than he could write or cipher; although even here he was never what boys consider brave, and what their parents are apt to more accurately define as foolhardy.

The truth is, there was not in the child a spice of that boyish daring which seems so attractive in its possessor, and which is in reality so wanton and useless.

Tony never wanted to climb high trees, or jump from steep places, or pat a restive horse, or throw an apple at a cross old farmer. All these things, which were dear to the hearts of his companions, were totally unattractive to him. He could never be dared to any deed that had a touch of danger in it, and the contrast between his prudent conduct and his illustrious title was, in the eyes of all the other boys, the crowning absurdity of the case.

On this particular birthday the weather, though clear, was mild for the season, and some apprehension had been felt as to the complete soundness of the ice. A careful investigation, however, showed it to be all firm and solid except in one corner, where the lake was deepest, and where the ice, though unbroken, looked thin and semi-transparent, with the restless water underneath. Around this uncertain quarter a line was drawn, and soon some thirty or forty boys were skimming rapidly over the frozen surface.

Fred Hazlit and Eddy Barrows were the champion skaters of the district, and their evolutions were regarded with wonder and delight by a host of smaller boys, who vainly tried to rival their achievements.

Not so Tony. Although perfectly at home on the ice, he seemed to have no more desire to excel here than elsewhere, but skated gravely up and down, enjoying himself in his sober fashion, his cap drawn over his eyes, his little red hands thrust in his overcoat pockets.

George, who did not think this at all amusing, was off with the older boys, trying to write his name on the ice, and going over and over it with a patient persistency that, practised at school, would have made him the first writer in his class.

Gradually the forbidden ground began to be encroached on, some of the older boys skimming lightly over it, and finding it quite hard enough to bear their weight. Soon the line was obliterated by a dozen pairs

of skates, and the children, never heeding it, spread themselves over every inch of ice on the lake.

All but Tony. With characteristic prudence he had marked the dangerous corner well, and never once ventured upon it. As he stopped to tighten his skates, four of the younger boys, hand in hand, came bearing down upon him.

"Catch hold," shouted Willie Marston, "and we'll make a line. Hurrah! Here goes!" and Tony with the rest shot across the smooth sheet of ice until they came to the inclosed quarter. The others were keeping right on, but Tony stopped short.

"It is not safe," he said, "and I am not going on it."

"Nonsense!" cried Dick Treves. "What a coward you are, Tony! We have been over it a dozen times already this morning, and it is just as safe as the rest."

"Of course it is," said Willie. "Come ahead."

But Tony did not go ahead. Neither did he discuss the matter, for argument of any kind was not at all in his way. He merely stopped and let go of Willie's hand. "It isn't safe," he persisted. "You can do as you like, but I am not going on it."

"Well, stay there," said Ned Marston, giving him a little shove—"stay where you are, General Washington, and cross the Delaware on dry land if you can."

"Three cheers for General Washington!" shouted Dick derisively. "Hurrah for the bravest of the brave!" and then the three boys skated on, leaving Tony standing there upon the ice.

His face flushed crimson with shame, but he never stirred. He hated to be laughed at and called a coward, but he was afraid to venture, and no amount of ridicule could urge him on.

Slowly he turned to go when at that instant an ominous sound struck his ear. The treacherous ice was cracking in all directions, a dozen jagged seams spreading like magic over the smooth surface. There was a sharp snap, a cry of terror, a splash, and three boys, white with fright, started back from the yawning hole barely in time to save themselves from falling.

In the excitement and fear of that moment no one of them thought of his companion; but Tony, who stood beside, had seen poor Willie's despairing blue eyes fixed on him with a mute appeal for help as he staggered and fell into the dark water.

Somehow all his habitual caution, which was so falsely termed cowardice, had disappeared; he never even thought of being afraid, with that pitiful glance still before his eyes, but, urged on by some great impulse, cleared the space between them in an instant, and plunged down after his drowning friend.

Another minute and both boys re-appeared, Willie clutching fiercely at his preserver, and Tony holding him off as well as he could with one arm while he struck out bravely with the other.

It was but the work of a moment before help reached them, but that moment had saved poor Willie's life, and changed forever the opinions of the school.

They had learned what true courage was. Tony Butler might be timid and insignificant, but he had proved himself beyond a doubt worthy of his illustrious name, and a fit hero for the Twenty-second.

A VENTURE IN 1777

By S. Weir Mitchell

A good, long boy's story of how three Philadelphia lads spent an exciting Christmas at Valley Forge, after performing a service of great value to the patricts' cause.

I

THIS is a story of a boy and two other boys.

Tom Markham was fifteen and over, and was careful when asked his age to say he was in his sixteenth year. His brothers were two years younger. When Harry was asked how old he was he said he was as old as Bill, and when any one inquired his age of Bill he replied that he was as old as Harry. This was because being twins they got somehow mixed up when they were born, and no one knew which was ten minutes the older.

Between themselves the twins considered the matter of precedence based on age as important, and now and then endeavored to adjust matters by wager of battle. It was settled at last by the elder brother, Tom, who decided that they should be elder year about. Thus, in 1777 Bill was the older, and was sadly regarding the

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lapse into youth which was about to come in 1778, when Harry would be in turn the senior.

While Tom, who was to be sixteen in February, looked older, his brothers appeared younger than their years, and were two saucy, clever, reckless lads. A look of child-like innocence was part of the protective capital the twins invested in mischief. They fought one another, made common cause against the world, and had, as concerned Tom, a certain amount of respect founded on physical conditions. At the close of this year 1777, Sir William Howe held the city of Penn with some eighteen thousand men. Twenty miles away George Washington waited in his lines at Valley Forge with three or four thousand half-starved soldiers.

Between the two armies Nature had established a nearly neutral ground, for on it lay the deepest snow the land had known for many a year. It was both foe and friend to the Continental soldiers, whom starvation and cold were daily tempting to desertion, and among whom disease in many forms was busily recruiting for the army of the dead.

The well-fed British regulars in and near the city found in the snow an obstacle which forbade Sir William Howe to move, discouraged enterprise, and gave excuses for inertness, since no general at that time ventured to think of a winter campaign, until in '78 the Virginia general read his enemy a novel lesson in the art of war.

The land between the city of Philadelphia and Valley

Forge on both sides of the Schuylkill was in '77 a fertile country of large farms to which narrow wood roads led from the main highways. On to this region of winter, scouting or foraging parties of both armies ventured at times, and from it in good weather the farmers, despite the efforts of our scant cavalry, took supplies to the snow-beleaguered city, and sometimes, if Tories, information of value.

In the best houses of the city there were quartered, to the disgust of the Whig dames, a great number of British officers. They were to be fed without charge and were unpleasant or not personally disagreeable, as chanced to be the case.

Mrs. Markham's ample house on Third Street, near Spruce, had its share of boarders thus comfortably billeted, to the satisfaction of her Tory neighbors who were not thus burdened or who gladly entertained officers of distinction.

The owner of the house, Colonel Markham, of the Continental line, lay a prisoner in New York, when on Christmas Eve, in this year of 1777, Mrs. Markham and three unwelcome guests sat down to supper.

Tom, the elder son, stood at the window watching the big white snowflakes flitting across the black squares of the night-darkened panes.

"Come, my son," said Mrs. Markham, and he took the vacant seat, his mind on the joys to which the weather was contributing in the way of coasting, skating, and snowball wars.

This terrible winter was one thing to Sir William Howe, another to George Washington, and a quite delightful other to Tom Markham. "I suppose, Tom," said the mother, as he took his seat, "this sort of Christmas weather is much to your liking."

"Why, any fellow would like it, mother."

"There is everything in the point of view," she returned, smiling. "I have no recollection of a winter like this."

In truth, the weather was keeping Christmas with a bountiful gift of fresh snow to the earth which was already heavily burdened.

Within the house a cheerful wood fire blazed on the hearth. Two branched silver candelabra lighted the table, and the furniture, portraits, and round mirrors all told of ease and luxury.

"I have to thank you for the turkey, Captain Verney," said Mrs. Markham. "My supplies are running low and soon you will be no better fed than the Continentals."

"Rebels, madam," said Colonel Grimstone, a rough, red-faced soldier, who had risen from the ranks. "I think we shall have to be fed and well fed, too. I have asked five officers to dine here next week, on New Year's Day."

Tom looked straight at the fat Colonel and wished he were himself a man.

"By that time," said Mrs. Markham, laughing, "you will have little besides pork and potatoes; Heaven knows what else."

"Oh, you will find us enough. All you rebel ladies tell the same story. A bit tough, this mutton."

For the first time she broke into angry reply. "Then, sir, it is like your manners—hard to digest."

What with care and anxiety, she had come to the place where open wrath is the only escape from the shame of tears.

To her surprise the Colonel made no rejoinder. The younger officer at his side caught his eye as he was about to make some insolent reply.

Captain, the Honorable John Verney, to be some day in the peerage if spared by war, was a person whom the Colonel did not care to offend, and who, as Mrs. Markham spoke, said, "You had better get another billet, Grimstone. No doubt André would exchange with you."

The Colonel growled but held his tongue, knowing very well that few officers were as well cared for as Mrs. Markham's guests.

Verney, a gentleman of the best, smiled at her and nodded reassuringly. He meant, as often before, to set her at ease as to her difficulty in suiting the Colonel.

The third guest, a Hessian officer, Count Von Einstein, annoyed by the Colonel's rudeness, turned the talk aside as he said, in fair English: "The letter you gave me for your husband in New York I was able to forward but I had first to go through the form of reading it: I think I did say so; else it could not have gone."

"Of course," returned Mrs. Markham, coloring. "Is there any chance of exchange of prisoners?"

"I fear not," said Verney, "unless the Continentals should capture the Count or Colonel Grimstone."

"There isn't much chance of that, mother," whispered Tom. "They like town too well."

"Hush!" she said, but smiled at him affectionately. Amid the stress of war, the talk at table, and his mother's anxiety, the lad had become thoughtful beyond his years. "What a terrible night!" said Mrs. Markham, as the wind roared around the house and the casements rattled. Her mind was on the camp at Valley Forge, whence came, from the Quaker farmers, now and then, tales of starvation, misery, and desertion very encouraging to Sir William Howe, who felt that there was small need to assist the weather in fighting his battles.

Some such thought was in the mind of the Colonel, for he remarked, "The rebels must be enjoying it."

"There are two sides to that question," replied Verney.

"How two, sir?" asked Grimstone.

"Oh, we cannot move," said the Count. "Not even the great Frederick ever made a campaign in winter."

"Who wants to move? I do not," growled the Colonel.

"I would try it, if I were Sir William."

"And how?" asked the Colonel.

"Well, this way," said Verney.

He rose, and taking a sheet of paper from a desk near by sat down again and rapidly drew the course of the river Schuylkill. "This way. March five thousand men up each side of the river, cross on the ice from this side, and attack on both sides at once."

The Count looked up. "That is just what Major Montresor is urging Sir William to do, and at once. He hesitates——"

"But the snow," said the Colonel.

"He won't try it," returned Verney.

"No, thank Heaven," said the Colonel, and the sketch was crumpled up and cast aside to fall on the floor under the table.

Supper was over, the table cleared, and the men sat talking together. At this time broke in the twins, beating off the snow and pounding with their cold feet on the floor.

"I have a sword," and "I have a drum," cried the twins.

"Goodness, you little rebels! I shall run," laughed Verney.

"And I," cried the Count.

"You are late, boys," said Mrs. Markham.

"Aunt Mary kept us."

"Did you put away the lantern?"

"No, mother," said Bill.

"Why not? I told you to be careful of it. What mischief have you been up to? I shall be easier when

the holidays are over and the schoolmaster is busy with his ferrule."

The twins looked at each other and were silent.

"Come," said Verney, "out with it, boys."

"You're the oldest, Harry," said Bill.

"Out with it, Gemini," said Verney.

Harry was silent, and it was Bill who replied.

"Well, Sambo—that's Aunt Mary's man, sir—he wouldn't let us carry the lantern."

Verney, the sympathetic lover of all their mischief, asked, "What then, Bill?"

"We kicked his shins and he dropped the lantern and it went out, and a soldier came along and he said we had no lantern and he must take Sambo to the Guardhouse."

Verney, much amused, said: "You young rebels are always in mischief. The orders of Mr. Galloway are that every one after dark must carry a lantern."

"Well, we wanted to carry it."

"What did Sambo say?"

"He ran away when the soldier said he had no light. Then we ran, too, like everything."

"And was that all?" The twins hesitated. "Oh, don't be afraid," cried Verney. "What next?"

"We hurrahed for Washington and snowballed him."

"What, Washington?"

"No, sir, the soldier; and he ran after us and we ran down Willings Alley and got over the wall and then over our own wall, and that soldier-man he is asking questions of Mr. Willing's cook."

Tom grinned approval, the Count looked serious, and Verney laughed while the Colonel said, "I have a mind to spank both of you."

Mrs. Markham turned on him. "I can attend to those ceremonies myself, sir"—a fact of which the twins were well aware.

The Colonel made no reply, but Verney said: "In the interest of patriotism, madam, you cannot possibly court-martial them."

"And it is Christmas Eve, mother," said Tom.

"Well, it is largely your fault, Mr. Verney. You spoil them too much."

"I shall reform, madam. We shall reform, Gemini."

"To bed with you, lads," she said.

"Couldn't we sit up a little?" said Verney.

"Please, madam," urged the Count.

"Then half an hour. Come to the fire. Lie down on the rug, boys. Why, your hands are half frozen." The Count and Verney drew to the hearth and the Colonel sat at the table. He was quite outside of the group around the fire.

"You have been so good," said Verney, "that I shall have some little presents for you to-morrow." The twins wished to hear of them. "No," he said, "you must wait." But in the morning he and the Colonel had to go out to inspect the works Major Montresor had thrown up at Chestnut Hill. They would use their own horses and Mrs. Markham's sleigh, and would their mother let the boys go?

"They are so good," said Verney.

"Oh, do, mother!" cried the twins.

The Colonel at the table growled that children were in the way, nuisances; but Verney took his assent for granted, and somewhat reluctantly the mother yielded, her friend Verney promising to take care of them.

Tom liked very well this chance to see the soldiers, but showed the growing boy's usual appearance of being unenthusiastic. Moreover, he hated the Colonel as much as he liked Verney.

Assured of the frolic, the twins frankly opened the question of Christmas presents with their friendly German guest, Mrs. Markham protesting in vain.

The Count laughed. "*Guter himmel*, children. I have no presents. Ask the Colonel; he might dream you each a pony." The Colonel by this time was sound asleep.

"It's no use," said Harry.

"Not even if he was awake," said Bill. "If you haven't got any presents, tell us a story."

This he had done many times, liking the lads. Now at this Christmas season he was thinking of his distant home and his wife and children, away in the Fatherland.

"Come, come, Count," said Verney; "I like stories."

The Count sat still, reflecting.

"He's getting ready," said Harry.

"It will be a Christmas story, boys."

"By all means," said Verney, seeing as he spoke the old Devonshire hall—his home, the holly and the mistle-

toe, and hearing the merriment that seemed to sail to him on fairy ships over three thousand miles of sea. They would drink his health this night.

He was recalled to a sense of his alien surroundings as the Count said: "This is a story, boys, my father used to tell when I was a little fellow, but it was never told except on Christmas Eve when we sat in the great hall of my own home."

"What made you come away to fight us?" This was Bill's contribution. Harry punched him to emphasize his wish that there should be no interruptions.

Mrs. Markham did not, as usual, reprove the twin whose ingenious capacity to unite impertinence and curiosity was in great need of check. She merely looked up at the Hessian gentleman, who gravely made reply to Bill: "I am a soldier and go where I am ordered, even though it take me to death."

The twins discussed this later, but Tom was old enough to note the suddenly serious look of the officer as Mrs. Markham, who knew his history, said: "Be quiet, boys. I want to hear the story, even if you do not."

"But we do," cried the twins.

"When I tell this story I think of the great hall of the castle, with no light but what the big logs gave, and how it flashed red on the armor and on the lances and swords on the walls."

"Why must there be no lights?" asked Harry.

"Because we think in Hesse that at midnight when

the blessed day is just born the Christ comes to the door and blesses the home. As He is the light of the world there must be no other light but the fire for warmth, like the comforting of His love for all, all of us. But now I must not be interrupted."

"If Bill does it again," said the other twin, "I will——"

"Just you try," returned Bill.

"I shall thrash you both," said Tom.

"You can't!"

On this the mother said they should all three go to bed if they spoke a word in the next half-hour. Upon this there was silence and only the occasional interchange of such warlike signals as are well known to boys.

The Count went on, the three lads now eagerly attentive, while Verney sat by giving at need a faint whistle to check or lower the fine snoring of the Colonel.

"Once upon a time in old days there was a King, and the time it was once upon was Christmas Eve. Then, as was the custom, Rathumus, the maker of stories for the King, came to him and said, 'Come with me that under the stars I tell you the Christmas tale.' The King went with him into the garden.

"'This,' said the teller of tales, 'O King, is the night of all nights that brings to men wise counsel for their own birthdays, when kings who are merciful set free many who are in prison for debt.

"'But now in this kingdom on the birthday of the

Christ, the King of Kings, a hundred couriers sit on their horses at the gate waiting for a message of pardon and release to all who are in prisons for wrong-doing or for having displeased my lord the King. This is the law of the land. But if the King in his wrath has one he will not set free, then none are released, and the couriers ride sad to the homes of those who bide in sorrow.'

"On this the maker of stories went away and the King stayed alone in the garden. It was very quiet and the stars watched him to see what would come, for now it was near to midnight, and over all the land many who knew of the custom stood at their doors longing to see the white-robed couriers arrive with news of pardon on that Christmas Day.

"Now there is always for every man some woman of whom he is afraid, and so it was with the King. It was not the Queen, because she was dead, but it was the King's daughter, who wanted to marry a brave young Prince, and was angry because the King saw no way to prevent it except to keep him shut up in a high tower.

"The stars all felt sorry when the King cried out, 'Never will I let him out—never!'

"Then a little wind sobbed through the trees and was still and the roses in the shadows prayed and the nightingales ceased to sing. There was a great quietness.

"The King sat down on a seat and was angry with the custom and with himself, and shut his eyes and thought, for now he must decide. If he would not set

free the Prince there would be no Christmas prayers for him in all the wide land. But no, he would not free the Prince.

"Of a sudden he heard a voice say softly: 'If, O King, you move you will surely die. Listen!' Then he looked and saw in the darkness a dim figure with great white wings and was afraid, and as he listened he heard: 'O King, around the throne of God a million courier angels are waiting in prayer. And at the noon of night the Christ will speak, and they will fly to set loose from chains of sin those who have this year offended a greater King than you. Hark, the clock strikes! They are on their way to open for you and many the prison doors of cruelty and wrong-doing.'

"Of a sudden the angel was gone and the nightingales sang again, while the King went to the gate and cried to the couriers, 'Go, with my pardon.'

"Then in the palace the Princess said to her ladies: 'Quick, take off my swan wings and never tell what I have done, or none of you shall ever be married.'

"Very soon came the King, and said, 'I have seen an angel!'

"And so the Prince was set free and married that clever Princess and was ever after good and happy."

"What a pretty tale!" said Mrs. Markham; "and now to bed, to bed, boys."

"Thank you, sir," said Tom.

Bill was silent.

"Then it wasn't a real angel," said Harry.

"Yes, it was," laughed Verney. "It was a woman."

On this Harry, who had the gift of imagination, got up and kissed his mother, who, comprehending him, smiled.

Just as they were going noisily to bed a servant came in and said an orderly was without. He gave a paper to Verney, who awakened the Colonel and gave him a letter.

The Colonel rubbed his eyes and looked at it. "I hoped they had forgotten. Here are our orders to inspect the lines to-morrow on Mount Airy and Chestnut Hill."

"And here," said Verney, "is Montresor's map of the forts in and about the city. He promised me to send it as a guide to the outlying works." The twins having gone, Tom lingered, unnoticed.

"Let me see that map," said the Colonel. They spread it on the table and began to consider it.

"May I look?" asked Tom, as usual curious.

"Certainly," said Verney. "I will explain it to you. See, here are bastions and these dots the cannon. Here is the *tête du pont*, a work to defend the upper ferry."

"It is rather droll to me," said Count Einstein. "Eighteen thousand men ought to be bastions enough."

"Not for Sir William," laughed Verney.

"It is Montresor's own copy," said Grimstone. "It is signed."

"I should be pretty careful of it," said the Count, a brave and well-trained soldier.

This readiness to explain the plans to Mrs. Markham and her interested boy seemed to him unwise. More than once full knowledge of contemplated army movements had in some mysterious way reached the snow-bound enemy.

Mrs. Markham stood by looking over Tom's shoulder, and presently said, "It is quite incomprehensible to me. Do you understand it, Tom?"

"I think so. See, mother, in one place he marks a weak point."

"Have you, Mr. Verney, any such plans of the lines at Valley Forge?" she asked gayly.

"You had better inquire of Major Montresor," said the Count, not fancying the too-free talk.

"To exchange plans would simplify matters," said Mrs. Markham, from whom it is to be feared the twins inherited their capacity for mischief.

The Count, much the ablest of the three officers, looked up at her of a sudden grave. Tom, always on easy terms with Verney, went on eagerly asking intelligent questions.

"It is time, my son, you went to bed," said the mother. "If George Washington, Count, could make no more of that tangle of lines than I, you might safely make him a Christmas gift of it."

"Let him come and get it," laughed Verney.

"They are pretty poor with their Continental rag

money," growled Grimstone, "but I suppose that map would easily fetch——"

"Fetch!" broke in the Count, still less relishing the talk. "It wouldn't fetch five shillings." There was an unusually sharp note in his voice. "Roll it up, Verney."

He was the senior officer present, and Verney, at once recognizing the implied rebuke as something like an order, took the hint, saying, as he rolled the map, "I wanted to ask you if you thought——"

The Count put a hand on his shoulder with the slight pressure which gave force to his words as he said: "We will talk of it, sir, another time. Permit me to say that if I were you I should be careful of that map." This was in an aside to Verney as the boy left them.

Among them they had set the adventurous mind of a fearless young rebel to thinking in a fashion of which they little dreamed.

"I shall be careful, sir," and then with his gay manner and the self-confidence of youth, he added: "What with the Gemini and Tom and the Colonel, it ought to be safe enough. What time should we go to-morrow, Colonel?"

"Nine will be early enough."

"Will you lend me your sable coat?" asked Verney of the Count.

"With pleasure."

"I like best my sealskin," said Grimstone. "It is not so heavy. Do you really mean to take the boys?"

"Of course I do. We want Tom to hold the horses while we tramp about, and the Gemini must have the frolic. I promised."

Tom listened, well pleased. He paused on his way to bed, and while the officers were studying Major Montresor's elaborate map, he pocketed the rough sketch of attack Verney had crumpled up and cast under the table.

The boy was by this time more than merely curious. Being intelligent and thoughtful, all this war talk interested him, and now for two years his father's letters while in service and the constant discussion he heard had rendered familiar the movements of the two armies and the changing fortunes of the war. The great value of the map of Sir William's chief engineer had been made plain to him, and his mother's gay suggestion that it would be a nice Christmas gift to Washington set the lad to planning all manner of wild schemes as he lay abed. He finally gave it up in despair. How could a boy manage to steal a map from a man like Verney and then get to Valley Forge? It was no use to bother about it, and he went to sleep.

II

The boys were up early, overjoyed to see a brilliant, sunshiny day. Mrs. Markham provided an ample luncheon, and with Verney and the Colonel in front of the sleigh, and the twins and Tom well muffled up on

the back seat, the party sped away, the snow creaking under the runners. The twins talked, laughed, and sang, while Tom sat still, thinking.

They paused again and again in Germantown and beyond it to inspect positions or to talk to officers. At Chestnut Hill they drove down the westward slope and finally came upon the farther picket line below the hill. Verney, an engineer officer, thought a field work was needed at this point. Accordingly, the two officers got out, leaving their fur overcoats in the sleigh, as the air was now warmer and they had to tramp some distance through the heavy drifts of snow.

The Colonel put Montresor's map in the pocket of his fur coat, which he folded and laid in the sleigh. Verney also left the Count's rich sable at the feet of the twins.

"We shall be gone half an hour, boys," said Verney. "Had we not better call a corporal from the fire yonder to stand by the horses?"

"Lord, man," said Grimstone, "they would stand till night. They are dead tired. Won't you want the map?"

"No," said Verney; "I know it by heart."

About a hundred yards distant was a great campfire and just ahead of them an outlying picket of two soldiers, one on each side above the road. Tom sat on the front seat, the reins in his hand. Of a sudden a mad idea came into his mind.

The map was in the sleigh. The two officers were

far away, tramping through the drifts. Before him lay the lonely highway. He would take the map to Washington. He forgot the peril of the mad venture now tempting him, or gave it but a boy's passing thought. His summers had been spent at a farm near White Marsh. He knew the country well. The temptation was too much for him.

A man would have realized the difficulties and the danger for the smaller boys. He did not. A boy's mind is more simple. The risks for himself were merely additional temptations.

He stood up, the reins in his hand, and gazed anxiously after the retreating forms of the two officers. Then he turned to his brothers.

"Get over in front, Bill; quick, and don't make a noise."

There was mischief in the air as Bill at once knew. He climbed over the seat and waited.

"Hold fast, Harry," said Tom. "These horses are going to run away."

"Oh, let me out," cried Harry.

"No, hold on, and keep quiet."

"What fun!" cried Bill. "We are to have a ride all to ourselves."

"Do you whack the horses, Bill. They'll go. Wait a moment." He gave one last look around him and ahead.

Beyond the picket the road ran straight for a mile. He had his moment of final hesitation, but it was soon

over. No one was in sight near by, and his eyes roamed over the trackless vacancy of snow-clad spaces into which the highway disappeared.

"Are you ready, Bill?" he said, handing him the whip.

"All right," said Bill, seeing desirable mischief ahead and enjoying the prospect.

Harry was less eager, but, ashamed to confess his fears, said bravely, "Well, Tom, hurry up."

"Now," said Tom, "do you, Bill, hit the horses with the whip, not too hard. They'll go."

They did go, for Bill, enchanted, had to be stopped. In an instant they were off and away at a mad gallop over a much-used road.

"By George!" roared the Colonel. "The horses have run away!"

The soldiers shouted, the picket ran down to the road, too late, and furious at this unwonted treatment the horses ran. A mile or more went by before the heavy snowdrifts of a less-used road lessened their speed. On a hillcrest Tom stood up and looked back.

"Guess we are safe, boys," he said. "It's good there were no horses about."

As the sleigh moved more slowly at a trot, Bill said, "It was a first-class runaway!" and Harry, reassured, asked if it wasn't time for lunch.

Tom said no, and kept his eye on the road, which by one o'clock became hard for the horses, as the drifts were heavier.

At last he pulled up for luncheon and to rest the team. As the twins were now pretty cold Tom got out the fur coats.

"There are only two," said Harry.

"Oh, I'll fix that," said Tom. And this was his way: he threw the heavy sable coat over the boys' shoulders, and while Harry put his right hand into the right sleeve Bill put his left hand into the left sleeve. When Tom had them buttoned up, the two red faces being close together in the middle, he called them a double-headed bear and roared with laughter as he himself put on the Colonel's coat.

"Won't he say things!" said Bill, and they went on, but now only at a walk. Harry did not like it, but, ashamed to confess his fears, kept quiet.

They met no one. The distant farms were hidden by the snow-laden forests. The drifts became heavier. Now they were off the road and now on. There were no marks of recent travel. It was Christmas; the farmers at home. Both the twins had become silent, Tom more and more anxious as he missed his well-known landmarks. At last a dead tree on the road let him know that he was about six miles from the Forge. The horses had come quite nine miles or more through tiring drifts. Now and then their feet balled and Tom had to get down and beat out the packed snow.

Finally the horses could do no more than walk. It was well on to four o'clock, but at this he could only guess. He began to be troubled about the twins and

a little to regret having made his venture. If they came to a stop with no house in sight, what could he do? To walk to the camp would be even for him hard and for the twins impossible. Again he stopped the horses for a rest, a formidable drift lying ahead and filling the road.

By this time Bill had lost much of the joy of mischievous adventure. He began to think it was time for them to return home, and Harry had asked over and over how soon they would go back. Tom at length ceased to answer him as it drew toward evening.

There was a new sharpness in the air, a warning to Tom of what night would bring. He stood upon the seat and searched the white-clad land for a house or the wood opening which might lead to one. He saw no sign of habitation to which he could go in person for help. And how could he leave his brothers? Even to turn homeward in the narrow road among the drifts would have been, as he saw, quite out of the question. What else was there but to go on?

Even at this worst minute of his daring adventure the boy could have cried at the thought of failure. He felt the map and Verney's sketch under his waistcoat, thought of his father, a prisoner, and then cheering up the twins, used the whip on the weary horses, who plunged into the great mound of snow.

A trace snapped, the sleigh turned over on its side, the horses kicked, broke loose, and fled away down the road and were soon lost to view.

Tom got on his feet and looked for the twins. For a moment they were out of sight. Then the huge drift began to shake and their four legs were seen kicking above the snow, whence Tom pulled out the two-headed bear. Bill laughed. Tom did not. Harry looked his alarm.

All three working hard were able to right the sleigh after beating away a part of the drift. After that they climbed in and ate what was left of the food, but were not quite so merry as before, while Tom, made savag by failure, would neither eat nor talk.

At last he stood up on the seat.

"Shut up, Gemini," he said, "I hear something. Now," he said, turning, "mind you, if these I hear are British we were run away with. Hush!" He heard in the sharp, frosty air the clink of sabres and soon the thud of horses' hoofs in the snow.

III

A moment after the runaway boys had heard the sound of horses in the snow, a dozen troopers of the Continental army were around them and a young officer rode up, while Harry whimpered and said, "Now we'll be killed."

"Great George!" cried the officer, "but here's a queer capture. Who the deuce are you?"

"I am Tom Markham, sir. My father is Colonel Markham, and these are my brothers."

When Allan McLane saw the two-headed bear he rocked with laughter as he sat in his saddle.

"And how did you get here?"

"We ran away with the horses of Colonel Grimstone and Captain Verney, and, sir, this was why we ran away." As he spoke he pulled out Montresor's map and the sketch.

McLane opened the paper. "By George, it's Montresor's own map. How did you get it?"

"They left it in the sleigh while they went to look at something this side of Chestnut Hill. Is it any use, sir?" added Tom anxiously.

"Any use, man! If General Washington doesn't make you a Colonel for this there is no use in man or boy trying to serve an ungrateful country."

Then the twins, feeling neglected, said, "We helped, too."

"I licked the horses," cried Bill

"Aren't you cold, boys?"

"Yes, sir, but we never told Tom."

"By George, but you are a plucky lad. Take this two-headed animal, Sergeant. Mount one of them, coat and all, in front of you, and be quick, or we shall have them frozen."

"The other may have my coat," said Tom.

"Good," said the Captain. "You shall wear my own cloak, my lad."

Seeing Harry's look of fright and the ready tears, he said: "It's all right, youngsters. Don't you be

afraid. We are all your friends and I know your father well."

Turning to Tom, he said: "This way, my lad. Now, then, give him a knee, Sergeant; so, a foot in my stirrup and up you go behind me. Now, then, right about by twos, march."

He went off at a sharp trot with Tom's arms around his waist.

"Hold on to the belt," he said.

"May I some day have a boy like you! I enlist you in my troop. You are one of Allan McLane's rangers. Hold hard. The road is better. I am going to gallop."

If ever there was a proud boy it was Tom Markham, for who did not know Allan McLane, the terror of outlying pickets, the hero of a dozen gallant adventures?

"How are you, Gemini?" cried Tom, looking back.

"Oh, we're fine!" roared Bill, his teeth chattering with cold.

At the river they were stopped a minute. McLane gave the password, "Washington," and at dusk they tramped over the bridge and were at once among General Varney's brigades.

Bill had ceased to ask questions. Harry, again uneasy at the sight of soldiers, wept unseen, and even Tom felt a certain awe at thus facing the unknown. He was more at ease as he saw hundreds of ill-clad men making merry in a wild snowball fight, shouting and laughing.

They rode in the gloom through dimly seen rows of log huts, and at one of them McLane dismounted.

"Take your men in," he said to a lieutenant. "Report at headquarters and say I shall be there in an hour." He lifted the twins from their perches and bade the three enter his hut. "This is my home, boys. Come in."

It was a tiny log cabin with a stone-built chimney and a big fire; wood alone was to be had—in plenty. The twins felt better after he gave them in turn a teaspoonful or two of whiskey in water, laughed at their wry faces as they drank, set Harry on his knee, patted him on the back, and bade them make free of his stale biscuit and the potatoes he roasted in the hot ashes.

The twins, as they got warm in this pleasant company, talked of their adventures. Tom sat in silence.

"What's the matter?" asked McLane, getting only "Yes" and "no" to his queries.

"I am thinking, sir, of my mother. Oh, but she will be troubled. I never thought of that when——"

"Be easy, my lad. To-morrow I am going into the city. I shall see her. When you can get back, I do not know, but you will see the camp and the troops and get your share of a trooper's fare. When you are warm I want you to come with me, Tom."

"Yes, sir. I am ready now."

With a word to the twins he followed the Captain through the darkness.

The men were huddled around campfires and were cooking their scanty rations of pork and potatoes. Presently McLane paused at the door of a small stone

house, the only one in the lines. A sentry walked to and fro before it.

McLane went in and said to an officer: "Mr. Tilghman, ask the General to see me. It is important."

In a few minutes the officer returned. "This way," he said.

Tom saw seated before the fire a large man in buff-and-blue uniform. He rose, saying, "What news have you, Captain?"

"This lad, sir, brought from the town at some peril this map and sketch. It seems to be some one's notion of an attack."

The tall officer put the sketch aside, but as he considered the map he said, looking up: "This is Major Montresor's own map and is invaluable. What is your name, my boy?"

"I'm a son of Colonel Markham, sir."

"A most gallant officer. And how, my lad, did you happen to get this map?"

Tom was a little disturbed by this authoritative gentleman. Being a boy, he had, of course, been left standing, while McLane and the tall man were seated. He understood that he must stand until requested to sit, but it did add a little to a certain embarrassment, rare for Tom.

"Tell your story, Tom," said McLane.

"Well, sir, the horses ran away, and the map was in the sleigh." Tom stopped. Action, not speech, was his gift, then and later.

"It is not very clear, but the lad is tired."

"Yes, sir," said Tom, without the least boy desire to describe what was a bold and dangerous adventure.

"Never mind your story now. Captain McLane will tell me later. You are a brave lad, and if God had given me one like you I should have been glad."

Tom felt somehow that he was well rewarded.

"But," added the tall man, setting kind, blue eyes on the lad, "this will make a great stir, and you will, I fear, suffer for it when you reach home."

"Yes, sir," said Tom. "And the twins?"

"Twins? What's this, McLane?"

"There were three in the business," said the Captain.

"Indeed. I wish there were as much spirit in the army."

"After all, sir," said McLane, "what can they do to a mere boy whose horses ran away?"

"But how are they to get to the city?"

"I will see to that, sir, and let Mrs. Markham know."

"Yes, yes, quite right. Now I must be excused." He rose and shook hands with Tom, and bowed to the officer.

"Come, Tom," said McLane.

Tom made his best bow and they went out into the cold December night. Then Tom asked: "Who was that general?"

"Good gracious, my boy, I thought you knew. That

was General Washington. He might have thanked you more. But that's his way."

"I think he said enough, sir."

McLane looked at the young face, now elate and smiling and then quiet in thought.

The Lieutenant was waiting in the hut when Tom and the Captain returned.

McLane said: "I shall be away for a day or more. Their mother must hear news of these lads. I leave them in your care, Lieutenant."

"Yes, sir."

The Captain said good-bye and was gone for two days.

Meanwhile the story was told by the troopers and soon repeated at the campfires, where the men amused themselves mightily with the twins and their narratives.

Tom held his tongue, and wandering saw the earthworks, and the ragged soldiers making shoes out of old blankets and plaited straw, or cooking frozen potatoes and decayed pickled herring, and growling over their diet.

He saw the army wagons come in with wood, the worn-out traces replaced by grapevines. He saw men on guard relieved every hour for fear of frozen feet, which were shoeless, and more than once a sentry standing on his hat for relief, with feet double wrapped in bits of blanket. He ate of horse beef at their fires or rode proudly at the head of McLane troops down the hill and into the lines of General Greene's brigades.

The twins, too, kept him busy. They climbed with him the slope of Mount Misery and saw the bridge over the Schuylkill, and on the posts which supported it burned in the names of favorite generals—Washington, Putnam, Greene, and Lafayette. Once Harry, in delicious fear, was allowed to touch off the evening gun.

At dusk on December twenty-eighth the lads found McLane again in his hut.

"Hurrah, boys," he cried, "I have a bag of flour, four sausages, and an aged hen. Let's make slapjacks. After we have fed I have a story."

They had been better fed than their soldier hosts, for, if it was not much at a time, there was something to be had at every hut or campfire, and by this accumulation of forage they kept themselves fairly supplied. But sausage and slapjacks and fried chicken! The boys had their fill for the first time since they left home. Then they lay on the floor before the fire. The twins looked expectant.

"You promised us a story," said Bill, "when you came back."

"I shall be as good as my word."

"I don't want it to begin with 'Once on a time,'" said Harry, now quite at home. "They always begin that way. The Count told us a story on Christmas Eve about an angel and it turned out that it wasn't a real one after all."

"That was terrible," said the Captain. "My story

is true. Now and then I go into Philadelphia to see the troops and where they are."

"But isn't that dangerous?" asked Tom, who knew well what was the fate of a spy.

"Well, rather. I should be hanged if I were caught, but you see they don't catch me. Two days ago I rode with a trooper to a deserted barn, and there I put on a Quaker bonnet, and old woman's clothes and shoes and horn spectacles and with a crutch and a basket of eggs I got of a farmer, I walked down Lancaster Pike and hobbled over the floating bridge.

"Any one with provisions can get in and have a pass to get out and I have been in town several times and am pretty well known as Mrs. Price. I sold my eggs, some of them to Sir William Howe's cook. Then I went to your house."

"Oh, and you saw mother?" cried Harry.

"Shut up," said Bill; "I want to hear."

"When I came to your house, I went to the back gate and was let in by a black cook——"

"That's Nancy," said Bill.

"I said I had eggs for sale. Then she took me to the hall and I sat down. There I saw that red-nosed Colonel come in. I was knitting a stocking and was pretty busy, with my spectacles on. Your mother asked the price of my eggs and where I lived. When the Colonel heard I lived near Valley Forge and had had a lift on a farmer's cart to get to town, he asked about the troops here. I told him some fine yarns, and

with this he went away. I should like to catch him and swap him off for your father."

"Did you see Captain Verney?" asked Tom.

"Yes. I am a bit afraid of him. When he came through the hall I had to turn my back because my garter was coming down.

"Your mother and I bargained for my eggs and at last the maid took them. Then I whispered, 'Could I see thee alone?' She said 'Yes' and took me into the parlor.

"I said: 'Mrs. Markham, thou hast no need to be troubled. The boys are safe at Valley Forge. The horses ran away.'

"When I said this she cried, and just sat down and said: 'I have been so distressed, but—I knew—Tom—was to be trusted.'"

"Oh!" exclaimed Tom, "did my mother say that?"

"Yes, she said that. I think the less you fellows say at home of the runaway the better for you and your friend, Captain Verney. You see, the lost map will make a heap of trouble for him—and for you, too, if you are not careful.

"Then your mother began to ask questions, but I said I was in a hurry, and that on New Year's Eve she must get a pass for a chaise and man to meet you on the west side of the middle ferry about nine at night. I said, too, 'Thy boys may have difficulty about a map. Best to see them alone before Brimstone can question them. It was very foolish for them to run away with that map.'

"When I spoke of the map she laughed and said: 'Was that why the horses ran away? Oh, Tom, Tom!'

"Then I said: 'They can't do anything to your boys.'

"'No, but Mr. Verney and the Colonel were much blamed and are very cross. However, that night I can see the boys alone. The officers—I mean the Colonel and Captain Verney—are to take supper with Mr. Penn at his house over the river.'

"I asked if it was the place in the woods above the Schuylkill, the place he calls The Solitude. I wanted to be sure. Your mother said: 'Yes. It is there, I believe.' It set me to thinking.

"Of a sudden she turned on me and said: 'You are no Quaker.'

"I laughed and said: 'No, madam, I am Captain Allan McLane, at your service.'

"This did scare her for the risk I ran, but I said there was none. She sent you her love. That's all my story. We found the horses, Tom. I shall take one and my Lieutenant the other."

"I don't like that," said Tom.

"Spoils of war, sir; and now get to bed."

"And the fur coats?" asked Tom, anxiously honest.

"We shall return the Count's. I shall keep the Colonel's. Now to bed, boys."

"Thank you, sir," said Tom.

"That was a fine story," said Bill. "I like real true stories."

"And it ends just right," said Harry.

"Oh, that is not the end," laughed McLane.

Then the boys were curious and questioned their friend, but he would tell them no more.

"To bed," he cried, and rolled them up in blankets on the cabin floor.

IV

The days went by, and on the afternoon of December thirtieth the boys rode out of camp, the twins well wrapped up in front of troopers and Tom mounted on a troop-horse. The day was pleasant and warm for the season, and McLane pushed on at speed down the west side of the river.

It was a long and hard ride and the twins were tired when, nine miles from the city, at a friendly farmer's, pickets were put out and they spent the night and were well fed.

They stayed all of that day at the farm, and at seven on New Year's Eve the Sergeant went back to camp, leaving but six men. Presently, to Tom's amazement, McLane came out of the barn with his Lieutenant, both dressed as British officers and the men as King's soldiers. Then they mounted as before and rode slowly toward town. Tom, very curious, asked questions. McLane laughed: "Only a little fancy ball, Tom, and don't talk. I want to think. Later I hope to send you a dispatch." Tom was puzzled, but rode on in silence.

About nine at night they were just outside of the English pickets, not far from the Schuylkill. Here they rode into a wood and dismounted. Then McLane on foot led the boys down the Lancaster Road.

"Yonder," he said, "is a guard. As it is very dark you may get by unseen. If not, you must say you are boys from town and have lost your way. Not a word of me. Be careful. At the middle ferry bridge you will find a chaise and your man-servant. Now be silent and careful and good-bye, Colonel Markham."

Full of the boy delight in an adventure so real, Tom went on in the darkness with the twins. He saw against the sky a guard on a little hillock above the road. A thicket of briers lined the wayside.

Tom halted and whispered: "We have got to creep, Gemini, and play bears. No noise, and go slow."

With this the three went down on their hands and knees in the snow, and, Tom leading, crept by the sentry on the bank, who was stamping and beating his breast to keep warm.

"Now," said Tom, "for a run to get warmed up"; and, unseen, they ran through the darkness on the well-trodden snow of the mid-pike.

They soon found the chaise and their servant. He had a pass so that they easily went by the guard and after a short drive were at home and in their mother's arms.

When the boys left him, McLane, a little anxious, looked after them for a time and returned to his men.

They tied their horses in the wood and, leaving a man to care for them, one by one crawled through the thin line of pickets, who were much occupied in keeping themselves warm.

It was very dark, and again the snow was falling and a fierce wind blowing. At last the men came together at a low whistle from McLane.

They were now close to the house where, in the wood above the Schuylkill, Mr. Penn was pleased to entertain his friends. It was a quaint little house and still stands to-day in the Zoological Gardens. There is a small entrance hall, a winding stair, and on the left a descent to a long underground passage ending in two large, cool-storage rooms. One large chamber on the first floor looks eastward over the river.

McLane knew it all well. It was now long after nine and very dark. The partisan officer was safe between the pickets he had passed and those along the west shore far below the house.

Leaving his men near the door he went around the house. Then, approaching a window, he cautiously looked into the room. A dozen candles were on the table, and many more in sconces on the wall.

At the table sat Mr. Galloway, the British superintendent of police, a staunch Tory, Mr. Penn, Colonel Grimstone, and Captain Verney. There were several empty chairs. Supper was over. There were empty bottles on the table and a big bowl of punch.

The Colonel had removed his stiff regulation stock.

Galloway had unbuttoned his embroidered waistcoat. Verney was looking at his watch.

"A nice party," said McLane. "Will it incline to be hospitable?"

Then he returned to the front.

The Lieutenant said: "Their horses are in the stable, the grooms asleep beside a fireplace."

A man was put at each window, two left at the door, and, it being now near to ten, McLane quietly entered the hall, and then, with his Lieutenant, appeared in the supper-room. Mr. Penn arose.

"Good-evening, sir," said McLane. "Lieutenant Hand and I have had a long ride, and seeing your lights took the liberty——"

"Oh, most welcome—as are all gentleman of His Majesty's service. Sit down, sir. Colonel Grimstone, you may know these officers."

"Never saw them in all my life," said the Colonel gruffly.

Captain Verney rose and bowed.

"I beg pardon," he said, "I did not catch your name."

"Captain Head, at your service."

"That's queer," said Grimstone; "Head and Hand."

"Sit down," said the host. "Oh, by George, the servants have gone and—Verney, you are the youngest and you know the way, would you fetch some wine for us from the cellar?"

McLane said a word to his Lieutenant, who rose,

apologizing. "I want to see to the horses. Be back in a moment."

In the hall he saw Verney take a lantern and go down to the cellar. The Lieutenant waited a moment, shot bolt and lock behind the Captain, and, returning, sat down by Galloway.

"Pray throw off your cloaks, gentlemen," said Penn. "Will you drink, Captain Head?"

McLane cast his cloak back from his left shoulder and set a hand on his pistols.

"I never drink while on duty, Mr. Penn. You must hold me excused."

"As you please, sir," answered Penn.

"What's your regiment?" inquired Grimstone in a thick voice.

"McLane's Horse! And if a man moves there will be two dead." For a pistol was at the forehead of both the Colonel and Galloway.

They were startled, but had wit enough to understand a very unpleasant situation.

"Don't do that!" cried Grimstone. Galloway sat as still and as pale as a statue.

"I am sorry, Mr. Penn, to disturb you, "said McLane; "but as I have neither eaten of your salt nor drunk at your board, you will pardon me. Neither do I want you or Mr. Galloway," he continued, "if you will say, on your honor, that you will not leave this room nor give the alarm for half an hour."

Penn said: "Needs must. You know the proverb, Captain McLane."

Galloway said: "Oh, I swear."

"Kindly put your watch on the table, Mr. Penn. Ten, I see. Captain Verney is locked in the cellar. My regards to him. Come, Colonel, and on the honor of a gentleman if you speak or resist I shall kill you. Good-night, Mr. Penn."

The Colonel rose with his captor and went out.

"Sergeant, put this gentleman between two men and call in the rest. If he ventures to give the alarm shoot him."

"Yes, sir."

"Good Heavens!" said Penn to Galloway. "A nice ending for a supper. That fellow missed Sir William Howe by only ten minutes."

"Hark! What was that?" said Galloway. Distant shots rang sharp through the cold night air.

"They have had trouble with the pickets."

"Hope they caught them," said Galloway.

Penn returned: "He is one of the kind that catches and is never caught." Then, as the noise of a great thumping and pounding fell on his ears, he added: "Just listen to Verney!" And he fell back in his chair, convulsed with laughter. "No, don't move, Galloway. It wants fourteen minutes of the half-hour. Sir William was in luck."

A little later the amazed and disgusted Verney heard the story. "He did not want me, I suppose." He

knew later that, because of being a gentleman and courteously kind to Tom's mother, McLane was pleased to forget him.

The Colonel failed to appear at home that night. Verney was late in returning, and only at breakfast did Mrs. Markham and the boys, to their relief, and greatly to Tom's delight, learn of the capture of their unmannerly guest.

Then the Captain, still a little cross, turned on Tom.

"Now, sir," he asked, "did you run away with the sleigh or the sleigh with you?"

The Count, much amused, listened.

Tom was cornered. Very red in the face, he replied: "The horses ran away with both, sir."

"I may assure Sir William that the horses ran away?"

Tom felt that he was well within the boundary of truth as he said "Yes. They ran like everything. We upset, and Captain McLane found us and took us to Valley Forge."

"And what, sir, became of the map we left in the sleigh?"

Tom wriggled.

"I want an answer."

"General Washington has it."

"Did you give it to him?"

"No, sir. Captain McLane gave it to him."

"I think," remarked the Count, "that you had better stop here."

That was also Tom's opinion.

"The map was in the coat-pocket, I remember."

"Yes, sir. I was to tell Count Einstein, with Captain McLane's compliments, that his coat is at Farmer Nixon's, near the Cross Keys Tavern. He said you could easily get it."

The Count expressed his pleasure, and Verney asked no further questions.

A few days later, just before supper, Tom burst into the room with the twins after him.

"He's got a letter!" cried Bill.

"He won't let us see it!" cried Harry.

They fell on Tom and rolled in wild laughter on the floor.

"This is too much," said Mrs. Markham.

Verney rose, and with two or three mild kicks separated the fighting, laughing tangle of legs and arms.

Then he caught the elder boy by the collar and said: "Stand up on your hind legs, Tom, and tell me what this row is about."

"He's got a letter," said Bill, "a Quaker man, a farmer, left it; and he won't let us see it till mother reads it."

"Where is it?" said Verney.

"Here, sir. You're choking me. You may read it. There's a message for you."

Captain Verney looked at the address and read, laughing, "This with haste."

"With your permission, madam," he said; then he read aloud:

"Valley Forge, January 7, 1778.

"To Colonel Thomas Markham, Jr., late of Captain Allan McLane's Company, Continental Line——"

"That's me!" said Tom.

"Indeed!" He turned to the contents.

DEAR COLONEL: I beg to report that after leaving you on the road with Gemini I had the pleasure of Capturing Colonel Gravestone, now here on parole and a low diet. He says his name is Grimstone, but what can be grimmer than Gravestone, and grim he is and grave. We shall swap him off for Colonel Markham.

My compliments to Captain the Honorable John Verney. Having been a kind and courteous guest I forgot him. It was against the rules of the service, but I trust, sir, you will not have me court-martialed. The map found in the coat proves useful. My thanks to Major Montresor.

Remember me to your mother.

I have the honor to be your very obedient humble servant and brother-officer.

ALLAN MCLANE.

Postscript—I promised you an ending to my story, and here it is.

"Well, of all the impertinent things!'" cried Verney; "but, my dear Count, I should like to see 'Gravestone' among these gentlemen, and, on my word, I should like to meet this brave and merry officer."

The Colonel spent two months and more on parole at Valley Forge. He lost four stone and became meek.

In the spring he was exchanged for a better man,

Colonel Markham, but no amount of food, as he swore, ever enabled him to make up for the scant fare he had had in the camp of the Continentals.

The twins and Tom lived to enjoy many Christmas Days, but none like that they spent with the army at Valley Forge in the hard winter of 1777-8.

A TEMPEST IN A BIG TEA-POT*

By Samuel Adams Drake

About the Boston Tea-party and the Indians who brewed the tea.

CHANCE has led us to the spot on which the house of Governor Winthrop stands. But by the side of it, in a crowded neighborhood, is a brick church with a fine and lofty steeple pricking the frosty air of a December afternoon. There is a dense crowd of men, with a sprinkling of women, arguing and gesticulating about the door, but the interior is so choked up with people that we can scarcely elbow our way in. The men's faces, we notice, are flushed and excited, and there is an angry buzz of half-suppressed voices. Evidently something out of the common has brought these people here. What can it be?

Ah! they are all talking about tea.

"You can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink," one says, very significantly, to his neighbor.

"Aye, and they can send us tea but can't make us drink," responds his neighbor.

"Let them take it back to England, then, and peddle it out there," ejaculates a third. "We will not have it forced down our throats," he adds.

*From "Around the Hub," copyright, 1881, by Samuel Adams Drake. Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown & Company.

"What sort of a drink would tea and salt water make?" suggests a man who is evidently losing patience; for it has grown dark, and the lamps shed a dim light throughout the unquiet crowd.

"Good for John Rowe!" shout the bystanders approvingly, and as his words pass from mouth to mouth, the people laugh and clap.

Presently a man of middle age speaks. At his first words every voice is hushed. Every eye is turned upon him. In a grave and steady voice he tells the people that their purpose to send the tea-ships home to England, with their cargoes untouched, has been thwarted by Governor Hutchinson, who refuses to give the vessels the pass, without which they cannot sail. "And now," concludes this same grave and earnest voice, to which all eagerly listen, "*this meeting* can do nothing more to save the country."

There is a moment's silence—a moment of keen disappointment, an ominous silence.

Then some one in the gallery cries out, in a ringing voice, "Boston Harbor a tea-pot to-night! Hurrah for Griffin's Wharf!"

Instantly, before the people are aware what is intended, an Indian war-whoop pierces the air; and, starting at the signal, no one seems to know whence or how, half a hundred men, having their faces smeared with soot, and disguised as Indian warriors, brandishing hatchets and shouting as they run, pour through Milk Street, followed by the crowd, turn down to Griffin's

Wharf, where the tea-ships lie, clamber on board, take off the hatches in a hurry, and while some pass up the chests from the hold others smash and pitch them overboard. Crash go the hatchets, splash goes the tea. Splash! splash! Every one works for dear life, earnest and determined.

Never were ships more quickly unloaded. The frightened captains and crews were told to go below and stay there if they would not be harmed. They obeyed. No one but the fishes drank that tea.

After finishing their work the lads who had been making a tea-pot of Boston Harbor marched gayly back to town to the music of a fife. While on their way they passed by the residence of Mad Montagu, the British admiral who commanded all the fleet of war-ships then lying at anchor within gunshot of the town. The admiral threw up his window, thrust out his head, and halloed:

"Well, boys, you have had a fine, pleasant evening for your Indian caper, haven't you? But mind, you've got to pay the fiddler yet!"

"Oh, never mind, Squire!" shouted Pitts, the leader. "Just come out here, if you please, and we'll settle the bill in two minutes."

The admiral shut his window in a hurry, and the tea-party, with a laugh for the admiral, marched on. He was fond of a fight, but thought it best to decline this invitation.

HOW THE WARNING WAS GIVEN*

By Mabel Nelson Thurston

In this story an old-fashioned "courting-stick" in the hands of a quick-witted girl is the means of saving patriot lives and ammunition.

THE time was the year of Lexington and Concord, and the place, a little village not many miles away. Already men's faces were stern and women's eyes dim with sorrow; only the little children played on and knew no difference.

Dolly Pearson scorned the name of child, yet the thought of war brought to her only a sense of exhilaration. She had no father or brother to lose; but neither had Elizabeth who had not smiled these three months. Why? John Thurlow had said no word of enlisting. A shame it was, too—thought Dolly—and he a strong man with naught to bind him!

"Betty," said Dolly, who was helping her sister to tidy the best room, "why does not John enlist? There, 'tis said now—I just had to! I've been waiting and waiting because I feared to hurt you by the question!"

Elizabeth turned her quiet face to the saucy one, and smiled a little sadly down at the girl. "John will

*From the *Youth's Companion*, March 23, 1899.

go soon," she said. "He is but tarrying till the time be ripe."

"Well, right glad am I to know it!" cried Dolly. "I always liked John Thurlow, but had he been a coward——" She stopped, amazed at Elizabeth's look.

"Never name coward and John Thurlow in the same breath again!" she said, vehemently, with wrathful face.

Dolly ran over to her sister repentantly. "Betty, I meant nothing. I could not understand his tarrying, that was all. It is because he is going that you have looked so sober lately."

"Yes," said Elizabeth, burying her face in her blue apron. Dolly stared. She never cried herself, and never had she seen her sister cry, save when their father died. Something of the solemn feeling she had then had now silenced her, and she stood smoothing Elizabeth's hand until the girl looked up.

"There, Dolly, get to work," she said, "and be glad you are not old enough to understand."

Dolly went pouting to her work—at fourteen she didn't like being thought young! Presently something diverted her thoughts. It was a hollow rod, eight feet long and an inch in diameter, with a queer mouth and ear-piece at each end—an old-time courting-stick that had belonged to her grandmother. Dolly held it across to Elizabeth, her face dimpling with mischief.

"Try it, Betty!" she pleaded. I want to see if it sounds as well as ever."

Elizabeth held it to her ear, while Dolly's saucy lips

touched the other end. "Betty," she whispered, "are you not glad that you and John don't have to use this stick?" Elizabeth dropped it impatiently.

"You heard," Dolly said innocently. "That was what I desired to know. But you might have said something to me!"

When Elizabeth's color came and went, as now, there was no girl like her in the village. Indeed, at all times she was prettiest, thought loyal Dolly, studying her next day, as they all walked to meeting—Elizabeth in a sprigged muslin and a bonnet with rose-colored ribbons. How beautiful she looked as she went to the singers' seats! John Thurlow sat there, too.

By turning a little in the pew, Dolly could see the singers' seats, and half the congregation as well. So of course she saw Eunice Winter come in, and with her a strange young man, who soon perceived the pretty face under the rose-colored ribbons, and glanced at it frequently.

Sometimes Dolly changed her position and studied the queer old pulpit, with its winding stairs and the roofing overhead. There was a loft in the roof, and squirrels and birds came in there. Suddenly Dolly gave a start, and a look of delight shone in her eyes. After that she heard not even the Parson's "Finally," and only came to herself when the people rose to depart. Then she pulled her sister's dress.

"Betty, do hasten!" she pleaded. "I have something to tell you."

Elizabeth glanced down at the excited face.

"What is it, Dolly?" she asked, anxiety sharpening her quiet voice.

"Come," urged Dolly, "away from the others! I *must* tell you!"

Elizabeth followed her sister to a corner of the meeting-house yard, where they were alone.

"What is it, Dolly?" Betty asked again, shaken out of her usual calm.

Dolly leaned forward. "Tell John Thurlow I know where his muskets are," she said, "and if they be not careful, others will know it, too!"

Elizabeth caught the girl's hand tightly.

"How knew you that, Dolly?" she asked, a great fear choking her. Dolly could be trusted, but many Royalists in the neighborhood were seeking just this knowledge!

"Oh," said Dolly, delighted at the importance of her discovery, "I saw something gleaming through a crack in the roofing. I thought at first 'twas the sunlight, but presently I noted some dust in the pew. I put my hand down and picked some up and tasted it, and although I be 'so young,' I know powder. Why didn't you tell me? I'd have died sooner than betray it!" Her eyes were flashing through tears.

"I know it, little sister," said Elizabeth. "I would trust you as soon as myself. But do you not see it would be foolish to take more than were necessary into the secret?"

"Ye-es," admitted Dolly reluctantly, and then with the old mischievous smile, she added: "Betty, was it necessary for you to know it?"

"You have a sadly undisciplined tongue, Dolly," said Betty, coloring.

"But you do not fear to trust me," said Dolly as they walked slowly back across the yard. Then the undisciplined tongue reasserted itself.

"Did you note the fine gallant Eunice Winter had today?" she asked.

"I saw there was a stranger."

"He scarce took his eyes from a bonnet with rose-colored ribbons. And he is much finer-seeming than John Thurlow, Betty!"

"Now, Dolly, you're going too far," said Elizabeth sternly. "What would mother say? It is downright wicked to have such thoughts in the house of God."

"Don't get cross," pleaded Dolly coaxingly. "I paid heed to the parson, and I can tell you the text. And for the other matter, time will show if I be wrong," and with a saucy nod she broke away and joined her mother.

Time did show. Whatever might be the fault of Mistress Dolly's tongue, her eyes were seldom mistaken. Before a week was over the strange gentleman had met Elizabeth and he soon fell into the habit of calling almost daily. His name was Henry Robbins, and he was Eunice Winter's cousin, visiting there for a month, he said.

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MONUMENT, BRIDGE, AND MINUTE-MAN, CONCORD, MASS.

"Here, on the 19th of April, 1775, was made the first forcible resistance to British aggression. On the opposite bank stood the American Militia. Here stood the Invading Army, and on this spot the first of the Enemy fell in the war of that revolution which gave Independence to these United States. In gratitude to God and in the love of Freedom this Monument was erected A. D. 1836.

All Dolly's admiration for him vanished on the day she suspected he was a Royalist. He had never avowed it, but the girl detected a look in his eyes when she spoke of Lexington that brought her to her feet in great excitement.

"I believe you're a Royalist!" she exclaimed, with flashing eyes. "If not, why are you tarrying here when the need is so sore? I think a man who tarries unconcerned is a coward!"

"Dolly!" remonstrated Elizabeth.

"I do," answered Dolly angrily. "And I hate cowards! You can excuse me if you will, Betty, but I would say it all over again to the king's face!" and she ran out of the room.

The young man looked a little disturbed.

"I pray you overlook the child's quick tongue," Elizabeth said. "She is an eager little rebel, and loses control of herself."

"Oh, I am not troubled by a child's idle talk," he said. "I admire her spirit. Yet I feel I scarce deserve the lash of her words."

"I judge no man who follows his conscience. God will direct the right," said Elizabeth gently.

With that he had to be content. Yet as he walked down the road he switched impatiently at the daisies beside it, and felt ill-satisfied with the part he was playing. To live among these people solely to discover their preparations for war revolted him, and he did so only at the positive order of his general.

But as days went on, he began to despair. No slightest clue could he get of the whereabouts of the stores he knew were being collected. Then one day, as he was about to return to Boston, a scrap of paper was slipped into his hand by a boy, who immediately scampered away. Captain Robbins was standing with a group of men at the tavern waiting for the mail-coach, and he carelessly untwisted and read the note:

Search the loft of the meeting-house. A servant of his majesty.

A quick glow came into the young man's face. John Thurlow was standing near and looked at him a little curiously. "Good news, judging from your face," said John.

"Aye, the best," the Royalist said slowly. And never did John Thurlow forget the curious tone and look of the Tory.

It was no difficult matter to examine the loft, which was found nearly full of arms and powder. But Robbins did not choose to seize the munitions; he hoped to convict Thurlow, at least, if none of the others. He set spies on the church, meaning to capture any of the king's enemies who might attempt to take away arms.

Then another note came to him:

On Monday next there will be a midnight meeting in the loft. It might interest the captain to attend.

It was Saturday afternoon then. One of the Royalists happened to be passing the house; the captain called him, and the two young men swung into step down the

road to the meeting-house. Dolly Pearson stood watching the two as they walked quickly away; then some suspicion came to her from their gestures. She tried to dismiss it as foolish, but tried in vain.

Suddenly she started off on a run across the fields. When she reached the meeting-house her breath was coming in heavy gasps. The building was open for one of its rare sweepings, but no one was in sight just then. The girl ran in and up the winding stairs and crouched down behind the pulpit, and lay there listening and trying to still the noisy beating of her heart.

It seemed ages that she crouched there; perhaps she had been mistaken—they might not have been coming here—then she started at the sound of voices. She dared not peer out. She held herself rigid and listened —listened for the life of John Thurlow whom Elizabeth loved.

"Forty muskets and seven kegs of powder," said one voice.

"Aye, and Thurlow and his recruits to take all on Monday night?"

"Hist!" said the captain, looking round uneasily. "Walls have ears. Monday at midnight you will have a strong band ready. We will surround the meeting-house, and then——"

"Down with the rebels! And the pay, captain?"

"Trust His Majesty for that. You can have my own share, too. Success is enough for me."

"That and a fair field to Betty Pearson's favor."

laughed the other. "You are not the only one that would like to see John Thurlow out of the way!"

"Then shall I earn their gratitude," answered Robbins.

Dolly was trembling, and it did not seem as if she could control herself much longer; but soon they went away. Then she had to rest long in one of the pews to quiet her nerves.

"What ails you, Dolly?" her mother exclaimed, when she saw her. "You look too ill to stand! You ought to go straight to bed while I brew some herbs for you."

"Oh, mother, I can't go to bed," said Dolly. "I must see John!"

"Would I were John!" said a mocking voice.

Dolly's heart sank within her. She had not noticed the captain as she entered. With an effort she summoned one of her saucy smiles.

"Good-even, Mr. Robbins—this is an unexpected pleasure! You have not been here for so long—why, not since yesterday!"

"Come and entertain me, since I please you so much," laughed the captain.

"No," said Dolly, "it would not be proper to show it. I prefer to talk to Betty."

"And I prefer you should talk to me," said the captain, and there was a note in his voice that startled Dolly. She imagined that she was suspected. The color had come back to her face now, and her eyes were blazing. Somehow—how, she had not the least idea—

she must warn John to-night. To-morrow would be too late, for the captain was on his guard.

She leaned back in a corner of the big settle, with a saucy laugh answered his teasing, and gradually regained control of herself. Yet all her will could not keep the color from flying to her face when she heard John's step. She bent down and played with the kitten at her feet.

"Miss Dolly was desiring your presence, Mr. Thurlow," said the captain.

"Oh," said Dolly carelessly, "never mind, John. That was an hour ago."

Thurlow smiled good-humoredly at her, knowing her to be whimsical. She sat wondering how she could get the message to him. Write it? Even could she do so unobserved she would have no opportunity to give it to him; of that she was certain. Equally sure was she that she would not be allowed to leave the room alone.

Suddenly a thought came to her and filled her with glee. "Oh, Mr. Robbins!" she cried. "Have you ever seen our courting-stick?"

"Courting-stick? What might that be?"

"I'll show you," she answered, starting up. "'Tis in the best room."

"Nay, let me get it for you," he said, rising.

"How can you, if you know it not when you see it?" she retorted. "But you may come, too." She felt a wicked delight in hearing the captain's muttered

exclamations as he followed her into the dim best room, stumbling over table and chairs on the way.

"Did you hurt yourself, Mr. Robbins?" she exclaimed, in a tone of commiseration. "Trouble yourself no more; I have the rod. Here, John," she added, when they had returned, "take the other end while I show Mr. Robbins how our grandfathers courted."

John took the rod and Dolly put her lips to her own end. "John," she whispered, "betray no surprise for your life! Mr. Robbins knows about the meeting-house loft, and is to lead a band of men to take you Monday night. Pretend you cannot hear this well."

John looked up in apparent perplexity. "The old rod is out of use," he said. "Speak louder, Dolly."

The captain, with a suspicious look, pressed nearer.

"John," she called, "are you sorry courting-sticks are out of fashion?"

"A chilly custom, truly," said the captain. "Don't you think, Miss Dolly, it was rather hard on the happy pair?"

"Why, no," said Dolly. "Take the other end, Mr. Robbins, and see the convenience of it."

The captain took John's place, but he could not catch the faint whisper.

"I could not hear the words," he said.

"Oh, I'll try again," said Dolly obligingly.

This time the captain turned away with an amused laugh. "Cool heart that could carry on love-making

at such a length," he said. "It is a rare curiosity, though. Shall I carry it back, Miss Dolly?"

"It needs not to be put away now," Elizabeth said, and Dolly had to give up the pleasure of making the captain stumble again in the dark.

As the clock struck nine John rose, and the captain with him. Dolly laughed as away through the darkness strode the two men whose fortunes had changed strangely since they trod the same road a couple of hours before.

Three hours later a strange party in the meeting-house silently lowered the powder casks and muskets and carried them to carts outside. When morning broke the munitions were stored again five miles away. The men were in their usual places when the Sabbath service began.

John gave one quick look at Dolly, and she was satisfied. He did not go near her after the service, but one and another of the men came and spoke to her. They said no word of why they spoke, but she knew, and her heart swelled with pride as she counted the bravest of the place among the number. They were true patriots, then! She never would doubt them again, never!

The next night Captain Robbins met his men near the church. Nothing was stirring. The captain began to look black.

One of the men entered through a window and flung the door open. They strode into the empty room.

The noise of their footsteps seemed to echo and re-echo. All was solemnity of silence. In spite of themselves, they were awed by the time and the place.

"At least," said Captain Robbins hoarsely, "we will take the stores." He climbed eagerly to the loft ahead of the others. "Your light, Wilson," he called.

The man handed it up and Robbins held it high above his head. A few startled swallows whirred around him and a mouse ran out of some straw on the floor. But that was all.

There were two visitors at the Pearsons' the next day. One was the captain who called to say farewell. His holiday was up, he said, and he must go back to Boston. Dolly watched him as he rode away. Once he turned and waved to her. "Good-bye, my little enemy," he called.

The next one was John Thurlow. He caught Dolly's hands in his strong grip and looked down at her so that she colored and tried to get away.

"Why, Dolly!" said Elizabeth, in surprise.

"Has she not told you?" asked John. "She is the bravest little maid I ever saw. I know not, even now, how much her quick wit has saved."

"No," said Dolly, looking up, her mischief as usual conquering her confusion. "I am naught but a little rebel firebrand—Mr. Robbins said so. And Mr. Robbins knows everything except the use of courting-sticks!"

She broke away and ran quickly down the lane. The

air was full of soft summer noises, and the leaves and blossoms were stirring and flashing and playing in the sunlight, and the day was golden—golden! She drew a long breath of content. She was so happy to be alive and to have helped a little.

"For I always shall be a rebel as long as I live," she declared.

SUSAN TONGS*

By Ethel Parton

The author says of Susan that she "was a sociable soul, if occasionally a bit difficult"—and we welcome her to our gathering of patriotic heroes and heroines.

THE lower half-door of the Thurrell house side porch was closed because Susan Tong's ball of yarn, which was always slipping from her vast and rotund knees, had a way of hopping down the steps if the door were left open. Because the garden path sloped, the ball, if once started, would roll far beyond even the longest reach of the odd implement with twin handles at one end, flat nippers at the other, and a middle length of extensible iron latticework, which had earned Susan, properly the Widow Thurrell, the name by which she was commonly known. But the upper half of the broad, green-painted door was set wide to the streaming sunshine of a mild October afternoon of 1776.

Just within the door showed the chintz back, gay with red-patterned palm-leaves, of the huge armchair in which sat Susan Tongs herself, her smooth bands of red hair just showing beneath her cap, her small, light eyes lifted from her work to the golden autumnal land-

*From the *Youth's Companion*, April 20, 1899.

scape, her triple chin descending upon a snowy amplitude of kerchief, and a pair of long steel needles clicking in her two fat hands.

Susan possessed two distinctions: she was the fattest person in the village, and she was the only fat person in it who had not an easy-going disposition. Too unwieldy for many years past to move about upon her little feet and weak ankles without the assistance of her crutch-handled staff, her utmost exertion was to cross the road to the meeting-house on Sundays; week-days she spent in her chair, directing the household tasks of her pretty niece, Tamsine, who did not have a very easy life of it.

Susan Thurrell, everybody said, had been notably brisk and light of foot in her youth, and the burden of flesh which had come upon her in later life was particularly unwelcome, and far from being accompanied by a corresponding increase in mental grace. She was certainly very exacting.

Just what her weight was no one knew; her own guess was "nigh about two hundred and fifty," but there were many who vowed it was three hundred if it was a pound.

A mottled hen which had somehow got into the garden patch caught Susan's eye, and a shadow of anger overcast her wide face. The creature was clucking its way, followed by a lone chicken, directly toward her favorite bed of sweet herbs. She shouted a husky "Shoo," but without effect; then she caught up her "lazy man's tongs," which lay near.

Quickly compressing the handles, she shot the tip out to its farthest extent and picked up with it a crust of bread fallen from the dinner-table and overlooked, for Tamsey, the orderly caretaker, had been called away in haste that day to a sick neighbor. This crust she flung at the invader. The hen squawked and ran, but presently returned to peck cheerfully at the missile.

Still wheezing from the exertion of a rapid movement, Susan uttered a grunt of disgust, and with lazy-tongs still in hand glanced about for something else to throw. As she turned to look behind her chair she saw, at the far end of the room, leaning against the mantelpiece to which he seemed to cling for support, a young man, scarcely more than a boy, very pale and breathing heavily, and with a queerly mingled look of courage and terror in his eyes.

"Othniel Purdie!" she cried. "What are you doing in my kitchen?"

He only panted, and she stared at him in amazement fast deepening to suspicion.

"Why ain't you with General Washington?" she demanded. "What are you back here in Norley for? Folks said you'd run away to join the army. Don't you know there's a British camp at the other end of the town, and British officers quartered at Parson Hackett's and Marchant Cole's? What are you here for?—and looking scared as a hunted rabbit! I never liked you, and I won't have you hanging around my niece, Tamsey; but I do hope to Providence you've not

deserted. I couldn't bear to think any Norley boy would do that. Speak up, can't you? What are you here for?"

"I haven't deserted," the young fellow managed to say, "and I know well enough the place is full of redcoats. They want me, and I'm afraid they'll get me, and it's all up if they do."

"Want you? What for?" She looked at him again, and between her heavy cheeks and the overhanging roll of her eyebrows a gleam of fiery intelligence came into her two little gray-blue eyes, small and hard and wise, like an elephant's.

"Where's your uniform? What are you holding to the front of your shirt for? Have you papers there? Despatches? Are you trying to steal through the lines? That's the same as spying, isn't it? Good mercy, you'll be hanged; of course you will!"

He had not needed to answer any of her quick questions in words; she took the answer from his eyes without waiting, and scolded on: "And I suppose you stopped here for a sight of Tamsey, but she's away and you won't see her, and glad I am of that. The zanies boys are! You'd better slip away quick and hide till dark; there's a place in the shed loft where nobody——"

He interrupted her. "I can't get there. I can't go any farther. I've sprained my ankle and I fainted twice getting here the back way from Royd's wood-lot, where I dodged them and they lost me. But they haven't given it up, and I heard them say they'd search

every house in the village. But this was the only place I could get away to, and so I came. I can't go any farther; I'll faint again if I try. I thought maybe Tamsey'd hide me. I know you don't like me, Mrs. Thurrell, but I thought you'd let her, when it was life and death—and there are the papers——"

"Give them to me," said Susan.

"Here—I know you'll take good care of them, at any rate, and you'll send them on by a safe hand if I'm taken, won't you, Mrs. Thurrell?"

"Mmm!" grunted Susan. "Twist them up and toss them in the woodbox there with the kindlings—it's in plain sight and won't be thought of. Now we've got to hurry—hurry—hurry, if we're going to save that neck of yours; and, land, what a poor pair we are for hurrying!"

Laughing fiercely, and gripping the arms of her seat, Susan had risen painfully as she talked, and now, supporting herself on her staff, stood up and shoved the great chair a little to one side. A trap-door showed in the floor where it had stood, and she explained quickly that the kitchen had been a later addition to the house; that the main cellar did not extend beneath it, but that there was below a small, square pit for storage, large enough to conceal a man at need.

Then, crying to Othniel to catch, she tossed him her crutch-stick, and leaning heavily upon it, he crossed the room to her side. Directing him to lean on the chair, she resumed her staff, and, reversing it, hooked open the

trap-door with the crutch end, and signed to him to descend.

He hesitated. "They'll find it," he said; "it's in plain sight as soon as your chair is moved. If I must be caught, I'd rather be caught above ground than hauled out of a hole, like a woodchuck."

"You go down," said Susan grimly, "I'm going to put that chair back and sit in it; and move it they don't neither, not if they're the whole British army!"

He lowered himself to the edge and slipped down, wincing and biting his lips as he curled up in the little square space, adjusting his injured ankle in his hand. For a moment his clear eyes looked up to Susan's with gratitude and appeal; then the lid closed. He heard shoving and shuffling and the settling of a heavy weight in place overhead, and after that the swift and steady click of knitting-needles.

A young English officer, accompanied by a sergeant and four soldiers, coming briskly up the garden-path not ten minutes later, found Susan Tongs knitting as usual, just within her doorway. She scarcely glanced up while the officer, a youngster hardly older than Othniel, briefly stated his errand and demanded admittance; but when he had concluded, she shot him an indignant look.

"Search my house!" she cried. "Do you suppose I want your soldiers' dirty fingers poking in my linen-chest and overhauling my gowns and petticoats, all to find a good-for-nothing lad that's been forbid the place

this two years? Ask any of the neighbors what were the last words I had with Othniel Purdie, and whether he's likely to be hiding here or not—ask 'em! I don't believe you even think he's here. I believe it's an excuse to steal my property and drink my cider. How should he be here? Last folks heard, he was off to General Washington—God bless him——"

"What! What!" cried the young officer, lifting his eyebrows and laughing. Susan set her teeth and clicked her needles hard. "We hear there's a pretty niece of yours, who's not so hard on the young man," he went on; "and since you're so frankly a rebel yourself, Mrs. Tongs, you'll admit it's not a bad guess that she may have coaxed you into protecting even a lover you don't like, when he's doing spy's work for your admired General Washington. I shall certainly search the house."

"My name is Mrs. Thurrell, young man; it's only old friends and neighbors who may call me 'Susan Tongs,'" answered Susan dryly. "And no coaxing of my silly niece, Tamsey—not if she coaxed from now till judgment—should drive me to harboring any lad against my will. I do as I please in my own house. But she's a soft thing, and young, and it's possible she might have slyed him in by the back way, if he's really in town and hiding; you see I sit here all day, and could little tell what went on in the rest of the house.

"The notion of Othniel Purdie stowed away in secret in cupboard or closet of mine pleases me no more than

it does you, she scolded on; "so on second thoughts you may search and welcome, provided only you look well after your men and see there's no mauling of my quilts and calicoes—manners, sir, manners! Would you shove by a woman, hat cocked, on her own threshold, when she has bidden you to come in? Keep back, or come properly!" for the young lieutenant, impatient of further talk, had started to push past Susan, whose great chair and person almost blocked the way, and had made a sign to a soldier as if commanding him to assist in removing the obstacle.

But before the soldier could mount the steps, and quick as the officer's hand touched her chair, Susan had snatched up her lazy-tongs—there was a snap, a glint of shining dark metal, and the nippers clicked together within an inch of his ear. He uttered a dismayed oath and leaped backward down the low steps, where he would have fallen had not the grinning soldier caught him in his arms.

Recovering himself, he cried, furiously, "Put down that pistol!"

Susan smiled a grandmotherly smile and gently shook her head.

The soldier's grin broadened. "'Twa'n't a pistol, sir," he explained respectfully. "I don't know what it was; but 'twa'n't a pistol."

"Let me pass!" said the officer, reassured but mortified, and springing again up the steps. "Move aside and let me pass, woman!"

"Woman, and an old woman," answered Susan serenely, "and surely you may pass, for I told you so. But a woman of my weight moves slowly, and it behooves a young gentleman to show patience. I will be treated civilly under my own roof; and I won't budge an inch for a swaggering boy with his hat on—there!" she continued, as he thrust roughly by, squeezed nearly flat between the armchair and the door-jamb, "there's for your impudence!"

This time her aim was better, and the tongs snicked sharply together with the tip of his queue between them, with the result that, as he pushed on and Susan held fast, his head was sharply jerked, and his gilt-laced hat fell off at her feet. With a leisurely closing of the nippers, Susan picked it up and put it on the table.

"You can have it again when you go," she said soothingly, as if speaking to a fretful child. "And will you ask your man there to go round to the other door? As you have just found, young sir, this door's scarcely wide enough for two, when I am one of them, and he is stouter than you."

For a moment, red and angry, the young fellow glared upon her fiercely; but she met his look with one so steady, placid, and grandmotherly, yet with a glimmer of humor in it, too, that his wrath suddenly vanished in a burst of boyish laughter. He signed to the soldier to go round to the back door, as the others had already done, and held out his hand for Susan's lazy-tongs, which he played with curiously, snapping and nipping

with them at the air, while he directed the elaborate search of the lower rooms. Then they all went upstairs together, and heavy feet were heard clumping through the bedrooms for a long time. At last the stairs creaked, and they descended.

"Did your soldiers handle my linen?" asked Susan eagerly, with a face of deep, housewifely anxiety. "I suppose they have tumbled the whole chestful out in a heap."

"No, indeed—we've scarcely shaken out the lavender," the lieutenant answered, smiling pleasantly; adding, with a glance of mock terror at the tongs, "May I have my hat?"

"Let your sergeant go to the pantry first, if you please. I can't wait on you myself, but there are doughnuts and a jug of sweet cider on the shelf, at your service," she replied hospitably, and as it was the last house of the village, and they had no further searching to do, they accepted the modest treat gratefully, and the four soldiers gathered, munching and sipping, around the kitchen fire in most friendly fashion.

No shadow of suspicion remained, but the mischievous young commander lifted his mug, and saying, "This is for the pull you gave my hair, Mrs. Thurrell, and no punishment at that if you were a properly loyal subject," he drank to the king's health.

"Pour out a mug for me, too, sergeant," demanded Susan, with sparkling eyes; but as the man tipped the pitcher to obey, his officer stopped him.

"No, no!" he cried, laughing and waving it aside. "She will drink to General Washington!"

"Yes, that she would, young sir!" said Susan Tongs.

Next day, with his precious despatches rescued from the woodbox and his ankle much better, Othniel escaped in a patriotic neighbor's load of hay. After the war ended he married Tamsey, with no opposition from Susan, whose temper softened with time, and who, ever after having saved him, lavished upon him an affection as great as her former dislike.

Indeed, it was a joke in the household—for they shared one home—that Aunt Susan was never cross now unless Tamsey forgot to give her husband his favorite kind of cake for supper, or left a rent in his coat unmended longer then five minutes after he took it off! Then there was a tempest. But Tamsey was so fond both of Othniel and Susan Tongs that she could let it rage about her quite untroubled, duteously veiling her amusement, and listening with an air of meek respect until it spent itself, and peace returned.

THE LITTLE MINUTE-MAN*

By H. G. Paine

We have all heard of the "minute-men," but do you know about the little boy who played minute-man inside of a big grandfather's clock, while the redcoats were waiting to capture his father?

ALL during the winter Brinton had been saying what he would do if the redcoats came, and grieving because his age, which was eight, prevented him from going with his father to fight under General Washington.

Every night, when his mother tucked him in his bed and kissed him good-night, he told her not to be afraid, that he had promised his father to protect her, and he proposed to do it.

His plan of action, in event of the sudden appearance of the enemy, varied somewhat from day to day, but in general outline it consisted of a bold show of force at the front gate and a flank attack by Towser, the dog. Should these tactics fail to discourage the British, he intended to retire behind a stone fort he had built on the lawn, between the two tall elms, and to fire stones at the invaders until they fell back in confusion, while his mother would look on and encourage him from the front porch.

*From *Harper's Round Table*, July 9, 1895.

When the redcoats unexpectedly appeared in the distance, one afternoon in May, what Brinton really did was to run helter-skelter down the road, up the broad path to the house, through the front hall into the library, close the door, and then peep out of the window to watch them go by.

When he first caught sight of the soldiers Brinton was sure that there was at least a regiment of them, but when they were opposite the front gate all that he could see were a corporal and three privates. Instead of keeping on their way, however, they turned up the path toward the house, and then it seemed to Brinton that they were the most gigantic human beings that he had ever seen.

His mother was away for the day, and had taken Towser with her. This, together with the fact that the enemy were now between him and his fort, entirely spoiled Brinton's plan of campaign, and he decided to seek at once some more secluded spot, and there to devise something to meet the changed conditions. But when he started to run out of the room, he found that in his hurry he had left the front door open, so that any one in the hall would be in plain sight of the soldiers, who were now very near.

Unfortunately there was no other door by which Brinton could leave the room. What was worse, there was no closet in which he could hide. The soldiers were now so close at hand that he could hear their voices, and a glance through the window showed him

that two of them were going around to the back of the house, as if to cut off any possible escape in that direction.

And his mother would not be back until six o'clock. Instinctively his eyes sought the face of the tall timepiece in the corner. It was just three; and he could hear the soldiers' steps on the front porch!

The clock!

Surely there was room within its generous case for a very small boy. In less time than it takes to write it Brinton was inside, and had turned the button with which the door was fastened. As he pressed himself close against the door, so that there should be room for the pendulum to swing behind him, he heard the corporal enter the room. He knew it must be the corporal, because he ordered the other man to go upstairs and look around there, while he searched the room on the other side of the hall.

Brinton could hear the footsteps of the men as they walked about the house, and their voices as they talked to each other. Then all was quiet for a long while. He was just on the point of peeping out when all four men entered the room.

"Well," said a voice that he recognized as the corporal's, "it is plain there is no one at 'ome. Me own himpression is that the bird's flown. 'E's probably started back for camp, and the wife and the kid with 'im. I don't believe in payink no hattention to w'at them Tories says, nohow, goink back on their own neigh-

bors—and kin, too, like as not. It's just to curry favor with the hofficers, it's me own hopinion. 'Ow did 'e know the Major was comink 'ome to-day, anyhow?"

Nobody answered him. Perhaps he didn't expect any one to.

The Major! Brinton's own father! He was coming home! This, then, was the surprise that his mother had said she would bring him when she went off with Towser in the morning to go to Colonel Shepard's. And now those redcoats were going to sit there and wait until he came, and then—Brinton did not know what would happen, whether he would be shot on the spot, or merely put in prison for the rest of his life.

Oh, if he could only get out and run to meet his father and warn him! But the men seemed to give no signs of leaving the room.

"Perhaps he hasn't come at all yet," suggested one of the privates.

"Perhaps 'e hasn't," answered the voice of the corporal; "but w'y, then, wouldn't his folks be 'ere awaitink for 'im? 'Owever, I'll give 'im hevery chance. It's now five-and-twenty minutes after three. I'll give 'im huntil six, but if 'e doesn't turn hup by then, we'll start away for the shore without 'im."

"Six o'clock!" thought the boy in the clock. The very time his mother had told him she was going to be home again "with something very nice for him." And now she and his brave papa would walk right into

the arms of these dreadful English soldiers, and he could not stop them!

Whang!

What a noise! It startled Brinton so much that he nearly knocked the clock over; and then he realized that it was only the clock striking half-past three.

Half-past three! He had been in there only half an hour, and already he was so tired he could hardly stand up. How could he ever endure it until four, until half-past four, five, six?

"If only something, some accident even, will happen to detain papa and mamma!" he thought. But how much more likely, it occurred to him, that his father, having but a short leave of absence, would hasten, and arrive before six.

"Tick-tock," went the clock.

"How slow, how very slow!" thought Brinton, and he wished there were only some way of hurrying up the time, so that the soldiers would go away.

Still the soldiers stayed in the room, all but one, who had gone into the kitchen to watch from there.

"Tick-tock," went the clock, and "whang—whang—whang—whang!" Only four o'clock. Brinton began to fear that he could not hold out much longer.

"Tick-tock," went the clock. Each swing of the pendulum marked one second, Brinton's mother had told him. If he could only make it swing quicker, so that the seconds would fly a little faster!

"Why not try to?" Brinton was on the point of

breaking down. He was desperate. He felt that he must do something. He took hold of the pendulum and gave it a little push. It yielded readily to his pressure. None of the soldiers seemed to notice it. He gave it another push. The result was the same. Brinton began to pick up courage, and he pushed the pendulum to and fro, to and fro, to and fro.

He tried to keep it swinging at a perfectly even rate, and apparently he succeeded. At any rate, the soldiers appeared to notice nothing different. Yet Brinton was sure that he was causing the old clock to tick off its seconds at a considerably livelier gait than usual. Half-past four came almost before he knew it, but by five o'clock Brinton began to realize that he was very, very tired. He had been standing two hours already in that cramped, dark, close case, and he had pushed the pendulum first with one hand and then with the other in that narrow space until both felt sore and lame. Yet now that he had once begun, he did not dare leave off, and still it did not seem possible that he could keep it up.

The soldiers had kept very quiet for a long time. Brinton thought that two of them must be napping.

At five o'clock the soldier who was awake aroused the corporal and the other private, whom the corporal sent to relieve the man on guard in the kitchen.

"I must 'ave slept mighty sound," remarked the corporal. "I'd never believe I'd been asleep an hour, if I didn't see it hon the clock."

"No soigns av any wan yit," reported the man who

had been in the kitchen, whom Brinton judged to be an Irishman. "Be's ye going to wait till six?"

"Yes," answered the corporal. "But no longer."

Then they began talking about the British fleet that was cruising in Long Island Sound, and about the ship on which they were temporarily quartered until they could join the main body of the army, and how a neighbor of Brinton's father's and mother's had been down at the store when a ship's boat had put in for water, and how he had told the officer in charge that Major Hall, Brinton's father, was expected home for a few hours that day, and what a fine opportunity it would be to make an important capture.

The clock struck half-past five.

"H'm!" grunted the corporal. "It doesn't seem that late; but, you know, you can't tell anythink about anythink in this blarsted country."

Brinton now began to be very much afraid that his father would come before the soldiers left. He wanted to move the pendulum faster and faster, but after what the corporal had said he did not dare to. Then, when the men lapsed into silence, it suddenly came over Brinton how dreadfully weary he was, how all his bones ached, and how much, how very much, he wanted to cry. But he felt that his father's only chance of safety lay in his keeping the pendulum swinging to and fro, to and fro.

At last, however, came the welcome sound of the corporal's voice bidding the men get ready to start.

Whang—whang—whang—whang—whang—whang!

"Fall in!" ordered the corporal. "Forward, march!"

As the sound of their footsteps died away, Brinton, all of a tremble, opened the door of the clock and stumbled out. He knelt at the window and watched the retreating forms of the redcoats. As they disappeared down the road he heard a noise behind him, and jumped up with a start.

There stood his father!

The next instant Brinton was sobbing in his arms.

Brinton's mother came into the room. "Dear me!" she said; "what ever can be the matter with the clock? It's half an hour fast."

GENERAL GAGE AND THE BOSTON BOYS*

By Samuel Adams Drake

A very short story, showing a British general's admiration for American boys who were not afraid to stand up for their rights.

PERHAPS you have heard that even in these old times the Boston boys were in the habit of coasting on the Common. They would build hills of snow and slide swiftly down to the Frog Pond. Well, the English soldiers had their camps on the Common, and from mere love of mischief would, when the boys had gone to school, destroy their coasting-ground. Incensed at having their sport thus meanly prevented, a delegation of boys went to General Gage about it. When shown into his presence he asked, with surprise, why so many children had come to see him.

"We come, sir," said the young spokesman, with a flushed face, "to ask a redress of our grievances."

"What!" said the general, "have your fathers been teaching you rebellion, and sent you here to utter it?"

"Nobody sent us, sir," replied the brave little fellow. "We have never injured or insulted your soldiers, but they have trodden down our snow-hills, and broken the

*From "Around the Hub," copyright, 1881, by Samuel Adams Drake. Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown & Company.

ice on our skating-ground. We complained, and they called us young rebels, and told us to help ourselves if we could. Yesterday our works were destroyed for the third time, and now," said the lad, with flashing eyes, "we will bear it no longer."

General Gage looked at the boys with undisguised admiration. Then, turning to an officer who stood near, he exclaimed:

"Good heavens, the very children draw in a love of liberty with the air they breathe." To the lads he then said:

"You may go, my brave boys; and be assured that if any of my troops hereafter molest you, they shall be severely punished."

WASHINGTON AND THE SPY*

By James Fenimore Cooper

In this Revolutionary story of Cooper's, the Spy was one of Washington's most faithful helpers. The following pages tell of their last meeting, shortly before the close of the war.

THE commencement of the year was passed, on the part of the Americans, in making great preparations, in conjunction with their allies, to bring the war to a close. In the south, Greene and Rawdon made a bloody campaign that was highly honorable to the troops of the latter, but which, by terminating entirely to the advantage of the former, proved him to be the better general of the two.

New York was the point that was threatened by the allied armies; and Washington, by exciting a constant apprehension for the safety of that city, prevented such reënforcements from being sent to Cornwallis as would have enabled him to improve his success.

At length, as autumn approached, every indication was given that the final moment had arrived.

The French forces drew near to the royal lines, passing through the Neutral Ground, and threatened an attack in the direction of Kingsbridge, while large

*From "The Spy."

bodies of Americans were acting in concert. By hovering around the British posts, and drawing nigh in the Jerseys, they seemed to threaten the royal forces from that quarter also. The preparations partook of the nature of both a siege and a storm. But Sir Henry Clinton, in the possession of intercepted letters from Washington, rested securely within his lines, and cautiously disregarded the solicitations of Cornwallis for succor.

It was at the close of a stormy day in the month of September that a large assemblage of officers was collected near the door of a building that was situated in the heart of the American troops, who held the Jerseys. The age, the dress, and the dignity of deportment of most of these warriors indicated them to be of high rank; but to one in particular was paid a deference and obedience that announced him to be of the highest. His dress was plain, but it bore the usual military distinctions of command. He was mounted on a noble animal, of a deep bay, and a group of young men, in gayer attire, evidently awaited his pleasure, and did his bidding. Many a hat was lifted as its owner addressed this officer; and when he spoke, a profound attention, exceeding the respect of mere professional etiquette, was exhibited on every countenance. At length the General raised his own hat, and bowed gravely to all around him. The salute was returned, and the party dispersed, leaving the officer without a single attendant, except his body-servants and one aide-de-camp. Dis-

mounting, he stepped back a few paces, and for a moment viewed the condition of his horse with the eye of one who well understood the animal, and then, casting a brief but expressive glance at his aide, he retired into the building, followed by that gentleman.

On entering an apartment that was apparently fitted for his reception, he took a seat, and continued for a long time in a thoughtful attitude, like one in the habit of communing much with himself. During this silence the aide-de-camp stood in expectation of his orders. At length the General raised his eyes, and spoke in those low, placid tones that seemed natural to him:

"Has the man whom I wished to see arrived, sir?"

"He waits the pleasure of your Excellency."

"I will receive him here, and alone, if you please."

The aide bowed and withdrew. In a few minutes the door again opened, and a figure, gliding into the apartment, stood modestly at a distance from the General, without speaking. His entrance was unheard by the officer, who sat gazing at the fire, still absorbed in his own meditations. Several minutes passed, when he spoke to himself in an undertone:

"To-morrow we must raise the curtain, and expose our plans. May heaven prosper them!"

A slight movement made by the stranger caught his ear, and he turned his head, and saw that he was not alone. He pointed silently to the fire, toward which the figure advanced, although the multitude of his garments, which seemed more calculated for disguise than

comfort, rendered its warmth unnecessary. A second mild and courteous gesture motioned to a vacant chair, but the stranger refused it with a modest acknowledgment. Another pause followed, and continued for some time. At length the officer arose, and opening a desk that was laid upon the table near which he sat, took from it a small but apparently heavy bag.

"Harvey Birch," he said, turning to the stranger, "the time has arrived when our connection must cease; henceforth and forever we must be strangers."

The peddler dropped the folds of the great-coat that concealed his features, and gazed for a moment earnestly at the face of the speaker; then dropping his head upon his bosom, he said meekly:

"If it be your Excellency's pleasure."

"It is necessary. Since I have filled the station which I now hold, it has become my duty to know many men, who, like yourself, have been my instruments in procuring intelligence. You have I trusted more than all; I early saw in you a regard to truth and principle, that, I am pleased to say, has never deceived me—you alone know my secret agents in the city, and on your fidelity depend, not only their fortunes, but their lives."

He paused, as if to reflect, in order that full justice might be done to the peddler, and then continued:

"I believe you are one of the very few that I have employed who have acted faithfully to our cause; and, while you have passed as a spy of the enemy, have never

given intelligence that you were not permitted to divulge. To me and to me only of all the world, you seem to have acted with a strong attachment to the liberties of America."

During this address Harvey gradually raised his head from his bosom, until it reached the highest point of elevation; a faint tinge gathered in his cheeks, and, as the officer concluded, it was diffused over his whole countenance in a deep glow, while he stood proudly swelling with his emotions, but with eyes that modestly sought the feet of the speaker.

"It is now my duty to pay you for these services; hitherto you have postponed receiving your reward, and the debt has become a heavy one—I wish not to undervalue your dangers: here are a hundred doubloons; you will remember the poverty of our country, and attribute to it the smallness of your pay."

The peddler raised his eyes to the countenance of the speaker, but, as the other held forth the money, he moved back, as if refusing the bag.

"It is not much for your services and risks, I acknowledge," continued the General, "but it is all that I have to offer; at the end of the campaign it may be in my power to increase it."

"Does your Excellency think that I have exposed my life, and blasted my character, for money?"

"If not for money, what then?"

"What has brought your Excellency into the field? For what do you daily and hourly expose your precious

life to battle and the halter? What is there about me to mourn, when such men as you risk their all for our country? No, no, no, not a dollar of your gold will I touch; poor America has need of it all!"

The bag dropped from the hand of the officer, and fell at the feet of the peddler, where it lay neglected during the remainder of the interview. The officer looked steadily at the face of his companion, and continued:

"There are many motives which might govern me that to you are unknown. Our situations are different; I am known as the leader of armies—but you must descend into the grave with the reputation of a foe to your native land. Remember that the veil which conceals your true character cannot be raised in years—perhaps never."

Birch again lowered his face, but there was no yielding of the soul in the movement.

"You will soon be old; the prime of your days is already past; what have you to subsist on?"

"These!" said the peddler, stretching forth his hands that were already embrowned with toil.

"But those may fail you; take enough to secure a support to your age. Remember your risks and cares. I have told you that the characters of men who are much esteemed in life depend on your secrecy; what pledge can I give them of your fidelity?"

"Tell them," said Birch, advancing, and unconsciously resting one foot on the bag, "tell them that I would not take the gold!"

The composed features of the officer relaxed into a smile of benevolence, and he grasped the hand of the peddler firmly.

"Now, indeed, I know you; and although the same reasons which have hitherto compelled me to expose your valuable life will still exist, and prevent my openly asserting your character, in private I can always be your friend; fail not to apply to me when in want or suffering, and so long as God giveth to me, so long will I freely share with a man who feels so nobly and acts so well. If sickness or want should ever assail you, and peace once more smile upon our efforts, seek the gate of him whom you have so often met as Harper, and he will not blush to acknowledge you in his true character."

"It is little that I need in this life," said Harvey; "so long as God gives me health and honest industry, I can never want in this country; but to know that your Excellency is my friend is a blessing that I prize more than all the gold of England's treasury."

The officer stood for a few moments in the attitude of intense thought. He then drew to him the desk, and wrote a few lines on a piece of paper, and gave it to the peddler.

"That Providence destines this country to some great and glorious fate I must believe, while I witness the patriotism that pervades the bosoms of her lowest citizens," he said. "It must be dreadful to a mind like yours to descend into the grave, branded as a foe

to liberty; but you already know the lives that would be sacrificed, should your real character be revealed. It is impossible to do you justice now, but I fearlessly intrust you with this certificate, should we never meet again, it may be serviceable to your children."

"Children!" exclaimed the peddler; "can I give to a family the infamy of my name!"

The officer gazed with pain at the strong emotion he exhibited and he made a slight movement toward the gold; but it was arrested by the expression of his companion's face. Harvey saw the intention, and shook his head, as he continued more mildly:

"It is, indeed, a treasure that your Excellency gives me; it is safe, too. There are men living who could say that my life was nothing to me, compared to your secrets. The paper that I told you was lost I swallowed when taken last by the Virginians. It was the only time I ever deceived your Excellency, and it shall be the last; yes, this is, indeed, a treasure to me; perhaps," he continued, with a melancholy smile, "it may be known after my death who was my friend; but if it should not, there are none to grieve for me."

"Remember," said the officer, with strong emotion, "that in me you will always have a secret friend; but openly I cannot know you."

"I know it, I know it," said Birch; "I knew it when I took the service. 'Tis probably the last time I shall ever see your Excellency. May God pour down His choicest blessings on your head!" He paused, and

moved toward the door. The officer followed him with eyes that expressed deep interest. Once more the peddler turned, and seemed to gaze on the placid but commanding features of the General with regret and reverence, and then, bowing low, he withdrew.

The armies of America and France were led by their illustrious commander against the enemy under Cornwallis, and terminated a campaign in triumph that had commenced in difficulties. Great Britain soon after became disgusted with the war; and the independence of the States was acknowledged.

THREE WASHINGTON ANECDOTES

Adapted from M. L. Weems

The original story of little George Washington and his hatchet, together with two other doubtful anecdotes not so well known.

ON A fine morning in the fall of 1737 Mr. Washington, taking little George by the hand, went to walk with him in the orchard, promising to show him a fine sight. On arriving at the orchard, a fine sight indeed was presented. The whole earth, as far as could be seen, was strewed with fruit, and yet the trees were bending under the weight of apples which hung in clusters like grapes, and vainly strove to hide their blushing cheeks behind the green leaves. "Now, George," said his father, "look here, my son! Don't you remember when a good cousin of yours brought you that fine large apple last spring, how hardly I could prevail on you to divide with your brothers and sisters; though I promised you that if you would but do it God Almighty would give you plenty of apples this fall?"

Poor George could not say a word, but hanging down his head, looked quite confused, while with his little naked toes he scratched in the soft ground. "Now look up, my son," continued his father, "look up, George,

and see there how richly the blessed God has made good my promise to you. Wherever you turn your eyes you see the trees loaded with fine fruit, many of them indeed breaking down; while the ground is covered with mellow apples, more than you could eat, my son, in all your lifetime."

George looked in silence on the wide wilderness of fruit. He marked the busy humming bees, and heard the gay notes of birds; then, lifting his eyes filled with shining moisture, to his father, he softly said, "Well, Pa, only forgive me this time, and see if I ever be so stingy any more."

When George was about six years old he was made the wealthy master of a *hatchet*, of which, like most little boys, he was immoderately fond; and was constantly going about chopping everything that came in his way. One day, in the garden, where he often amused himself hacking his mother's pea-sticks, he unluckily tried the edge of his hatchet on the body of a beautiful young English cherry tree, which he barked so terribly that I don't believe the tree ever got the better of it. The next morning, the old gentleman, finding out what had befallen his tree, which, by the by, was a great favorite, came into the house; and with much warmth asked for the mischievous author, declaring at the same time that he would not have taken five guineas for his tree. Nobody could tell him anything about it. Presently George and his hatchet made their ap-

pearance. "George," said his father, "do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry tree yonder in the garden?" This was a tough question, and George staggered under it for a moment; but quickly recovered himself, and looking at his father, with the sweet face of youth brightened with the inexpressible charm of all-conquering truth, he bravely cried out, "I can't tell a lie, Pa, you know I can't tell a lie. I did cut it with my hatchet."

"Run to my arms, you dearest boy," cried his father; "such an act in my son is worth more than a thousand trees, though blossomed with silver, and their fruits of purest gold."

To startle George into a lively sense of his Maker, his father fell upon the following very curious but impressive expedient:

One day he went into the garden and prepared a little bed of finely pulverized earth, on which he wrote George's name at full, in large letters, then strewing in plenty of cabbage seed, he covered them up, and smoothed all over nicely with the roller. This bed he purposely prepared close alongside a gooseberry walk, which happening at this time to be well hung with ripe fruit, he knew would be honored with George's visits pretty regularly every day. Not many mornings had passed away before in came George, with eyes wild rolling and his little cheeks ready to burst with great news.

"Oh, Pa! come here, come here!"

"What's the matter, my son? What's the matter?"

"Oh, come here, I tell you, Pa: come here, and I'll show you such a sight as you never saw in all your lifetime!"

The old gentleman, suspecting what George would be at, gave him his hand, which he seized with great eagerness, and tugging him along through the garden, led him point blank to the bed whereon was inscribed, in large letters, and in all the freshness of newly sprung plants, the full name of

GEORGE WASHINGTON

"There, Pa!" said George, quite in an ecstasy of astonishment, "did you ever see such a sight in all your lifetime?"

"Why, it seems like a curious affair, sure enough, George!"

"But, Pa, who did make it there? Who did make it there?"

"It grew there by chance, I suppose, my son."

"By chance, Pa! Oh, no! no! It never did grow there by chance, Pa. Indeed that it never did!"

"Why not, my son?"

"Why, Pa, did you ever see anybody's name in a plant bed before?"

"Well, but George, such a thing might happen, though you never saw it before."

"Yes, Pa; but I did never see the little plants grow up so as to make one single letter of my name before. Now, how could they grow up so as to make *all* the letters of my name, and then standing one after another, to spell *my* name so exactly, and all so neat and even, too, at top and bottom! Oh, Pa, you must not say chance did all this. Indeed, *somebody* did it; and I dare say now, Pa, *you* did it just to scare me, because I am your little boy."

His father smiled, and said, "Well, George, you have guessed right. I indeed did it; but not to scare you, my son, but to teach you a great thing which I wish you to understand. I want, my son, to introduce you to your true Father."

"Aye! I know well enough whom you mean, Pa. You mean God Almighty, don't you?"

"Yes, my son, I mean Him indeed. He is your true Father, George, and as my son could not believe that chance had made and put together so exactly the letters of his name (though only sixteen) then how can he believe that chance could have made and put together all those millions and millions of things that are now so exactly fitted to his good."

WHEN GEORGE THE THIRD WAS KING*

By Elbridge S. Brooks

How a Philadelphia boy watched the Declaration of Independence in the making and celebrated the first Fourth of July on the Eighth.

PHILADELPHIA in July! Not even the most loyal boy or girl of that good old Quaker town but must admit that Philadelphia in July *is* a hot place.

"Warm and sunshiny," were the words that Mr. John Nixon, in his daily journal for the year 1776, placed against the early days of July, but I am inclined to think that young Joe Nixon was nearer the fact when he called it "broiling hot."

Very possibly, however, this slight exaggeration on the part of young Joe was due to the fact that he was very busy and therefore very warm. Not that he had anything of especial importance to do. Not always those who are busiest have the most to do; but you see there was a great deal to hear and see in Philadelphia town in the early days of July in the year 1776 and young Joe Nixon, like a true American boy, felt it his duty to be on hand when anything of importance was on foot.

*From *Wide Awake*, July, 1886.

And so he was continually on the go between his uncle's big house on the Water Street, the room of the Committee of Inspection on Second Street, the parade-ground of the "Quaker Blues" on the city common, and the big brick State House on Chestnut Street.

For young Joe Nixon was a privileged character and duly felt his importance. His uncle, Mr. John Nixon, was a member of the Committee of Safety, and better still, young Joe was a particular favorite of Mr. David Rittenhouse who "had charge of the public clock in the State House Square." This put him on good terms with a still more influential acquaintance—the door-keeper of the Continental Congress, then in daily session in the Assembly chamber of the State House.

Young Joe was a quick-witted lad and like all the rest of the race of boys dearly loved to watch and listen even though he could not always understand. Seated by the side of his friend the doorkeeper, he found it very interesting and sometimes highly exciting to follow the proceedings of the bewigged and earnest gentlemen who were talking, discussing, and sometimes getting quite angry with one another on the floor of the Congress. Joe only knew in a general sort of way what all this talk and discussion meant. But one thing he *was* certain of, as were all the boys and girls in the colonies—and that was that there was a "jolly row" on hand between the colonies and the King. He knew, too, that, away off toward Boston-town there had been two or three fights with the King's soldiers, in which the troops of the

colonies by no means had the worst of it. And he knew, most of all, that it was mightily hard just now for a boy to get hold of anything new or nice to eat or to wear or to play with and that, somehow, this was all the fault of King George the Third, and that the colonies did not propose to stand this sort of thing any longer.

So he had made the most of his acquaintance with the doorkeeper of the Congress and had witnessed most of the important events that had taken place during that lovely Philadelphia June.

He had looked with all the awe of a small boy of twelve upon the fifty or more gentlemen—the delegates to the Congress—who, representing the thirteen colonies, were ranged in a half-circle on either side of Mr. Hancock, the President. But I think he admired, even more, the "elegant standard, suspended in the Congress Room," over the door of entrance at which he sat with his friend the doorkeeper, and which was "a yellow flag with a lively representation of a rattlesnake in the middle in the attitude of going to strike, and these words underneath: "Don't tread on me!"

He had been in the Congress Room so often that he knew most of the delegates by sight and name: that gentleman in the big chair behind the heavy mahogany table and the great silver inkstand—the gentleman with the scarlet coat and the black velvet breeches—was Mr. John Hancock, the President of the Congress—"Rosy John," the Tory boys called him, much to young Joe's

ireful indignation; that gentleman in the long-waisted white cloth coat, scarlet vest and breeches, and white silk hose, was Mr. Jefferson of Virginia; that gentleman in the long buff coat and embroidered silk vest was, as of course every Philadelphia boy knew, the great Doctor Franklin; and there, too, were Mr. Adams and Mr. Gerry of Massachusetts, Mr. Sherman of Connecticut, Mr. Clinton of New York, Mr. Stockton of New Jersey, Mr. Carroll of Maryland, Mr. Lee of Virginia, Mr. Rutledge of South Carolina, and many others whose faces and whose voices had now grown familiar. Even his boyish mind, thoughtless of the present and careless of the future though it was, had felt the excitement of the moment when on Friday, June 7th, Mr. Richard Henry Lee of the Virginia colony had risen in his place and, "amidst breathless silence," had read to the Congress this notable resolution:

"*Resolved*, that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States, that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

Then Mr. John Adams of Massachusetts seconded the resolution, Mr. Thomson, the secretary, made the official entry in the Journal, the Congress, with but few words, postponed its consideration until the next day, and young Joe Nixon adjourned with the delegates, like them, half-dazed and half-jubilant.

So, through the long June days, the Congress argued and debated and hesitated while young Joe Nixon—a true type of the restless Young America that is ever in a hurry for action and results—watched and wished and wondered, not thinking of what might be in the future save that King George was to be thrown overboard and the colonies were to set up for a Nation.

At last, on June 28th, a committee, consisting of Mr. Jefferson of Virginia, Mr. Adams of Massachusetts, Doctor Franklin of Pennsylvania, Mr. Sherman of Connecticut, and Mr. Livingston of New York, presented to the Congress a long paper which young Joe understood was called a Declaration of Independence. And although he thought it was splendid and full of the most mightily strong blows against King George, much to the lad's disgust the Congress did not seem to go into ecstasies over it, but hummed and hawed and deliberated until July 2d, when Mr. Lee's original resolution was put to vote, carried by the voice of every colony except New York, and the United Colonies were declared to be Free and Independent States.

Young Joe Nixon, had he dared, would have tossed his little three-cornered hat in the air with a loud hurrah, but the gentlemen of the Congress he thought seemed strangely quiet about it all. He did not see what their wiser heads comprehended, that the vote of the Congress on that second of July meant years of struggle against a mighty power—sorrow and privation and, perhaps, after all, only defeat and, to the

leaders, the disgraceful death of traitors. He saw only the glowing colors of victory and excitement as young folks are apt to, and as it is right they should.

And yet that very night, as the Congress adjourned, portly Mr. John Adams, with whom the lad was quite a favorite, noticed the ill-concealed exultation of the boy and laying a hand upon his head said to him: "A great day this, my young friend; a great day, is it not?"

"Oh, yes, sir," replied young Joe with energy, "I'm so glad it passed, sir."

"And so am I, my lad," said Mr. Adams, with almost equal enthusiasm; "you are a bright and seemly little lad and will not soon forget this day, I'll be bound. So mark my words, my lad. The second of July, 1776, will be the most memorable day in all the history of America. It will be celebrated ere you grow to manhood, and by succeeding generations, as the great anniversary festival, commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty, from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward for evermore."

"Yes, sir," said Joe most respectfully. He did not comprehend all the meaning of Mr. Adams's solemn words, but he was quite as confident as was that gentleman that it was a day the anniversaries of which would mean in future plenty of fun and jubilee.

Good Mother Nixon could get but little work from her Joe on the following morning. And though, in her peaceful Quaker way, she bade him beware of too much

glorying in all the strife and warfare that seemed afoot, I rather suspect that even her placid face flushed with quiet enthusiasm as she besought her boy to remember that right was always right, and that it was nobler and manlier to boldly face whatever might betide than to be as were some men in their Quaker town who, so she said, "loved too much their money and their ease, and did but make conscience a convenience, instead of being sincerely and religiously scrupulous of bearing arms." All of which meant that there were some craven folk in that day of manly protest against tyranny who, to save themselves from annoyance, pretended to be Quakers and "non-combatants," when they were only skulking cowards. And all such every honest Quaker utterly detested.

But young Joe Nixon, too full of the excitement of the moment, paid but little regard to his good mother's words, inasmuch as they did not apply to his case; and, hot and panting, fearful lest he should miss something new, dashed up to the State House and slipped in beside his friend the doorkeeper.

The Congress was already in session. Mr. Jefferson's paper called the "Declaration respecting Independence" had been again taken up for consideration, and was being soberly debated, paragraph by paragraph.

Frequent repetitions had made Joe familiar with some of the phrases in this remarkable paper. Even his young heart beat high as he heard some of those ringing sentences—about all men being created equal and

being "endowed with the inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"; how that "whenever any form of government becomes destructive to these ends it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it"; that "the history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations," that "a prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant is unfit to be the ruler of a free people"; that "we must, therefore, hold the British people, as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace friends"; that "we, the representatives of the United States of America in general Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare that these united colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent States"; and, lastly, that "for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

Joe, as I have said, had felt his young heart glow and his young pulse beat under the enthusiasm of these ringing declarations and all this debating and questioning appeared to him as fearfully slow and faint-hearted; he wondered why, since the Congress had already passed Mr. Lee's resolution of Independence, they should so hesitate over Mr. Jefferson's Declaration of Independence; and, quite frequently, he felt compelled

to dash out into the hot and sunny street and work off his impatience in a wild and purposeless "go-as-you-please" around what was called "Mr. Rittenhouse's Observatory" in the centre of the square.

The day dragged on and so did the debate. Even Mr. Jefferson lost patience and, confessing that he was "writhing under" all this talk, needed all of Doctor Franklin's philosophy and example to calm him down again. So it is not to be wondered at that, late in the afternoon, Joe Nixon, enthusiastic young patriot though he was, grew wearied with the talk and the delay and determined to go home. But just as he was leaving the building there dashed into the State House yard a big chestnut horse covered with foam and dust. Its rider, a fine, well-built man in dust-stained travelling cloak, sprang from the saddle and, dropping the bridle-rein into Joe's ready hand with a quick, "Here, my lad, take my nag to the City Tavern stables, will you?" hurried without further words into the Congress room.

Joe's impatience changed to burning curiosity again and, transferring his panting charge to another ready lad for attention, he, too, hurried into the hall and asked his friend the doorkeeper who this newcomer might be.

"Why, lad, 'tis Mr. Cæsar Rodney, don't you know," replied the doorkeeper. "The delegate from the Counties upon Delaware whom they sent for by special post only yesterday, since his colony is divided in action and his vote is needful to carry the Declaration through."

"And did he ride from home to-day?" inquired Joe.

"Surely, boy," said the doorkeeper, "clean from the County of Kent, eighty miles away. 'Twas a gallant day's ride and a fair day's work, for by it is independence won."

It was even as he said. Rodney's glorious ride secured the vote of Delaware for the Declaration and late that very night of Wednesday, the third of July, by a majority vote of the States—as the colonies now called themselves—the immortal paper that we know as the Declaration of Independence passed the Congress.

But before it was handed to the secretary to be engrossed, or copied so that it might be signed by all the delegates, Mr. Hancock, as president of the Congress, affixed to it his bold signature that we all now know so well. And young Joe Nixon had, actually, to stuff his hat into his mouth to stifle the hurrah that did so want to burst out when Mr. Hancock, rising from his seat, said in his most decided tones:

"There! John Bull can read my name without spectacles. Now let him double the price on my head, for *this* is my defiance."

Then the Congress adjourned and young Joe went home, completely tired out with the day's anxiety and excitement. And though on that notable night of the third of July a nation had been born, Philadelphia lay quietly asleep knowing little or nothing of the great happening.

Next day—the first Fourth of July ever specially known to Americans—Joe was about the only privileged character who, slipping into the secret session heard, from his seat by the side of his friend the doorkeeper, the order given by Mr. Hancock as president of the Congress that "copies of the Declaration be sent to the several assemblies, conventions, and committees or Councils of Safety, and to the several commanding officers of the Continental troops; that it be proclaimed in each of the United States and at the head of the army."

This was all that was done on the Fourth of July, 1776, as young Joe Nixon could testify. But the printed copies of the Declaration prepared for transmission to the several States and to the army and signed by Mr. Hancock, the president of the Congress, and by Mr. Thomson, the secretary, all bore the heading: "In Congress, July 4, 1776," and thus that date has come down to us as the one to be especially remembered.

That very night Joe heard, at his uncle's big house on the Water Street, that the Committee of Safety in Philadelphia—of which, as I have said, Mr. John Nixon was a member—had ordered that "the Sheriff of Philadelphia read or cause to be read and proclaimed at the State House, in the city of Philadelphia, on Monday the 8th day of July instant, at 12 o'clock at noon of this same day, the Declaration of the Representatives of the United States of America, and that he

cause all his officers and the constables of the said city to attend to the reading thereof."

Here was a new treat in store for young Joe; and when he learned that the Worshipful Sheriff had designated his uncle, Mr. John Nixon, as the reader, Joe knew that this meant a front seat for him and was appropriately jubilant.

The day came. Monday, the eighth of July, 1776. "A warm and sunshiny morning" again reads the truthful journal, and twelve o'clock, noon, must have been hot indeed. But not all the heat of a Philadelphia July could wither the ardor of such patriots as young Joe Nixon. He was therefore a very "live" portion of the procession which, forming at the hall of the Committee of Inspection in Second Street, joined the Committee of Safety at their lodge, and, to the stirring sounds of fife and drum, marched into the State House square. Out from the rear door of the State House came the Congress and other dignitaries and then, standing upon the balcony of Mr. Rittenhouse's astronomical observatory just south of the State House, Mr. John Nixon in a voice both loud and clear read to the assembled throng the paper which declared the United States of America "Free and Independent."

The reader concluded with the glorious words: "We mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor," and, as his voice ceased, the listening throng, so the record says, "broke out into cheers and repeated huzzas." Then the Royal arms

were torn down from above the seats of the King's Judges in the State House, and Joe, like a wild young Indian, danced frantically around the bonfire which destroyed these "insignia of Royalty."

Again, at five o'clock, the Declaration was read to the troops then present in the town, and the evening was given up to bonfires and fireworks which you may be certain young Joe enjoyed to his full content.

And peal upon peal, sounding above all the shouts and the hurrahing, rang out loud and clear, at both the noon reading and the night's celebration, the joyous clang of the big bell of the State House telling the glad tidings of freedom, as well befitted a bell on whose brazen rim men had read for twenty-four years the almost prophetic motto:

"*Proclaim liberty through all the land to all the inhabitants thereof.*"

To his dying day Joe Nixon never forgot the glory and exultation of that jubilant first Independence Day —the eighth of July, 1776.

One other notable scene also lived long in his memory—a day and a date new to many of us who have always supposed that the Declaration of Independence was passed, signed, and proclaimed on the Fourth of July. It was the morning of Tuesday, the second of August, that same historic summer of 1776. From his customary seat by the doorkeeper Joe saw Mr. Thom-

son, the secretary of the Congress, lay upon the president's table a great sheet of parchment. And on this sheet carefully and beautifully copied was the Declaration of Independence. Then, one by one, beginning with Mr. Hancock the president, the delegates to the Congress signed the great paper and by that act sent their names down to posterity—famous and honored forever.

Of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration not all affixed their names to the document on that notable second of August. Absentees and new-comers added their names as they joined the Congress, and not until the fourth day of November, 1776, was the last signature affixed.

Names and dates go for but little when a great deed is done. The deed itself is of more importance than either names or dates. But to us of this second century of the Republic there is both interest and pleasure in re-telling the story of liberty and following out by dates, altogether new to most of us, the real progress of the historic document that made us a nation.

Instead of one "Fourth of July," you see, we have really four—The Second of July, upon which Mr. Lee's Resolution of Independence was passed by the Congress; the Third of July, upon which the Declaration itself was passed; the Fourth of July which witnessed the order for its proclamation, and the Second of August upon which it was actually signed by the members of the Congress.

The original document to which these names were signed still exists, grown worn and yellow with age; the Liberty Bell that rang out the joyous news of freedom on the sunny noon and the starlit night of the eventful eighth of July is now cracked and voiceless; the signers themselves are now only names and memories; but their work lives in the power and glory of the great nation which they founded, and every true American girl and boy honors the memory and applauds the courage of those devoted men. And upon each recurring Fourth of July every girl and boy in the land is as joyous and jubilant a young patriot as was even young Joe Nixon when, with bonfire and rude, old-time fireworks, with hurrah and shout and song he celebrated, in the days when George the Third was king, the first Fourth of July on the Eighth.

THEIR FLAG DAY*

By Herbert O. McCrillis

A grandfather tells a group of patriotic little Americans how *his* grandfather was a redcoat at Lexington.

TOOT! Toot! Rub-a-dub-dub! came from down the street, and it made Grandpa Sturdy, who sat dozing in the sun, start up suddenly and look to see what gallant soldiers were coming.

First came Captain Tommy Rankin, acting as drum-major, with his sister's muff worn for a fur hat, and an umbrella for a baton. Behind him came a troop of children wearing all sorts of military decorations—helmets, epaulets, and paper caps. One boy carried a large flag, and one of the girls was singing through a comb.

Grandpa rose and went out to the gate as they came near. Then, just as they came close, he took off his hat and gave them a military salute—for grandpa was a soldier once—and held up his hand for them to stop just a moment.

"Company, halt!" commanded Tommy, in a loud tone. "Parade, rest! Salute! Attention!" And they obeyed.

*From the *Youth's Companion*, June 11, 1908.

"What company is this?" said grandpa smilingly.

"We are the minute-men, grandpa," said Tommy. "We are going out to Concord to keep Flag Day. Our teacher was going to have a celebration to-day, but she is sick, so we have made a procession, and are going to march by her house to show her how we can remember the flag."

"That's right," said grandpa, saluting the flag. "I can do that if my grandfather was what we call a redcoat."

"Your grandfather a redcoat?" cried all the boys in a breath. "Did he ever tell you anything about it?"

"Oh, yes, he told us about going to America to fight the rebels, and what a lot of British soldiers there were in Boston, who all laughed at the idea of the plain country farmers and workmen being able to fight the king's own fine troops; and granddad thought so with all the rest, he said. Well, they found out that day that the rebels could fight, after all. Let me see, what day was that, boys?"

"April 19, 1775," said Tommy, echoed by the others.

"Yes, yes. You have got that learned, haven't you? Grandfather said that all through that long, hard march from Concord back to Boston they were fighting. They were ashamed to be beaten by those they had made fun of.

"Every stone wall, every large rock or tree seemed to have an American behind it. He said it was wonderful how those farmers could shoot. Dozens of the

Englishmen fell and died there in the road. Granddad told us how they struggled on, tired, wounded, thirsty, and almost ready to give up. Finally most of them got back to Charlestown, and were safe. But all day long, and most of the night before, they had had to march.

"And they didn't do what they went out for, either, for the Americans had carried off the guns and powder they went to destroy. The night before they marched out gaily enough, expecting to have no trouble, and only a trip into the country in the fine spring air.

"But the trip became a terrible battle, and began a great war. And ever since America and England have been two separate nations.

"Grandfather went back to England very soon, and as he couldn't march and fight any more, he got a pension from the king and stayed in England all his life.

"He liked America, and always said that now there was peace, and the new country promised so much, he would like to go there to live; but he never did. My father brought us over, though, when I was sixteen. So I am an American, if my grandfather was one of the redcoats who fought at Lexington in America."

"I'd rather have a grandfather that was a minuteman," said one of the boys.

"Perhaps the great-grandfathers of some of you fought the redcoats," said Grandpa Sturdy. "But I am not ashamed to tell you that my grandfather wore one of the king's red-and-white uniforms and carried

a British gun. The soldiers were doing their duty bravely enough. It was the king and the men with him who were to blame for the battle. Well, boys, march on again, march along. Stand up for your flag. It is my flag, too, and I love it. Always be ready to be minute-men for the flag."

"Attention, company! Carry arms! Forward, march!" shouted the captain.

Away went the procession to the teacher's house, their flags waving gaily and the flowers they were carrying nodding their heads, while Grandpa Sturdy settled back in his easy chair.

A TRUE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION*

By Everett T. Tomlinson

A boy's story by a boy's author, telling of a thrilling escape from "Tarleton's men."

"FATHER'S escaped! Moses has just brought me word," said John Russell, as he ran to the steps of the broad veranda. His mother quickly rose from her chair and looked down at the eager boy on the steps below her. Her slight figure was trembling, and a bright red spot had appeared on each cheek.

"Are you sure, John?" she asked, in a low tone.

"Yes, sure! It seems that the British escort had gone but half-way to Charleston when a band of five Whigs met them. They had a bit of an argument, and the upshot of it was that father made off. Strange about these Whigs happening to meet them, wasn't it?"

John, unable to restrain his feelings longer, threw his hat high in the air, and rushing up the steps, seized his "little mother" in his arms and began to dance with her about the porch.

"What's that you say? Your father's escaped?"

John quickly released his mother and turned to face

*From "Stories of the War for Independence.

the gruff-voiced Captain Heald of the British service, who had just come out of the open door. The boy's manner instantly changed, although he could not conceal his exultation as he replied: "Yes, sir; he's escaped! He had no fancy to spend any more time in the 'provost' at Charleston. It isn't a fit place for vermin, to say nothing of human beings."

"I ought to have hanged him, and you, too!" replied the captain. "It's the only way to deal with such rebels!"

"Hanging, sir," said John, "seems the thing your party do best; unless you have a still stronger fancy for quartering yourselves on your betters."

"Fine parole you've kept!" sneered the captain. "I'll warrant, if the truth were known, you yourself had a share in this escape of your father."

"I'm under no parole not to help my father to freedom," said John.

The captain looked at him angrily a moment, and then, without making any further reply, turned and went down the steps and across the lawn to join some of the soldiers who were quartered on the plantation.

"I beg you to be careful, John," said his mother anxiously, when they were alone again. "You know that man can do whatever he pleases here."

"No," replied John, "he cannot frighten me with his bluster and his red coat."

"But you must not provoke him. Tarleton has given him full command in this district, and he has

already committed outrages that no British regular officer would venture on."

In fact, the war in that region was largely a conflict of partisans native to the soil, and Tory Americans often committed against Whig Americans high-handed acts from which officers accustomed to the procedure of military law would have shrunk.

"Very well," said John, laughing to reassure his mother. "He hasn't any great cause for liking me, that's a fact. I've let the pigs out of the pens and scared away the chickens, and told the negroes where to hide some of the stuff in the barns. But this last work is the worst—this sending word, as I did, by Moses to Dick Eddy to look out for father when he passed. Heald will never forgive me for that. I'm not afraid, though," he added, as he left his mother and followed the captain across the lawn.

Even in his excitement the beautiful summer day had an influence to soothe him. All about him lay the fertile lands of Ridgefield, his father's plantation, one of the most beautiful in all the South. Behind him was the great house in which he had been born, flanked by the quarters of the negroes and the spacious barns. Off on the left was a grove, and below the hill was the slow stream. John would have felt the sweet influences of the hour more but for the presence of thirty men in scarlet, who now were the virtual masters of the place.

Only a week earlier Captain Heald had somehow

gained information that Major Russell and his son had left Sumter's army for a brief visit home, so the Tory band had at once swooped down and captured both. John had been left on parole, and his father had escaped; but Ridgefield was now occupied by "Tarleton's men," and all its beauty for John was gone.

He stopped and watched the guards doing "sentry go" in the road and out by the grove beyond the house, and the longer he watched them the more helpless and angry he felt. "Great liberty this!" he muttered. "Shut up here like a pig in a pen! Not that there are many pigs left here now," he added, smiling grimly. "Oh, well, I hope father'll do something, now that he's got away."

"John," said his mother, when he returned to the house, "Captain Heald is going to leave."

"Good for Captain Heald! When is he going?"

"To-night. Lieutenant Mott is to be left in charge here."

"He's not as bad as the other. Where's the captain going?"

"I think over to Fort Granby."

"Humph! Probably to set some one on father's tracks. He'll never get him, though. Hello! Here comes the captain now, and he's all dressed to leave!"

A colored man soon brought the captain's horse, and as the officer swung himself lightly into the saddle, John, taking off his hat and bowing low, called out: "Good-bye, captain! We'll speed the parting guest, although we can't welcome the coming!"

Captain Heald made no reply, but turned on John a threatening look, at which the boy laughed.

That day went by and on the following morning John was wandering about the place, idly watching the soldiers, longing to be with his father, and wishing he had not given his parole to stay on the plantation. A black servant came to him and said that his mother wished to speak with him at the house. He went, and found his mother at the door. An expression of agony was on her face.

"What is it mother?" he asked.

"Go up to your room, John, and I'll tell you."

The boy ran swiftly up the stairs, and held the door of his room open for his mother to enter. She closed and locked the door behind her, and then, handing him a letter, said: "I found this in the dining-room after Lieutenant Mott left the breakfast-table."

John took the letter from his mother's hand and read:

Fort Granby, August 6, 1780.

LIEUTENANT MOTT. Upon receipt of this, you will at once take and hang that young rebel, John Russell. He has violated his parole and is entitled neither to a further hearing nor a trial. Hang him before sunset to-night. I shall expect to receive word by to-morrow morning.—HEALD.

John's face turned deadly pale, then red with anger. "I have not broken my parole!" he cried. "I never gave a promise that I would not help father to escape. This is murder, and——"

"I think Lieutenant Mott dropped that letter in the dining-room intentionally," broke in his mother. "He's not as bad as Captain Heald. He won't carry out the order."

With a great effort John controlled his voice. "We'll see, mother. If it is really an order, I suppose he'll have to carry it out—unless I escape."

"He might let you escape."

"No, little mother. But don't give up. I'll find a way out."

He kissed his mother, unlocked the door and walked slowly down the stairs and out upon the veranda. Lieutenant Mott was coming up the steps, and as he met John he gave him a keen glance of sympathy. But that was all. Not a word or sign to show that he would not carry out his order.

Hanged! The very crickets seemed to be chirping it. Over and over the word kept repeating itself in John's mind as he walked slowly on over the lawn. He saw that now he was no longer bound by his parole. His word of honor had held him, but the order to hang him released him from the bond. He would escape if he could, but wherever he went red-coated soldiers were lounging lazily about, and up and down the road marched the sentries with their muskets over their shoulders.

If it were only night! In the darkness he might escape, but it was not yet noon. The very words of the letter came back to him. "Hang him before sunset to-night!"

And this was to be the end of it all! To be hanged! It was too horrible to think of. Every avenue of escape was blocked, and in sheer desperation he returned to the house and made his way noiselessly up the stairs to his room. His mother was not there, and relieved by the thought that she was not present to look upon him in his weakness, he bolted the door and seated himself by the table on which stood a miniature of her. He looked at it, and dropping his head upon his arms on the table before him, he sobbed in an agony of despair.

He was roused by the sound of the dinner-bell. He must go down and somehow conceal his feelings. He bathed his face and, somewhat relieved by his tears, arose to join the family in the room below.

Only his sisters were there when he entered, and he knew at once by the expression upon their faces that his mother had not shown the letter to them. He choked down a few mouthfuls of food, but he could not eat. Excusing himself from the table on the plea that he wished to find his mother, he ran swiftly up to her room and rapped upon the door.

He had to repeat his summons before it was opened, and then it was only far enough to enable his mother to see who the visitor was. Then she drew him inside, and quickly closed and bolted the door again.

John almost broke down when he looked at her, so woful and desperate was her expression. He must cheer her with some hope, and his own courage revived at the cheerful tone which he assumed:

"Little mother, none of the Russells were ever hanged, and I shall not be the first."

"What will you do, my son?" Her voice sounded as if it were far away, and John looked up quickly as he replied: "I shall make a break for it, if I must. I'd rather be shot in trying to get away than be hanged."

"You are my own brave laddie," said his mother, rising. "Do your best, John; but if you have to——"

"I know, I know," he murmured, as for one moment he returned her frantic embrace; and then, not daring to look back, he left the room.

After crossing the lawn he seated himself beneath a spreading tree to collect his thoughts and survey the place. Everything was as it had been. The guards were marching up and down in the road; the idle soldiers were lounging about the tents; the locusts were calling in the trees, and peace apparently was over all.

"I'll have to try it. They may come for me any time now," he thought, suddenly rising and starting toward the guard in the upper road. He could feel that his mother was watching him, but he dared not look toward her windows. The testing time had come and now it was to be a struggle for life.

He walked leisurely up the road, although his heart was beating furiously. He would try not to attract attention, and it was no unusual thing for him to join the men on guard. They all knew he was on parole, and besides, there were the guns if he should try to get away.

"It's hot to-day, Tom," he said, as he approached.

"You'd think it was if you had to carry a gun up and down this dusty road."

"I'd be glad to relieve you, Tom. You rest a bit, while I take your place."

"That's kind of you," laughed the guard, "but I fear it won't do, sir," and he passed on, while John seated himself to await his return.

He glanced at the soldiers in the tents near by. How easily they could reach him, and only one word would bring them all after him! But he must take his chances. There was no other way, and when the guard turned his back again he would try it.

Just then a little, lean, half-starved pig came out of the woods and stood for a moment stupidly staring at the boy before him. "Poor fellow!" thought John. "You're in the same box with me. Tarleton's men will treat us alike."

He looked up and saw the returning guard. The pig saw him, too, and as if inspired by a sudden fear, he gave a startled grunt and darted swiftly up the road.

"Here, sir, help me catch the pig!" shouted the guard, starting swiftly in pursuit of the runaway. "He's the last on the place."

John needed no second invitation, and in a moment he and the guard were following the pig, which was running as if he knew his life was in danger. The soldiers rushed from their tents, and stood laughing and cheering the pursuers. To them it was a comedy to see the sentry and the prisoner striving to catch one

poor, little half-starved pig; but to John the pursuit had all the elements of a tragedy. Life or death lay in the outcome for him.

He flung aside his hat and coat, and put forth all his strength. Dripping with perspiration, streaked with dust, almost breathless he sped on and on. Once he came close upon the frightened pig, but he took good care to fall upon him in such a manner that the little "porker" only emitted a terrified squeal and redoubled his speed.

"Hold! hold!" shouted the guard, who was behind now. "Let him go. We can't catch him!"

John glanced quickly back, and saw that he was out of the range of the soldiers' muskets. His speed increased as he realized that the supreme moment had come at last. Only the gun of the guard was to be feared now.

"Halt!" shouted the guard again. "Stop, or I shoot!"

John only drew his head down between his shoulders. His heart almost ceased to beat. The report of the gun rang out, and he almost fell to the ground as he heard the bullet whistle over his head.

A few days afterward, when he was with his father in Sumter's army near Camden, just before the terrible battle, and for the second time had been relating the story of his escape, he added, "That little porker did a double duty. He saved his bacon, and he saved mine, too."

POLLY CALLENDAR: TORY*

By Margaret Fenderson

The tale of a Tory maid, a Patriot youth, and a kettle of scarlet dye.

IN 1774-5, previous to the outbreak of the Revolution, the Callendars were Royalists, and General Gage's young British officers, one of whom was related to the Callendars, frequently rode out from Boston to call at the hospitable country house. It was Polly Callendar whom they went to see; her beauty and vivacious wit were the theme of many toasts. And up to the evening of this story Polly was as disdainful of the "minute-men" as was her mother.

At about noon of that day Madam Callendar was summoned to the bedside of Elizabeth Ballard, a kinswoman living near Natick. She had left her brick oven full of the week's baking, and had set a large brass kettle, filled with redwood dye, on the crane in the great fireplace. Madam Callendar's parting directions to Polly had been not only to watch the oven, but to stir the boiling redwood.

Numerous skeins and hanks of woolen yarn, spun during the previous winter, were immersed in it, and the last warning from Polly's mother was: "Redwood

*From the *Youth's Companion*, September 6, 1900.

must never be hurried, Polly. Stir often, lass. Press the hanks down hard with your clothes-stick, and then drop in a little of this powdered alum to set the scarlet."

So through the long, foggy afternoon it was Polly Callendar's homely task to watch the oven and tend the "scarlet kettle." But with evening came an unexpected diversion. A knock was heard at the outer door; and when old Rastus, the negro servant, had opened it, a tall young man, in provincial garb, inquired how far it was to Boston and what was the road. Learning that the distance was still considerable, he entreated hospitality, saying that having ridden since dawn, he was both tired and wet. Polly at first demurred, but in the end, moved by his plight and persuaded somewhat by his respectful manners and handsome face, she sent Rastus to stable the horse.

She spread a plentiful supper before the wayfarer; and then, because his appearance pleased her, she brewed for him some of her mother's cherished tea, and poured it into one of the delicate china teacups that had come from England.

But the young man ate in silence, notwithstanding these attentions. Truth to say, he was ill at ease. He was on his way to join the minute-men, and he was bringing with him a hundred pounds that had been contributed by the "patriot committee" of his native town. He feared that in some way the redcoats had been given a hint of his mission. Mounted men had stared hard at him that day, and he had thought it

wise to avoid a troop patrolling the roads. And now, despite the quality of his supper, he paused to listen anxiously whenever horses' hoofs or voices were heard without. Polly, noticing his uneasiness and marking his blue colonial homespun, drew her own inferences.

Of a sudden the young man took note of the kettle and its scarlet contents.

"That is a bright dye which you have there, mistress," he remarked. "Are you fond of so high a color?"

"In good truth, sir, and why not?" replied Polly "Have you fault to find with it?"

"I would be but a churl, an I did," answered the guest gallantly, "since it is scarcely more pink than the cheeks of my fair hostess.

"The redcoats must feel flattered at your preference," he added.

"And is it not the hue that all loyal subjects should prefer?" queried Polly demurely.

"Nay, but I will not gainsay you, mistress," replied the young man. "And yet," he added, "it is a color soon to fade under our American sun."

"But not from the hearts of the king's loyal subjects," retorted Polly. "This is no rebel household, sir. My kinsmen, who were here but yesterday, wear the scarlet and are the king's loyal servants." And saying this she observed her guest closely and saw that he winced.

"Beyond doubt he is one of the patriots," she thought.

"But such a handsome youth! Moreover, he is most courteous, and his voice and ways are more gentle and respectful than those of Cousin Charles."

As for the stranger, his heart sank afresh. "I will pay for my supper and get on," he thought. "I shall be safer abroad in the darkness than here." And he rose to take leave as gently as he might, but at that moment the tramp of horses was again heard; and this time they did not pass, but pulled up before the house door.

"My kinsmen, it is very like," said Polly, smiling. "They wear sharp swords, sir." Then, as she noted the hunted look which the young man cast about the room, her light and taunting manner changed. "Is it that you would not like to meet them, sir?" she asked, in a low tone.

As she spoke there came an imperative rap at the outer door, and a cry of "Open in the king's name!"

"For heaven's sake, mistress, show me some way out," cried the stranger. "It is less that I fear their swords, but I am on a mission of importance."

"Open, madam! Open, Polly! It is I, your Cousin Charles; and they say there is a rascally rebel here!" cried the voice outside. "But we have the house surrounded."

Polly had turned toward a rear door, but hearing these last words, darted to the centre of the room again. For an instant she was at a loss. Then her eyes fell on the door of her mother's storeroom, a closet beside

the large chimney, which it was Madam Callendar's practice always to keep locked; but in the haste of departing that day she had forgotten to take the key.

"Here, sir," Polly whispered. "Quick, be quick!" and she unlocked the door, half pushed the man within and hastily turning the key again, put it in her pocket.

"Open! Open!" cried the voices outside. "Open in the king's name!" and the raps were repeated.

"Coming, good sirs, coming," cried Polly. Then her eye fell on the young patriot's greatcoat lying across the back of a chair. If seen, that would betray all. She snatched it up and plunged it into the great kettle of scarlet dye. Then throwing the door open and courtesying low, as was the custom of those days, she cried: "Good evening, Cousin Charles. Welcome, good gentlemen. My mother has gone to Natick for the day. Ne'theless you are right welcome."

"Ay!" grumbled the young officer. "After my knuckles are skinned with knocking. But prithee, Polly, have you seen naught of this insolent knave?"

"Indeed, Cousin Charles, this is but a sorry jest!" exclaimed Polly Callendar. "Since when has my family been aught but loyal to the king?"

"True," assented the Briton. "Yet the rascal may be lurking about."

"Enter, then, and see for yourselves," cried Polly. "My mother would earnestly desire you to purge her house of rebels!"

They came noisily in—while the young patriot's heart beat fast—they peered into nooks and corners, and presently ascended to the attic.

"Do not forget the cellar!" cried Polly gaily, opening the door and handing her cousin a lighted candle. "Perchance the knave is hiding in some bin or box."

The quest there proved as fruitless as in the chambers; but on emerging one of the party noted the closed door by the chimney and tried it. "Why locked?" he exclaimed. "The key, fair mistress."

"For that you will do well to ask my mother," replied Polly carelessly. "The closet is my mother's keeping-room; and it is ever her custom to carry the key in her pocket."

"True," remarked her cousin, who knew the ways of the household. "The rogue will hardly have got into madam's keeping-room. Doubtless he has slipped away."

"If ever he were here," flashed back Polly. "But beyond doubt, good cousin and gentlemen, you must be hungry after your hard ride. Will you not partake of our cheer?"

Nothing loath, the young redcoats gathered about the supper-table, where for an hour or more Polly maintained the reputation of the house for loyalty and good entertainment. In truth, the soldiers were slow to depart, and would hardly have gone by nine o'clock had not Polly adroitly reminded her kinsmen that the "Knave" they were pursuing would surely get clear

away. Thereupon they took leave and rode off with much laughter.

But fearful lest they might return, Polly waited long listening, and not until old Rastus had come in to bar the outer door for the night and close the shutters would she release her prisoner.

"Come forth, sir," she at last commanded, with assumed austerity. "What have we here? A rebel, I fear me, from all I am told."

"But one profoundly grateful to his preserver," replied the young man; and to old Rastus's great astonishment he took Mistress Polly's hand and gallantly kissed the tips of her fingers, albeit they were tinged with scarlet from her dye.

"Methinks, sir, it but ill becomes me to accept such thanks from one who confesses his disloyalty to King George," Polly replied, still with seeming severity, "and whose name I do not even know. But since you are here, prithee take seat before the fire. For of necessity, sir, I have made a good Royalist of you, so far as your greatcoat covers you. See!" And with the clothes-stick she lifted the coat out of the kettle. "Not Cousin Charles's own is a brighter scarlet!"

The stranger burst into a hearty laugh.

"Good faith, I had not thought to wear a scarlet coat!" he exclaimed.

"Yet, sir, it may stand you in good stead as you ride into Boston to-morrow," replied Polly. "It was of that I thought as I dipped it. And now let us powder

a little alum in the mortar to set the hue. I would not have thy loyalty wash out, sir, in the first shower that falls on you."

As a consequence, one young patriot found himself powdering alum to dye his own coat scarlet. And midnight came and passed as he and Polly sat in front of the great brass kettle, and old Rastus nodded in the corner.

Beyond doubt they became better acquainted in this time; and Polly certainly learned the stranger's name, for as the tall old clock in the corner struck one, she said, "It is now time to wring thy coat, John Fenderson."

When wrung, it had still to be dried; and Polly put it for an hour into the warm brick oven.

Somewhat puckered from the dye, the garment still required pressing out; and to heat a sad-iron and accomplish this occupied yet another hour. The old clock struck three.

"Truly, John Fenderson, making a king's man of thee has been a long task!" exclaimed Polly, as at last she held up the scarlet coat for inspection. "Don it, sir! I would even desire to mark the effect." And what John Fenderson would not have done at the king's command he appears now to have done without hesitation at Polly Callendar's request. For between these two young people the grievous differences of Tory and Patriot had already been dispelled—in the dyeing of a coat before a fireplace.

"Good luck, John Fenderson, in thy brave coat," said Polly at four o'clock, as the young man took leave, after she had given him breakfast. "May the color hold," she added. "But if it fades——"

"I shall come back to you," said John.

"Ah, but it will grieve me when I hear that thou art to be hanged for a rebel!" cried Polly from the door.

"Nay, Mistress Polly, I should have but to send for thee to teach me how to dye!" replied John Fenderson.

So he rode away, and had cause to be thankful for the disguise the coat offered him; for while riding through Newton a little before noon, he was hailed by three redcoats, two of whom raised their muskets; but the third held them back, saying, "Nay, by his coat he must be one of our men."

There is much reason to believe that Mistress Polly's loyalty to King George was ever afterward open to question. At any rate, the records of John Fenderson's native town show that he married in 1779, and that the bride's name was Polly Callendar.

NEIL DAVIDSON IN DISGUISE*

By Mary Tracy Earle

A boy in General Greene's army sets out to capture a famous Tory marauder and finds him to be his own brother. What does he do?

IN THE early days of March, 1781, Neil Davidson was thirteen years old and had been five months in the patriot army. He had taken part in several skirmishes and had lived in camps where food was scarce and clothing scarcer, where a blanket for four men was a prize, and companies were sometimes obliged to stay away from review because their uniform had been worn through to that of mother nature. He had shared the hard marches by which Greene and Morgan kept the prisoners taken at Cowpens from recapture by Cornwallis, and during which Greene had reported that the naked feet of his men marked their way with blood.

It was a strange experience for a boy, and Neil had become such a queer combination of outspoken child and shrewd veteran as can be matched in these days only by the gamins who fight their battles in the city streets. Without losing his boyishness he had acquired a military swagger which he knew enough to

*From the *Youth's Companion*, November 22, 1900.

suppress when there was any advantage to be gained by acting like a child, and underneath swagger and boyishness there burned the revengeful, deep-seated hatred of Tories which marked all but a few of the patriots of those days. In Neil it was an unchildlike passion, giving him strength on long marches, putting a keen barb to his wit, making him trusted in the army beyond his years.

Before the real beginning of the Revolution his father had been hanged by the Tory government for taking part in a popular outbreak, and his mother had been crazed by grief. From the shadow of such an early childhood Neil had emerged almost a man in purpose at thirteen and very fierce at heart.

Yet, in spite of a bronzed face, he was still exceedingly coltish and immature in appearance, with round, wide-open blue eyes, a shock of long, sunburned hair, and legs that also were long and sunburned, having seldom been covered by a substantial, untorn garment. There was a great amount of speed available in the bare legs, and under the shock of hair there was plenty of boyish logic and common sense.

Altogether, he was handy to have about, and he was sent on so many errands from officer to officer that he was known around all the cheerless campfires in Greene's army. Even the general kept him in mind, and at times permitted him to undertake important missions. He had carried more than one of the appeals for reënforcements which Greene kept sending to

the governors of North and South Carolina and Virginia, and to the military leaders of the three states. His way had lain through a country swarming with enemies, and he had come safely through encounters in which a man's errand would have been investigated.

One night, during the anxious two weeks before the Battle of Guilford Court House, Greene sent for him again. The army was moving stealthily along muddy roads through the dusk of starlight, for the general thought his force still too weak to risk an engagement and evaded Cornwallis by shifting his camp every twenty-four hours, in the dark. The footsore men plodded forward silently. Loss of sleep was wearing them out. Greene himself had hardly slept for a week, and physical exhaustion united with his judgment in declaring that the strain could not last much longer. If sufficient reënforcements did not arrive soon, he would have to fight without them, and disaster would result. He sighed and settled himself wearily in the saddle. For a moment his overburdening anxiety slipped from him, and he dozed as he rode. Then he straightened himself with a start. A small lanky figure had bobbed up beside his horse out of the obscurity of the night, and he caught the motion of a salute.

"Ah, Neil," he said, "I sent for you to see if you are ready to undertake another dangerous errand. I fear my last message to Colonel William Campbell has been intercepted. I want some one to go out, try to meet

him, and hurry him forward. If he has not heard of our recent movements, he may be marching toward the Dan River."

He hesitated a moment, as if he had more to say, but Neil did not wait for it. "I'm your man, sir!" he declared.

The general smiled at the boy's confidence. "That was my impression, too," he admitted. "Yet there is one strong argument against your going. Gillespie, one of the scouts, has just come in. He's been hanging around Tarleton's Legion and he's heard you spoken of. It seems that the enemy took notice of you in the affair at the mill the other day, and that rascal who has your name, Davidson, the bushwhacker, is with the Legion, and he swears to capture you; so if any of Tarleton's men come across a boy of your size and description, he will have hard work to get away from them."

"But even if they are on the lookout for a boy, they're just as much on the lookout for every grown man in your army," Neil urged. "Anybody that the Tories get hold of will have to give a good account of himself."

"So I reasoned," the general said, "and at the same time I am unwil ing to have you undertake this without some safeguard. You are about the height of an ordinary young woman, and when we reach Mrs. Bynum's plantation, where we shall make our next camp, I shall have her furnish you with clothing and a

side-saddle, and you will go disguised as a girl. That is all for the present. Report to me at the Bynum house as soon as you reach the plantation, and keep this to yourself in the meantime."

Neil saluted and dropped back. As soon as he was at a safe distance he gave a long whistle of surprise. Then he began to laugh. The dismay with which he first thought of concealing his military identity in petticoats gave way to excitement. He began softly to hum the air and words of a rude ballad which celebrated the victory of King's Mountain, five months before, and was passing from mouth to mouth through the patriot army.

"Stop that singing!" a gruff voice said in his ear. "Are you signalling to Cornwallis?"

In the darkness it was impossible to see if the speaker were officer or man from the ranks. Neil took the risk and answered like an equal: "Who are you that are giving me orders? I left General Greene ahead there, and just now I'm taking orders direct from him."

"Oh!" the voice returned ironically, but without apparent offense, "then I reckon you're the great Neil Davidson. I'm merely Joe Gillespie, scout."

"I have heard of you," Neil said good-naturedly. "The general was speaking of you just now."

"Do you know who was speaking of you lately?" Gillespie asked. He took the boy by the arm and walked along with him through the dark. "That namesake of yours, Sandy Davidson. He's taken a notion

to capture you, and you want to be as wary as you know how. He's the worst of the Tory bushwhackers, and the most daredevil. If he's decided to capture you because your name's the same as his, he's likely to walk right into Greene's camp and do it. It's nothing to him that there's a reward out for his life."

"I reckon he'll not find it as easy to catch me as he thinks," Neil said. A tremor of fierceness came into his voice. He threw back his shoulders, and his companion could feel his arm grow tense. "But if I live long enough I'll capture him and see him hanged. He has my brother's name."

"The name is common."

"It shan't be common among Tories!" the boy declared. "They killed my brother. They shan't have his name."

"How did they kill him?" Gillespie's voice was stirred. It was an old story, the loss of life on either side in the bitter Civil War that tore the Carolinas, but it was a story that never found dull ears.

"I don't know," Neil said. "I was a very little boy and the Indians had carried me off. When I was exchanged and brought home my mother told me that the Tories had killed Sandy. She didn't say how—she never would tell me how. She'd had so much trouble that she was—well, queer, and she never would tell anything very much. I was so scared and lonesome that I ran away to the Indians, and stayed with them again a long time. Mother was just the same

when I came back. She didn't need me and I couldn't do anything for her, and that's why I followed the army to fight the Tories in Sandy's place. And I don't intend to let any Tory live with his name."

Gillespie had been seasoned in border warfare, yet he felt uncomfortable at hearing a mere child use the fierce language of the war. "Pshaw, now," he said, "it's an ugly business to plan to kill men one at a time! When a whole army gets up before you and you shoot at it, that's a different matter. And you want to be careful; besides, he's a good deal more likely to get hold of you and do what he pleases with you than you are with him."

"I'll be careful," Neil agreed—"careful to capture him."

There were so many things to occupy the general's attention that it was nearly daybreak before the messenger was despatched; but at last, with his length and thinness encased in linsey-woolsey petticoats and a sunbonnet on his head, the boy rode off through the cold morning chill.

Before Neil started the sunbonnet had been ripped open, and Greene had slipped a letter to Colonel Campbell in between the lining and one of the slats which stiffened its brim. Neil was as conscious of the letter as he was of the rattling of the bonnet round his ears and of the imprisoned feeling which it gave him to wear it. The general had told him to treat the bonnet carelessly if he fell into trouble; to swing it by the

strings as a girl might, and to swing it into a fire if possible; but for the first hour Neil was in no trouble except from the bonnet and the petticoats and the necessity of sitting sidewise on his horse.

He was riding through woodland; day began to sift slowly down among the dark tree-trunks. The branches above him grew astir with wakening birds; the cold air was sweet from unseen jasmine flowers.

The world seemed so quiet, and there was such a sense of peace abroad, that Neil did one of the few imprudent things of his service. His side-saddle continually troubled him; he felt insecurely perched on it, and his back was twisted in an unfamiliar way. If he rode astride for a while, during this secure, peaceful time, he reasoned that the rest of the journey would be easier for him when in full daylight he was obliged to play the girl decorously and be constantly on his guard.

One leg swung over. He pressed his knees into the horse's sides, and gave a suppressed whoop of joy. The horse sped forward, and just for practice, he jerked off his sunbonnet and swung it round and round his head by the strings; the blood danced in him; he leaned forward and gave a hissing chirrup to the horse; his petticoats flapped in the wind, and the trees fled hastily to the rear. Now was his chance for making time. To feel himself firmly and naturally seated on the horse was glorious. He swung the bonnet round his head again. One of the strings slipped from his hand and the other tore from the bonnet. The bonnet flew to

the roadside, and before Neil could check his horse it was rods behind.

As he rode back for it, a man stepped out of the woods and picked it from the bush where it had lodged. At sight of him Neil flung his stray leg back where it belonged, and blushed to a depth of embarrassment which would have done credit to any girl.

"If you please, sir," he said, "I just lost that bonnet."

The stranger held the bonnet behind him and laughed. He was a tall, broad-shouldered fellow with a face which made Neil sure that he was a man to be reckoned with. The features were large, yet mobile, and his pale, greenish eyes had a spark of mischief in them which looked as if it might turn to fire. Neil felt sorely perturbed, and he had no need to play a part in order to show timidity. Sandy Davidson came back into his mind; but if this were Sandy, there would be small chance to capture him in such a meeting, and the most Neil could hope was to get away.

Whoever the stranger might be, his first object was to tease. "What'll you give me for it, Miss Tomboy?" he asked.

"I—I don't have anything to give you," Neil stammered.

"Then you'll not get it," the other said, slipping the bonnet inside his blouse. "You don't really want it you know. Anybody can see from your brown face that you're not used to wearing a bonnet."

"But I do want it!" Neil declared. He was wild with anxiety and had no idea what to do. If the man had not slipped it into his tunic, he might have ridden closer, snatched it, and galloped off.

The man stood laughing at him. "I'll swap it for a kiss," he offered.

Neil drew back. "No, you'll not!" he cried angrily. His indignation was for himself rather than for the girl he pretended to be. As far as he could remember, neither his mother nor the Indians nor the soldiers had ever offered him a bargain of this kind. He had never been kissed since his babyhood. His face set, his blue eyes turned fierce, and he lifted the switch which he used as a riding whip.

The stranger fell back a pace and stared with a look which was first startled and then keen. "You're not a girl; you're Neil Davidson!" he said abruptly.

Neil's hand dropped. He stared back at the stranger. Something far away and dimly remembered, something which had made the boy tremble from the first, was in the man's features. There was no question now. This was Sandy Davidson, and he had not only borrowed a name from Neil's brother, he had borrowed a face.

As they stood bewildered a faint sound reached them. Although distant, there was no mistaking the murmurous trample of many feet.

The man took Neil's horse by the bridle. "You don't deny that you're Neil Davidson, and you're my

prisoner," he said. "That's Tarleton's Legion. I was waiting here till it came by."

"Why do you think I'm Neil Davidson?"

"Can't you guess?" For the first time the man's voice had a troubled sound. "It was when you got so mad. Your eyes blazed just as *hers* always did, and then all at once I could see your baby face—changed a lot, but looking right out at me. You always looked like mother."

Neil's hand closed on the horn of the side-saddle. The name "Sandy Davidson" had not prepared him; the resemblance had seemed only an added insult.

"You needn't be afraid," the other said, noticing how pale he had grown under his tan. "Since I heard of you in Greene's army I've vowed I'd catch you, and now I have. Our family has done enough against the king. But I'll see that nobody hurts you."

Neil straightened himself with a jerk. His timidity was gone and his bewilderment was yielding to an understanding of what his mother had meant when she said that the Tories had killed Sandy. "And since I've heard of a Tory with my brother's name, I've vowed to capture *him !*" he cried. "I've vowed that no Tory named Sandy Davidson should live, for mother said they'd killed you."

The other gave an impatient laugh. "Why don't you capture me, then?" he asked. "Here I am. I told mother I was on the king's side, and she said I was dead to her. She was growing crazy and driving

me crazy begging me to revenge father's death, when father was a rebel and deserved what he got. She drove me out of the house when I said I was a king's man." He shrugged his shoulders as if to put an end to accounting for himself. "Of course you've got messages on you, or you'd not be disguised. Hand them over and it will save you trouble. I'm your very affectionate brother, though you would like to collect that reward for me, but I can tell you Tarleton's a very affectionate brother to nobody!"

The sunbonnet with the letter in it was still in the front of Sandy's hunting shirt. "You can search me," Neil said. "You'll find no letters."

"Then what were you sent for?"

"To practise riding on a side-saddle. You noticed that I don't take very kindly to sitting this way."

"You're pretty cool for a prisoner," Sandy said approvingly. "I'll search you fast enough, but I reckon we'll be as good friends as when you wore dresses all the time."

"Don't think it!" Neil cried out. "Don't think I'll ever——" He checked himself, remembering that he was absolutely powerless in the hands of a man whose name stood for that all was unmerciful. If there was any kindly feeling left in such a man, Neil would need it. The trample of feet grew louder, and the brothers waited in silence, half-concealed by the clump of bushes on which the bonnet had caught.

Neil was busy with the possibilities of getting away.

He looked at his brother critically, trying to judge what might be expected of him. Hard living, hard fighting, and cruelty had left strangely slight marks upon Sandy. His face was almost noble, suggesting possibilities which he was fast outliving.

The boy's head began to whirl with remembrance of the days when he had toddled at Sandy's heels; the two had shunned the house where their mother's half-crazed talk of revenge left them no peace; they had stayed in the fields together; sometimes the big boy had teased the little one, but sometimes he had snatched Neil up and tossed and played with him, making him blissfully certain that they were of one age and stature—rough, loving mates.

Neil's only bright memories of home were of Sandy. It was because they were so bright that he had hated the Tory Sandy so much more than any other Tory; and yet this man, this bushwhacker and marauder, had spoken of the old days.

Once Neil leaned forward to ask him if he recalled some trifling circumstance which stood out with special plainness in his own recollection, but he could not form the words. Relive the past with a Tory? He shook his head savagely and looked in the direction of the approaching troops.

The soldiers were coming into view round a curve in the road—not Tarleton's Legion, but a body of plainly dressed militia such as might be found in either army, such as might have reënforced Tarleton. For the

space of a breath Sandy and Neil watched them. Then an officer galloped forward. The brightening daylight struck across his red hair and large, high-boned face. It was Col. William Campbell leading his riflemen to Greene.

Before Sandy could stir Neil caught him by the arm. In their partial shelter they had not yet been seen. "If you run, I'll call out your name and you'll be a dead man!" he whispered. "That's Campbell's regiment, and you're my prisoner! Give me back that bonnet. There's a message in it to Colonel Campbell from General Greene!" His words grew swifter with triumph. "Oh, you laughed when I said I'd vowed to capture you. You were sure it was Tarleton's regiment——"

Sandy nodded. For once a surprise had dazed him and he stood quiescent, realizing that if Neil gave the alarm those grim-faced men would scour the woods and hunt him down. "Oh, I'm caught!" he acknowledged grimly. "You'll have the pleasure of seeing me shot or hanged."

"I said I'd capture you," Neil repeated. "I said no Tory should live——" Something unexpected choked his words. The vision of deaths he had seen in the army passed before him, and then of two boys romping together in a field. It was only an instant, but the love and the hate of his life struggled together. He began to tremble.

"The bonnet!" he begged. "If I have the bonnet I can hold their notice"

"You mean you'll help me off?" Sandy's voice broke huskily. "Little Neil—I'll remember this, I'll——" But there was no time for words. He pulled the bonnet from his tunic, turned and walked coolly into the woods, just as the soldiers caught sight of Neil's higher figure on the horse.

Neil rode to meet the regiment, holding his bonnet in his hands. He forgot his disguise and saluted like a soldier.

"Colonel Campbell, I'm not a girl. I'm Neil Davidson, and I've brought you a message from General Greene," he said. "It's sewed inside the bonnet."

But the colonel had caught a motion between the trees. "Who's that moving off there?" he asked sharply.

"A man I was talking to," Neil said. "I was riding fast and my bonnet flew off. A stranger stepped out of the woods and picked it up for me. He thought I was a girl, of course, and teased me at first. He wanted me to kiss him before he'd give it back. I was nearly wild on account of the message. Then we heard you coming. He stopped teasing and waited with me until I told him you were my friends."

"Humph! It's pretty evident we weren't his friends; but I reckon he's not worth following!" the colonel commented. He tore open the bonnet, found the message in it, and troubled himself no more about the man in the woods.

"Ah, Neil, you brought them in!" the general said, when Neil reported to him. As it chanced, the regiment would have arrived just as safely without the message, yet he let his grave, tired eyes rest approvingly on the boy.

Neil had on his own tattered clothes again. His head was as shaggy and bare as usual, and his brown legs nearly as bare, but there was something unfamiliar in his face. "Yes, sir," he answered impetuously. "I brought them in, but I let the worst Tory in the country go free."

Greene smiled half-incredulously. "Why was that?" he asked.

Neil was silent a moment, and the general saw tears rising in the blue eyes that he had supposed were always shrewd or fierce.

"He was my brother!" Neil broke out at last, and because his heart was so full that he had to tell some one, he told the big, considerate general the whole story. "And you may do what you please with me general," he ended. "I had to let him go free."

The general took the boy's small, shaking hand. "I don't think you let him go *free*, exactly, Neil," he said. "That minute of mercy will make him more or less your captive all his life."

JOHN PAUL JONES: THE BOY OF THE ATLANTIC*

By Rupert S. Holland

A little Scottish lad dreamed of a great sea fight—of a flag with red and white stripes, and white stars on a blue field. This story tells how his dream came true.

THE summer afternoon was fair, and the waves that rolled upon the north shore of Solway Firth in the western Lowlands of Scotland were calm and even. But the tide was coming in, and inch by inch was covering the causeway that led from shore to a high rock some hundred yards away. The rock was bare of vegetation, and sheer on the landward side, but on the face toward the sea, were rough jutting points that would give a climber certain footholds, and near the top smooth ledges.

On one or two of these ledges sea-gulls had built their nests, tucked in under projecting points where they would be sheltered from wind and rain. Now the gulls would sweep in from sea, curving in great circles until they reached their homes, and then would sit on the ledge calling to their mates across the water.

*From "Historic Boyhoods," copyright, 1900, by George W. Jacobs & Company.

Except for the cries of the gulls, however, the rock was very quiet. The lazy, regular beat of the waves about its base was very soothing. On the longest ledge, below the sea-gulls' nests, lay a boy about twelve years old, sound asleep, his face turned toward the ocean.

Either the gulls' cries or the sun, now slanting in the west, disturbed him. He did not open his eyes, but he clenched his fists, and muttered incoherently. Presently with a start he awoke. He rubbed his eyes, and then sat up. "What a queer dream!" he said aloud.

The ledge where he sat was not a very safe place. There was scarcely room for him to move, and directly below him was the sea. But this boy was quite as much at home on high rocks or in the water as he was on land, and he was very fond of looking out for distant sailing vessels and wondering where they might be bound.

He glanced along the north shore to the little fishing hamlet of Arbigland where he lived. He saw that the tide had come in rapidly while he slept, and that the path to the shore was now covered. He stood up and stretched his bare arms, brown with sunburn, high over his head. Then he started to climb down from the ledge by the jutting points of rock.

He was as sure-footed as any mountaineer. His clothes were old, so neither rock nor sea could do them much harm; his feet were bare. He was short but very broad, and his muscles were strong and supple. When he came to the foot of the rock he stood a mo-

ment, hunting for the deepest pool at its base, then, loosing his hold, he dove into the water.

In a few seconds he was up again, floating on his back; and a little later he struck out, swimming hand over hand, toward a sandy beach to the south.

A young man, wearing the uniform of a lieutenant in the British navy, stood on the beach, watching the boy swim. When the latter had landed and shaken the water from him much as a dog would, the man approached him. "Where on earth did you come from, John Paul?" he asked with a laugh. "The first thing I knew I saw you swimming in from sea."

"I was out on the rock asleep," said the boy. "The tide came up and cut me off. And oh, Lieutenant Pearson, I had the strangest dream! I dreamt I was in the middle of a great sea fight. I was captain of a ship, and her yard-arms were on fire, and we were pouring broadsides into the enemy, afraid any minute that we'd sink. How we did fight that ship."

The young officer's eyes glowed. "And I hope you may some day, John!" he exclaimed.

"But the strangest part was that our ship didn't fly the English flag," said the boy. "At the masthead was a flag I'd never seen, red and white with a blue field filled with stars in the corner. What country's flag is that?"

Pearson thought for a moment. "There's no such flag," he said finally. "I know them all, and there's none like that. The rest of your dream may come

true, but not that about the flag. Come, let's be walking back to Arbigland."

Although John Paul's father came of peaceful farmer and fisher folk who lived about Solway Firth, his mother had been a "Highland lassie," descended from one of the fighting clans in the Grampian Hills. The boy had much of the Highlander's love of wild adventure, and found it hard to live the simple life of the fishing village. The sea appealed to him, and he much preferred it to the small Scotch parish school. His family were poor, and as soon as he was able he was set to steering fishing yawls and hauling lines. At twelve he was as sturdy and capable as most boys at twenty.

Many men in Arbigland had heard John Paul beg his father to let him cross the Solway to the port of Whitehaven and ship on some vessel bound for America, where his older brother William had found a new home. But his father saw no opening for his younger son in such a life. All the way back to town that afternoon the boy told Lieutenant Pearson of his great desire, and the young officer said he would try to help him.

The boy's chance, however, came in another way. A few days later it chanced that Mr. James Younger, a big ship-owner, was on the landing place of Arbigland when some of the villagers caught sight of a small fishing yawl beating up against a stiff northeast squall, trying to gain the shelter of the little tidal creek that formed the harbor of the town.

Mr. Younger looked long at the boat and then shook his head. "I don't think she'll do it," he said dubiously.

Yet the boat came on, and he could soon see that the only crew were a man and a boy. The boy was steering, handling the sheets and giving orders, while the man simply sat on the gunwale to trim the boat.

"Who's the boy?" asked the ship-owner.

"John Paul," said a bystander. "That's his father there."

Mr. Younger looked at the man pointed out, who was standing near, and who did not seem to be in the least alarmed. "Are you the lad's father?" he asked.

The man looked up and nodded. "Yes, that's my boy John conning the boat," said he. "He'll fetch her in. This isn't much of a squall for him!"

The father spoke with truth. The boy handled his small craft with such skill that he soon had her alongside the wharf. As soon as John Paul had landed Mr. Younger stepped up to the father and asked to be introduced to the son. Then the ship-owner told him how much he had admired his seamanship, and asked if he would care to sail as master's apprentice in a new vessel he owned, which was fitting out for a voyage to Virginia and the West Indies. The boy's eyes danced with delight; he begged his father to let him go, and finally Mr. Paul consented. The twelve-year-old boy had won his wish to go to sea.

A few days later the brig *Friendship* sailed from White-

haven, with small John Paul on board, and after a slow voyage which lasted thirty-two days dropped anchor in the Rappahannock River of Virginia.

The life of a colonial trader was very pleasant in 1760. The sailing-vessels usually made a triangular voyage, taking some six months to go from England to the colonies, then to the West Indies, and so east again. About three of the six months were spent at the small settlements on shore, discharging goods from England, taking on board cotton and tobacco, and bartering with the merchants.

The Virginians who lived on their great plantations with many servants were the most hospitable people in the world, always eager to entertain a stranger, and the English sailors were given the freedom of the shore. The *Friendship* anchored a short distance down the river from where John Paul's older brother lived, and the boy immediately went to see him and stayed as his guest for some time.

This brother William had been adopted by a wealthy planter named Jones, and the latter was delighted with the young John Paul, and tried to get him to leave the sailor's life and settle on the Rappahannock. But much as John liked the easy life of the plantation, the fine riding horses, the wide fields and splendid rivers, the call of the sea was dearer to him, and when the *Friendship* dropped down the Rappahannock bound for Tobago and the Barbadoes he was on board of her.

Those were adventurous days for sailors and mer-

chants. Money was to be made in many ways, and consciences were not overcareful as to the ways. The prosperous traders of Virginia did not mind taking an interest in some ocean rover bound on pirates' business, or in the more lawful slave-trade with the west coast of Africa. For a time, however, young John Paul sailed for Mr. Younger, and was finally paid by being given a one-sixth interest in a ship called *King George's Packet.*

The boy was now first mate, and trade with England being dull, he and the captain decided to try the slave-trade. They made prosperous voyages between Jamaica and the coast of Guinea, helping to found the fortunes of some of the best-known families of America by importing slaves.

After a year, however, John Paul tired of the business, and sold his share of the ship to the captain for about one thousand guineas. He was not yet twenty-one, but his seafaring life had already made him fairly well-to-do. He planned to go home and see his family in Scotland, and took passage in the brig *John o' Gaunt.*

Life on shipboard was full of perils then, and very soon after the brig had cleared the Windward Islands the terrible scourge of yellow fever was found to be on the vessel. Within a few days the captain, the mate, and all of the crew but five had died of the disease. John Paul was fully exposed to it, but he and the five men escaped it. He was the only one of those left who knew anything about navigation, so he took com-

mand, and after a stormy passage, with a crew much too small to handle the brig, he managed to bring her safely to Whitehaven with all her cargo. He handled her as skilfully as he had the small yawl in Solway Firth.

The owners of the *John o' Gaunt* were delighted and gave John Paul and his five sailors the ten per cent. share of the cargo which the salvage laws entitled them to. In addition they offered him the command of a splendid full-rigged new merchantman which was to sail between England and America, and a tenth share of all profits. It was a very fine offer to a man who had barely come of age, but the youth had shown that he had few equals as a mariner.

Good fortune shone upon him. He had no sooner sailed up the Rappahannock again and landed at the plantation where his brother lived than he learned that the rich old Virginian, William Jones, had recently died and in his will had named him as one of his heirs. He had always cherished a fancy for the sturdy, black-haired boy who had made him that visit. The will provided that John Paul should add the planter's name to his own. The young captain did not object to this, and so henceforth he was known as John Paul Jones.

Scores of stories are told of the young captain's adventures. He loved danger, and it was his nature to enjoy a fight with men or with the elements. On a voyage to Jamaica he met with serious trouble. Fever again reduced the crew to six men, and Jones

was the only officer able to be on deck. A huge negro named Maxwell tried to start a mutiny and capture the ship for his own uses. He rushed at Jones, and the latter had to seize a belaying-pin and hit him over the head. The man fell, badly hurt, and soon after reaching Jamaica died.

Jones gave himself up to the authorities and was tried for murder on the high seas. He said to the court: "I had two brace of loaded pistols in my belt, and could easily have shot him. I struck with a belaying-pin in preference, because I hoped that I might subdue him without killing him." He was acquitted, and soon after offered command of a new ship built to trade with India.

The charm of life in Virginia appealed more and more strongly to the sailor. He liked the new country, the society of the young cities along the Atlantic Coast, and he spent less time on the high seas and more time fishing and hunting on his own land and in Chesapeake Bay. He might have settled quietly into such prosperous retirement had not the minute-men of Concord startled the new world into stirring action.

John Paul Jones loved America and he loved ships. Consequently he was one of the very first to offer his services in building a new navy. Congress was glad to have him; he was known as a man of the greatest courage and of supreme nautical skill.

On September 23, 1779, Paul Jones, on board the American ship *Bon Homme Richard*, met the British

frigate *Serapis* off the English coast. A battle of giants followed, for both ships were manned by brave crews and commanded by extraordinarily skilful officers. The short, black-haired, agile American commander saw his ship catch fire, stood on his quarter-deck while the blazing spars, sails, and rigging fell about him, while his men were mowed down by the terrific broadsides of the *Serapis*, and calmly directed the fire of shot at the enemy.

Terribly as the *Bon Homme Richard* suffered, the *Serapis* was in still worse plight. Two thirds of her men were killed or wounded when Paul Jones gave the signal to board her. The Americans swarmed over the enemy's bulwarks, and, armed with pistol and cutlass, cleared the deck.

The captain of the *Serapis* fought his ship to the last, but when he saw the Americans sweeping everything before them and already heading for the quarter-deck, he himself seized the ensign halyards and struck his flag. Both ships were in flames, and the smoke was so thick that it was some minutes before the men realized his surrender. There was little to choose between the two vessels; each was a floating mass of wreckage.

A little later the English captain went on board the *Bon Homme Richard* and tendered his sword to the young American. The latter looked hard at the English officer. "Captain Pearson?" he asked questioningly. The other bowed.

"Ah, I thought so. I am John Paul Jones, once

small John Paul of Arbigland in the Firth. Do you remember me?"

Pearson looked at the smoke-grimed face, the keen black eyes, the fine figure. "I shouldn't have known you. Yes, I remember now."

Paul Jones took the sword that was held out to him, and asked one of his midshipmen to escort the British captain to his cabin. He could not help smiling as a curious recollection came to him. He looked up at the masthead above him. There floated a flag bearing thirteen red and white stripes and a blue corner filled with stars. It was the very flag of his dream as a boy.

Thus it was that the sturdy Scotch boy, full of the daring spirit of his Highland ancestors, became the great sea-fighter of a new country, and ultimately wrote his name in history as the Father of the American Navy.

THE END

The Second Series

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